Hearst's

For October
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THE exquisite cadences of beautiful female voices have a matchless expressiveness in Columbia Double-Disc Records.

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New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

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$3,000 for the best name suggested to take the place of flashlight

TWENTY years ago, when the harnessing of electricity was still much of a novelty, when automobiles were three parts joke and one part hope deferred, a man with a vision dreamed of carrying a pocketful of electric light into the dark, ready for instant use.

Out of this dream grew the first flashlight—an EVEREADY—with a battery the size of a watch and an electric bulb no larger than the end of your finger. When, for a second or so, it flashed its tiny stream of light, people cried: "Wonderful But what's it for?" Its novelty appealed. Its future world-wide usefulness was unrealized.

Even after people began buying these new lights to carry around in the dark, EVEREADYS were still literally "flashers" or flashlights, and years of ceaseless effort were necessary to the development of a battery capable of giving hours of continuous light. Also in those early days there were no miniature electric light bulbs on the market—and the man with the vision had to create them. So, finally, came the perfected EVEREADY, with its long-lived Tungsten battery and brilliant Mazda bulb—an EVEREADY that has outgrown the old term *flashlight.* Therefore we offer a reward for a name to take the place of flashlight, a name worthy to stand with EVEREADY. We want a new word, a *coined* word, something that we may protect and that will indicate the service of EVEREADY lights. $3,000 will be paid for the best suggestion. This is your opportunity.

Fifty thousand dealers will feature EVEREADY window displays beginning October 7, 1916.

Fifty thousand dealers will then be prepared to distribute EVEREADY contest blanks. Get your blank at once, read the contest rules carefully, then fill in your suggestion—and mail direct to us.

This contest is absolutely free to all. It is open from October 7th to November 7th. In case two or more contestants submit the name selected, the full amount of the prize will be awarded each.

American Ever Ready Works
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City **New York**

Canadian National Carbon Company
Limited
Toronto, Ontario

Go into the nearest store where EVEREADYS are displayed and ask for a free EVEREADY Contest Blank

THE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY *Number of* HARPER'S BAZAR

Harper's Bazar has entered its Fiftieth Year. It is the only woman's magazine of fashions and society in America that can look back upon a half century of life.

To celebrate the occasion, Harper's Bazar has prepared the largest and finest issue of its whole career—the Fiftieth Anniversary Number, now ready.

There are reprints of the quaint old fashions that appeared when every belle of the Sixties planned her frocks upon the models in Harper's Bazar. The illustration on this page appeared on the front cover of Harper's Bazar fifty years ago.

There is a host of attractive new features—society articles and pictures, interesting fiction, the new Autumn fashions from the best makers, and remarkable special advertisements from the best shops in this country.

To secure this great Anniversary Number, go to your newsdealer today. Or, if you prefer, accept at once the special invitation below, and you will receive the Fiftieth Anniversary Number by return mail.

GENTLEMAN'S AND LADY'S FALL FASHIONS
From Vol. I, No 1

During last August alone—a month when few people usually subscribe to magazines—372 women from the New York Social Register subscribed to Harper's Bazar. You know the celebrated **"400."** Practically all of them, as you see, are now enthusiastic readers of the Bazar.

In every number are signed fashion articles and exclusive models from Lucile, Henry Bendel, Hickson and Tappe of New York—also Paquin and the other great Paris designers. There is fiction by W. J. Locke, Alice Duer Miller, May Edginton, Elizabeth Frazer, and many others. There are remarkable signed society articles by such women as Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, and Mrs. Nathalie Schenck Laimbeer.

With Harper's Bazar at your side, you will be far more smartly dressed—you will escape costly mistakes in line and materials—and you will be delightfully entertained. To secure the great Fiftieth Anniversary Number (the largest and most interesting ever published) go to your newsdealer today—or accept the special invitation below.

Special Anniversary Invitation from the Publishers of Harper's Bazar

Tear off this coupon, sign your name and address, and mail it to Harper's Bazar at once. Send no money, unless convenient. You will receive the Fiftieth Anniversary Number by return mail, and after it, month by month, the seven big Winter and Spring issues that will follow.

If you prefer, pin a $2 bill to the coupon. You will receive the same eight big numbers—October until May—and we will add, with our compliments, the September Fall Fashions Number, now ready for you, making nine months of Harper's Bazar instead of eight. But be sure to use the coupon at once; our supply of the September Number is limited, and advance orders for the great October Fiftieth Anniversary Number make it necessary for you to use the coupon at once.

HARPER'S BAZAR, 119 W. 40th ST., NEW YORK

As specially offered in Hearst's, October, send me your next eight numbers, beginning with the Fiftieth Anniversary Number. Will remit $2 on receipt of bill next month

$2 enclosed herewith. Send me the next nine numbers of Harper's Bazar, beginning with the September Fall Fashions Number.

OR

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"The Dwelling-Place of Light" by Winston Churchill: A Serial that discusses America's Greatest Problem—Americanism—Begins in the November Number

ONE printed page may be destined to implant thoughts that will work a revolution.

Printed pages that caused such revolutions occur in the Dickens novels. His "Nicholas Nickleby" assailed the "Dotheboys Halls" of Old England and cleaned out all her terrible private schools. His "Little Dorrit" remodeled her debtors' imprisonment laws; "Bleak House" revised her legal practices in Chancery.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, with similar vehemence, is credited with precipitating the war that brought about the liberation of the negro in America. "The Jungle" was Upton Sinclair's lash that brought the American Government to investigate and to revolutionize the shocking conditions in the packing-houses of Chicago.

Hearst's Magazine believes in the novel of high purpose—the novel that interprets, that discusses some big, vital problem. In fact, it was the first magazine to adopt and carry out that policy in a big way.

Such a novel of purpose, now appearing in this magazine, is "Susan Lenox," scourging the abominations of which a beast in human form recently confessed to New York's District-Attorney with the statement that he and his confederates had been the means of dragging more than ten thousand young girls from their homes into the most frightful form of human slavery.

Such a novel, again, was a Hearst serial by Mr. Winston Churchill, "The Inside of the Cup," crying down the modern Christianity of favoritism and setting up a new Christianity—social, and embracing not only Sunday-morning service but also Monday-morning business.

Another Churchill novel, "The Dwelling-Place of Light," will begin in the November issue.

Again critic and layman will be startled; every page has its vital thought; every paragraph will be important.

Mr. Churchill deals with the question of the hour: The influence of the old-time American upon the in-rushing foreigner, or is it just the other way, as he suggests: That the mass of new people pouring into America is a glacier, breaking the old-time American from his bed, shaping and changing him.

Is that change for better or for worse, as regards the ideals of this Republic of the United States?

Mr. Churchill sees the change in the American, but he sees also the sturdy individuality in him that will not suffer change, but will swing back to the old dream of democracy, wisdom and justice in the legislative powers of the people, beauty of thought and ambition in the souls of men.

In his new novel, Mr. Churchill deals with the problem of our epoch. The hour of reconstruction is at hand. A new Europe and a new America shall arise out of the holocaust of war beyond our borders, out of the new alignment of nationalities and problems of labor and capital within.

America, with wealth, lacks training and discipline, and Europe is learning the big lesson of cooperation and training and discipline.

America must face the problems of this new régime and answer them.

The most important phase of this problem—how alien and American are working out their salvation together—is the theme of Mr. Churchill's new serial. There is something in it for every one to think about.

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Examine your skin closely tonight!

Whatever is keeping you from having the charm of "a skin you love to touch"—it can be changed.

TOO often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases, and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good. But who of us does not have to face every day—when we least dream of it—eyes that are bent on us in critical inspection?

Really see your skin

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin *closely*. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in. Look for tiny rough places that make your skin appear scaly when you powder, for conspicuous nose pores, for excessively oily skin and shiny nose. Perhaps your skin is tender and sensitive, sallow and colorless, or unduly tanned.

Whatever condition you find, *it can be changed*. Make the following Woodbury treatment a daily habit and it will gradually but surely bring to *your* skin—as it has to thousands of others—that clearness, freshness and *charm* you long for.

Use this treatment once a day

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Your skin changes every day

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny, old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

Use persistently—the charm will come to stay

It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently*, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is Sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today.

Remember, for every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing for greater attractiveness that is bound to come to you again and again.

Write today for a week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today and begin to get the benefits of this famous skin treatment for *your* skin. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 231 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd, 231 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.

Tear out this cake and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

Man's-Greatest-Enemy

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

By Elbert Hubbard
Drawing by Charles A. Winter

IF this European war sobers the human race, it will not be fought in vain.

Lloyd-George says: "We are not only fighting Austria and Germany, but we are fighting an enemy more powerful than either, and that is Strong Drink."

And Kitchener, Asquith, Grey and King George have approved the sentiment.

Great Britain has been cursed by strong drink for hundreds of years; but the fact was never borne in on the Governmental consciousness until very recently.

Three centuries before Christ, Aristotle said to Alexander the Great: "The enemies of your army are in your own camp."

What he meant was, that ruthless ambition, ignorance and appetite were enemies that would eventually undo any army.

And certainly Alexander himself was not undone by his foreign enemies, but by the enemies that existed in his own nature.

Alexander died sighing for more worlds to conquer; yet he had never conquered his own spirit.

Let the people of England conquer their appetites. By so doing they will set the world an example of heroism, and relieve themselves from a taunt that has been leveled at them for centuries.

To have endeavored before this to stop the sale of strong drink in England by national edict might have met with a violent protest. Russia can issue an order and have it respected. But the people of England must decide every great question for themselves.

Now, however, thanks to one of the secondary effects of war, purity and progress have their inning.

It is a frightful price to pay; but the war will be worth the cost if this consummation can be brought about, and Great Britain can be made a sober country.

The cost of strong drink in America is about the same per capita as it is in England. But, as liquor here is twice as high in price as in Europe, we get only half as much swill for the money.

Let us not boast—we are far from being a temperate people!

The cost of strong drink in Great Britain and America averages twenty dollars per person for men, women and children per year.

America's drink bill is two thousand million dollars a year. This is a good deal more than it costs to run the Government, pay pensions and maintain the army and navy, all combined.

Twenty million of our people are adults; and ten million of these are total abstainers.

Thus we get the curious fact that ten million people pay out two hundred dollars each a year for something which they would be much better off without.

If we face these facts as matters of economics and hygiene—just questions of commonsense and expediency—perhaps we can see the Lloyd-George view and mend our ways.

It is quite likely that both Woman Suffrage and Prohibition will be secondary war effects in Great Britain.

And both will be to the very great advantage and benefit of the nation in perhaps a dozen different ways.

And just here let us not forget that it was a very great Englishman who wrote the deathless line:

"*Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!*"

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"Look, monsieur!" exclaimed the girl advocate. "It is the left hand he is holding up! You see it—it is true, then—he is left-handed!"

The Pumpkin Coach

By Melville Davisson Post

Illustrated by W.T. Benda

THE lawyer walked about the room. The restraint which he had assumed was now quite abandoned.

"That's all there is to it," he said. "I'm not trying this case for amusement. You have the money to pay me and you must bring it up here now, to-night."

The woman sat in a chair beyond the table. She was young, but she looked worn and faded. Misery and the long strain of the trial had worn her out. Her hands moved nervously in the frayed coat-cuffs.

"But we haven't any more money," she said. "The hundred dollars I paid you in the beginning is all we have."

The man laughed without disturbing the muscles of his face. "You can take your choice," he said. "Either bring the money up here now, to-night, or I withdraw from the case when court opens in the morning."

"But where am I to get any more money?" the woman said.

The lawyer was a big man. His hair, black and thin, was brushed close to his head as though wet with oil; his nose was thick and flattened at the base. The office contained only a table, some chairs and a file for legal papers. Night was beginning to descend. Lights were appearing in the city. The two persons had come in from the Criminal Court after the session for the day had ended.

The woman seemed bewildered. She looked at the man with the curious expression of a child that does not comprehend and is afraid to ask for an explanation.

"If we had any more money," she said, "I would bring it to you, but the hundred dollars was all we had."

Then she began to explain, reiterating minute details. When the tragedy occurred and her husband was arrested by the police they had a small sum painfully saved up. It was now wholly gone. Like persons in profound misery, she repeated. The man halted the recital with a brutal gesture.

"I'll not discuss it," he said. "You can bring the money in here before the court convenes in the morning, or I withdraw from the case."

He went over to the file, took out a packet of legal papers and threw them on the table.

"All right, my lady!" he said, "perhaps you think your husband can get along without a lawyer. Perhaps you think the devil will save him, or heaven, or Cinderella in a pumpkin coach!" There was biting irony in the bitter words.

A sudden comprehension began to appear in the woman's face. She realized now what the man was driving at. The expression in her face deepened into a sort of wonder, a sort of horror.

"You think he's guilty!" she said. "You think we got the money and we're trying to keep it, to hide it."

The lawyer turned about, put both hands on the table and leaned across it. He looked the woman in the face.

"Never mind what I believe; you heard what I said!"

For a moment the woman did not move. Then she got up slowly and went out. In the street she seemed lost. She remained for some time before the entrance of the building. Night had now arrived. Crowds of people were passing, intent on their affairs, unconcerned. No one seemed to see the figure motionless in the shadow of the great doorway.

Presently the woman began to walk along the street in the crowd without giving any attention to the people about her or to the direction she was taking. She was in that state of mental coma which attends persons in despair. She neither felt nor appreciated anything and she continued to walk in the direction in which the crowd was moving.

Presently some block in the traffic checked the crowd and the woman stopped. The block cleared and the human tide drifted on, but the woman remained. The crowd edged her over to the wall and she stood there before the shutter of a shop-window. After a time the crowd passed, thinned and disappeared, but the woman re-

mained as though thrown out there by the human eddy.

The woman remained for a long time unmoving against the shutter of the shop-window. Finally she was awakened into life by a voice speaking to her. It was a soft, foreign voice that lisped the liquid accents of the occasional English words:

"*Ma pauvre femme!*" it said; "come with me. *Vous etes malade!*"

The woman followed mechanically in a sort of wonder. The person who had spoken to her was young and beautifully dressed in furs that covered her to her feet. She had gotten down from a motor-car that stood beside the curb—one of those modern vehicles, fitted with splendid trappings.

Beyond the shop-window was a great café. The girl entered and the woman followed. The attendants came forward to welcome the splendid visitor as one whose arrival at this precise hour of the evening had become a sort of custom. She gave some directions in a language which the woman did not understand, and they were seated at a table.

The waiters brought a silver dish filled with a clear, steaming soup and served it. The girl threw back her fur coat and the dazed woman realized how beautiful she was. Her hair was yellow like ripe corn-shocks and there were masses of it banked and clustered about her head; her eyes were blue, and her voice, soft and alluring, was like a friendly arm put around the heart.

The miserable woman was so confused by this transformation—by the sudden swing of the door in the wall that had admitted her into this new, unfamiliar world—that she was never afterward able to remember precisely by what introductory words her story was drawn out. She found herself taken up, comforted and made to tell it.

Her husband had been a butler in the service of a Mr. Marsh, an eccentric man who lived in one of the old down-town houses of the city. He was a retired banker with no family. The man lived alone. He permitted no servants in the house except the butler. Meals were sent in on order from a neighboring hotel and served by the butler as the man directed. He received few visitors in the house and no tradespeople were permitted to come in. There seemed no reason for this seclusion except the eccentricities of the man that had grown more pronounced with advancing years.

It was the custom of the butler to leave the house, at eight o'clock in the evening and return in the morning at seven. On the morning of the third of February, when the butler entered the house, as he was accustomed to do at eight o'clock in the morning, he found his master dead.

The woman continued with her narrative, speaking slowly. Every detail was vividly impressed upon her memory and she gave it accurately, precisely.

There was a narrow passage or hall, not more than three feet in width, leading from the butler's pantry into a little dining-room. This dining-room the old man had fitted up as a sort of library. It was farther than any other room from the noises of the city. His library table was placed with one end against the left wall of the room and he sat with his back toward the passage into the butler's pantry. On the morning of the third of February he was found dead in his chair. He had been stabbed in the back, on the left side, where the neck joins to the shoulder. A carving-knife had been used and a single blow had accomplished the murder.

It was known that on the evening before the old banker had taken from a safety-deposit vault the sum of $20,000, which it was his intention to invest in some securities. This money, in bills of very large denominations, was in the top drawer on the right side of the desk. The dead man had apparently not been touched after the crime, but the drawer had been pried open and the money taken. An ice-pick from the butler's pantry had been used to force it. The assassin had left no marks, finger-prints or telltale stains. The victim had been instantly killed with the blow of the knife which lay on the floor beside him.

The butler had been arrested, charged with the crime, and his trial was now going on in the Criminal Court. Circumstantial evidence was

The wonderful creature appeared in a fairy costume glittering with jewels. Only the girl's glorious voice seemed real—all else was a sort of inconceivable witch-work.

strong against him. The woman spoke as though she echoed the current comment of the courtroom without realizing how it affected her. She had done what she could. She had employed an attorney at the recommendation of a person who had come to interview her. She did not know who the person was nor why she should have employed this attorney at his suggestion, except that someone must be had to defend her husband and, uncertain what to do, she had gone to the first name suggested.

The girl listened, putting now and then a query. She spoke slowly, careful to use only English words. And while the woman talked she made a little drawing on the blank back of a menu card. Now she began to question the woman minutely about the details of the room and the position of the furniture where the tragedy had occurred, the desk, the attitude of the dead man, the location of the wound, and exact distances. And as the woman repeated the evidence of the police officers and the experts, the girl filled out her drawing with nice mathematical exactness like one accustomed to such a labor.

This was the whole story, and now the woman added the final interview with the attorney. She made a sort of hopeless gesture.

"Nobody believes us," she said. "My husband did not kill him. He was at home with me. He knew nothing about it until he found his master dead at the table in the morning. But there is only our word against all the lawyers and detectives and experts that Mr. Thompson has brought against us."

"Who is Mr. Thompson?" said the girl. She was deep in a study of her little drawing.

"He's Mr. Marsh's nephew, Mr. Percy Thompson."

The girl, absorbed in the study of her drawing, now put an unexpected question:

"Has your husband lost an arm?"

"No," she said, "he never had any sort of accident."

A great light came into the girl's face. "Then I believe you," she said. "I believe every word. . . . I think your husband is innocent."

The girl was aglow with an enthusiastic purpose. It was all there in her fine, expressive face.

"Now," she said, "tell me about this nephew, this Mr. Percy Thompson. Could we by any chance see him?"

"It won't do any good to see him," replied the woman. "He is determined to convict my husband. Nothing can change him."

The girl went on without paying any attention to the comment. "Where does he live—you must have heard?"

"He lives at the Markheim Hotel," she said.

"The Markheim Hotel," repeated the girl. "Where is it?"

The woman gave the street and number. The girl rose. "That's on my way; we'll stop."

The two went out of the café to the motor. The whole thing, incredible at any other hour, seemed to the woman like events happening in a dream or in some topsy-turvy country which she had mysteriously entered.

She sat back in the tonneau of the motor, huddled into the corner, a rug around her shoulders. The flashing lights seemed those of some distant, unknown city, as though she were transported into the scene of an Arabian tale.

The motor stopped before a little shabby hotel in a neighboring cross-street, and the footman, in livery beside the driver, got down at a direction of the girl and went up the steps. In a few moments a man came out and descended to the motor standing by the curb. He was about middle age. He looked as though Nature had intended him, in the beginning, for a person of some distinction, but he had the dissipated face of one at middle age who had devoted his years to a life of pleasure. There were hard lines about his mouth and a purple network of veins showing about the base of his nose.

As he approached, the girl, leaning out of the open window of the tonneau, dropped her glove as by inadvertence. The man stooped, recovered it and returned it to her. The girl started with a perceptible gesture. Then she cried out in her charming voice:

"*Merci,* monsieur. I stopped a moment to thank you for the flowers you sent me last night. It was lovely of you!" and she indicated the bunch of roses pinned to her corsage.

The man seemed astonished. For a moment he hesitated as though about to make some explanation, but the girl went on without regarding his visible embarrassment.

"You shall not escape with a denial," she said. "There was no card and you did not do me the honor to wait at the door, but I know you sent them—an usher saw you; you shall not escape my appreciation. You did send them?" she said.

The man laughed. "Sure," he said, "if you insist." He was willing to profit by this unexpected error, and the girl went on:

"I have worn the roses all day to-day," she said, "for you. Will you wear one of them all day to-morrow for me?"

She detached a bud and leaned out of the door of the motor. She pinned the bud to the lapel of the man's coat. She did it slowly, deliberately, like one who makes the touch of the fingers do the service of a caress.

Then she spoke to the driver and the motor went on, leaving the amazed man on the curb before the

(*Continued on page 268*)

"Ma pauvre femme!" said a soft foreign voice. "Come with me; you are ill, I fear."

Lord Markham looked curiously around the trim private office of Strange & Co. "So here you are!" exclaimed Claudia. "Just hold on for a minute until I get this customer rung off."

Claudia's Business

by Marie Corelli

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

ALL men's ways are, in theory, admirable; but some men's ways, in practice, are peculiar. All men are bound to be considered (by themselves, at least) reasonable and logical—yet truth compels the statement that some men do not know their own minds. All men must be admitted as masters—"virile" and self-controlled—nevertheless the fact remains that some men are more faddish than the most nervous spinster. All men indignantly repudiate the accusation of selfishness; yet the chief drawback to some men is that they cannot escape from their own private demon of profound, unalterable egoism. Many hopelessly selfish men take peculiar delight in the play "A Message from Mars." They cannot see themselves anywhere in the piece and that's where the fun comes in!

There was once a certain Man who was by way of being rather fond of, or somewhat in love with, a certain Woman. He had dangled half-vaguely after her pretty petticoats for a considerable period, all the while cogitating with himself as to whether he would do a wise or a foolish thing if he asked her to marry him. He never expressed any sentimental emotion toward her, either by touch of hand or word of mouth—and why? Because, in his absurd self-consciousness, he thought he might look foolish—or that *she* might think he looked, or was going to look, foolish. Whenever he was in her company he imagined that every gnat in the air, every fly on the window-pane, was staring at him and commenting on his appearance. And the most curious part of his mental attitude was that he never once thought of Her at all in the matter. He felt that there was really no need to think of her, as of course if he proposed she would naturally jump to acceptance. He labored under the pleasing delusion, so common to the male sex, that any woman, no matter how independent, wealthy or beautiful, must, *must*, MUST be delighted with an offer of marriage, even if the wooer were but an uglier type of the Simian ancestor according to Darwin. Besides, he was an Englishman, and a lord—and he was in New York.

To be an Englishman is of course the greatest privilege on earth; to be a lord is but a doubtful honor nowadays, as there are so many of them—but when one is both, and in "N'York," one may perhaps be permitted to indulge in a pleasing estimate of one's possible success among the Four Hundred. This particular lord—Lord Francis Markham, to give him his full appellation—certainly did so, and not without cause. He had stayed a month at a good hotel and meant staying a month more if Claudia Strange also remained in the city. He had met her a year ago in Paris, and had taken her to be a rather fascinating little doll of fashion, with a head full of no more serious matters than jewels and chiffons. She seemed to have plenty of money to spend; she was traveling alone *en princesse* with a French maid and an Italian courier, and she was received at the American Embassy with much affectionate enthusiasm. She dressed exquisitely, and though she owned to five-and-twenty looked about eighteen. Discreet inquiries concerning her or her belongings elicited very little information; the representative in France of the great American Republic had smiled pleasantly on being questioned and had answered with cheerful readiness:

"Claudia Strange? Well, I guess she's just Claudia Strange, and that's enough for most people! No—she hasn't a father living nor a mother, nor sisters, nor brothers—she's an unencumbered woman alone in the world, but she can worry through! She's made her pile!"

Lord Markham's curiosity was piqued, but not satisfied. He tried to find out something more definite about her, but his efforts were unavailing. Finally, becoming stimulated by his vain investigations, he followed her to the States when she returned thither, whereby it will be seen that he had not much to do in his own country. Truth to tell, his own country bored him a little. He was only vaguely conscious of its worth. He belonged to that ultra-superior "set" who find all home produce, whether in food, art, music or literature, unsatisfactory, and everything foreign delightful perfection! He was no use whatever to his party in politics; and his presence at Markham Hall, his estate in Berkshire, was of no particular joy or advantage to his tenantry, as he took no active interest in the place beyond such as concerned the preserving of game. Among his acquaintances he counted a few men of posi-

"Yes," said Claudia frankly to Markham, "I ask why? You Englishmen never act on impulse. There are heaps and heaps of other women. Why do you invite *me*? Perhaps you want a 'tip,' eh!"

tion and average intelligence, and several "rapid" women of fashion; and with these things taken all together his time was more or less wastefully occupied. Claudia Strange was a surprise to him. He had met many American women, but never one like her. She broke upon him, as it were, like a flashlight from an unexpected dark corner of life. She was pretty, in a mutinous *mignonne* style, but not extraordinarily so, for it was the extreme daintiness and elegance of her attire that went at least half-way to the making of her general attractiveness—but she had a careless dash and independence about her, combined with such an open and evidently sincere indifference to all and sundry of his sex that his pride was stung, and his interest in her sufficiently goaded to make a very good simulation of love. It was not really love—he merely felt that he would rather have such a woman as Claudia for a wife than any of the semi-masculine, golfing, hockey-playing British girls who from season to season were trotted out for inspection in the matrimonial market. Then he stood rather in terror of lady nurses—fascinating females wearing white caps, and white aprons with the Red Cross blazoned on their breasts had become more than he could bear. So he himself saw nothing in any way singular or eccentric in his act of following Claudia over the Atlantic—she was something quite new, and in his jaded state of mind he craved for novelty. So utterly weary was he of the sameness of things, that if he had happened to have a wife he would have made occasion to divorce her, just for the mere love of change.

A month in the States would have bored him as much as anything else if Claudia had not been there. But there she was, brilliant, provocative, mysterious, and apparently always too busy to amuse herself in the ordinary ways and methods of her sex. And a month was all too short to find out anything definite about her. He became irritable and ill-tempered over the stereotyped reply which his questions elicited.

"Claudia Strange? Well! I guess she's just Claudia Strange!" With shameless persistence he angled for invitations to any and every house where he thought he might meet this attractive personality; and being an English lord he had little trouble in knowing whomsoever he wished to know, and in being a frequent "guest of the occasion" at every dinner and reception wherein the Four Hundred were concerned. But Claudia was not always to be seen among these "select." It was as difficult to find her as it might be to find a pearl in a field of clover. On one occasion when he did suddenly discover her in the far corner of a dimly lit corridor, during a ball given at one of the most ultra-swagger houses in N'York, he was captivated afresh by the dazzling vision of fair hair, blue eyes, laughing lips, white arms, and delicate, snowy chiffon attire, and was suddenly moved to ask her if he might have the pleasure of taking her to the theater to see a special piece that was just then the vogue. She looked up, smiling, and simply floored him by the question:

"Why?"

He was curiously embarrassed. What an odd creature! No woman with any tact would ask a man "why" he wished to escort her to the theater or anywhere else! He drew himself up a little stiffly, bent his neck in his starched collar and repeated, with labored politeness and an uplifting of his eyebrows:

"Why . . . you ask why?"

"Yes," said Claudia frankly, "I ask why? You Englishmen never act on impulse! Why do you invite *me?* There are heaps and heaps of other women. Perhaps you want a 'tip,' eh!"

A "tip"? Really, really! His lordship's collar positively creaked in his amazement.

"I can give you one or two," went on the charming lady, confidentially. "You wouldn't lose, but you mightn't gain for a year or two. However, you might put in five hundred without much risk, and there's always the chance of a boom! We'd better talk it over. Yes—I'll come to-morrow. You'll have to call and fetch me. No, I won't dine, thanks! My day's rather crowded. Here's my number."

And, from a jeweled chatelaine dangling at her waist, she took up a gold card-case, opened it, found a card and gave it to him.

"That's my flat," she said. "My real home in on Long Island, but I'm having a new wing built and a Pompeian court, so I'm not living there just now, and it's no use ringing up at my office after five. Call for me twenty minutes before the curtain rises—I'll be ready. So-long!"

She gave him another bright smile with this adieu and rose from her corner seat as a good-looking young man approached and claimed her for a dance. In two minutes she was whirled away in a maze of floating, gliding couples that filled the ballroom as a summer field is filled with flowers. Lord Markham stood for a moment under the light of an electric torch supported by the bronze figure of a flying Cupid, and studied the card he held. It bore the name "Miss Claudia Strange" with the number of a flat in a huge block of skyscrapers not far from Central Park.

"Claudia got anything good on hand?" queried a strong nasal voice close behind him. Lord Markham turned sharply round.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Granted!—though I don't know why you ask it," and the speaker, a tall, wiry man with a sandy-colored beard, smiled broadly. "I guess it's only English folk who beg pardon when there's nothing to beg it for. I saw Claudia Strange

and Co. talking to you, and her talk costs money, so I thought if there was any scent in the wind I might perhaps get a sniffle!"

"I really don't understand you," said Lord Markham coldly. "Miss Strange——"

"Oh, it's 'Miss Strange' is it! Wal!—I guess you don't know much about her. N'York calls her Claudia."

Markham winced with a sense of shock. He could never marry a woman whom N'York called "Claudia."

"Very familiar!" he said, with a stiff smile, "almost as if she were a chorus-girl—or—a public dancer!"

"Yes, that's so!" agreed the sandy-bearded man. "Only she's more run after than any chorus kiddie or dancing doll alive. Chorus kids don't shake Wall Street—but Claudia *does!* —you bet! My business is ile—Wilcox's Ile Wells—that's *me*, and I know!"

Lord Markham had recourse to his eyeglass. It was a great assistance to him in matters of difficulty, and he fixed it in his right eye as a shield to ward off the metallic glance of this "ile" personage who presumed to speak to him without an introduction.

"Most interesting!" he murmured. "Perhaps, Mr. er—er—Mr. Wilcox, you can tell me——"

"How she shakes Wall Street?" interposed Wilcox. "I can certainly do that! She's one of our sharpest brokers, and if *she* says 'Sell!' there's a rush, and if she says 'Buy!' there's a bigger rush!"

"One of your sharpest brokers!" repeated Lord Markham, in bewilderment. "Do you mean to say that Miss Strange is a broker?"

"That's right!" answered Wilcox, evidently delighted at the impression his statement had made on the mind of an English conservative. "And as far-sighted as a native Injun on a trail! You can deceive a weasel mebbe, but you can *not* deceive Claudia! Bogus companies don't get a look in with *her!* What *she* don't know about stocks and bonds isn't worth knowing at all. If *she* puts you on anything you're there all the time! She's got a whole army of clerks under her working like tailors on piece jobs, and you bet she keeps things humming! If you're one of her pals——"

"I'm afraid I haven't that honor," said Markham somewhat frigidly; he was divided between irritation, curiosity and admiration, and his ideas of the proper sort of conventional marriage were all overthrown. How could he make a female stockbroker of Wall Street, N'York, Lady Markham of Markham Hall? The notion was perfectly preposterous! "I met the lady in Paris," he continued, "but I have never known her intimately."

Wilcox took a big cigar from his pocket and looked at it meditatively.

"Ah!" he murmured. "Wal! If she don't put you on anything it's because she *won't*—that's about it! I'm sorry—I always pity a man when he's got a chance to fill his pocket and somehow misses doing it. But you English are slow—darned slow!"

Markham smiled. "Probably you are right," he agreed—"we are. But, 'slow and sure' you know!"

The American looked him over keenly.

"Mebbe!" he answered. "I hope so! But a bit of hustle wouldn't hurt you!"

With that he lit his cigar and strolled off. Lord Markham, left to himself, sat down to think. He had, by chance, found out what he wanted to know, but the discovery was not exactly pleasant. She, the dainty feminine thing, whose interests, so far as he had observed, seemed centered in Paris hats and other frivolities of attire, was actually a busy stockbroker with a "whole army of clerks," buying and selling stocks, watching the fluctuations of the money-market, and keeping a close finger on the varying pulse of the brute-god Mammon! What an unwomanly career! How unlike the ideal he, Markham, had formed of Woman as she ought to be—half-drudge, half-toy—devoted to the interests of her sovereign ruler, Man! He believed in rigid discipline and subordination of the frailer sex; and as for women being allowed to have any control of finance, he considered the quality of their intelligence too utterly inferior and inadequate for such an idea ever to be seriously entertained. He belonged to that very ordinary class of men who stick to an ancient and worn-out tradition as limpets stick to a rock—who talk glibly of progress and advancement for the male part of creation, with the mental proviso that this shall not include the female. To a man of Markham's type and upbringing, a woman of education is only a better-informed sort of squaw, amused with beads, feathers and trinkets, made solely to bear children and attend to their wants and the necessities of the home (or the wigwam); and the proposition that any one of the sex should take independent action apart from her lord and master is so astounding as to seem positively insane. A woman who has made a fortune by her own brain and hand, without man's *(Continued on page 281)*

"You may come to my office to-morrow if you like," said Claudia to Lord Markham, "and if you've got five hundred English pounds lying around loose doing nothing I'll turn them into a thousand for you in seven days!"

Some Experiences

By Margaret

Richard Mansfield as the swashbuckling *Cyrano de Bergerac*

Margaret Anglin at the time she became a member of Richard Mansfield's company.

THE god that presides over the destinies of the stage takes good care that our ambitions are not immediately fulfilled. In my case he was particularly tantalizing, for he was long persistent in his refusal to allow me to play Shakespeare. My ambition to be a reader had been put to the test one day in Canada when I stood up before Madame Rhea, and went through the stereotyped "gems" hugged to the memory of every schoolchild of impressionable age. In my mind there had grown to enormous proportions the beauty of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who was herself a great reader, and at an early age I was confidently under the impression that Shakespeare's plays were never intended to be acted, but to be read. This was further reinforced by my chancing upon an essay by the gentle "Elia," wherein he suggested that Shakespeare dealt with the subtle and spiritual in such a way that it was difficult for an actor to externalize him completely.

Of course, now that I look back, I can see that, in my desire to be a dramatic reader and nothing else, I was trying to overleap the obstacles to the stage which I sensed in the objections of my father. But about this time a Shakespearean actress came to Canada, in all the freshness and beauty of her art, and I immediately went to see her act. *Viola* was the first of the Shakespeare heroines I ever saw acted, and I soon began to waver in my belief that Shakespeare should only be read.

I do not believe I have mentioned the fact that I owe gratitude to the manager of the Toronto Theater, who gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Augustus Pitou when he heard that I had settled finally to go to New York and cast my fortunes as a dramatic reader. This manager was kind enough to talk to me for awhile, and the upshot was that I was sent to the Wheatcroft School, as I have already described.

From now on might be said to have begun my quest for the Shakespeare *rôle*. Certainly, while I was a pupil, my instructors were loath to allow me to gain my heart's desire, and it was only through persistent nagging on my part that Mr. Wheatcroft, more to silence me than to satisfy me, began, with the help of Mrs. Wheatcroft, the task of showing me something of the infinite sunniness of *Rosalind's* make-up.

I have had to go through innumerable parts of a slight and unsatisfactory character, for I am not one to discount any atom of experience that even a poor play may sometimes bring one. But I have never lost a certain impatience, a certain irritation, over spending time and energy on something that is not worth while, that does not call forth all the energies in one. I always ask myself many questions before selecting a piece for presentation, and, now that I look back on my many appearances, I often wonder what my repertory would now be if the "god" had let me have my way. It used to amuse the

The "Balcony Scene" in Rostand's romantic play "Cyrano de Bergerac." The swaggering hero, *Cyrano*, is repulsively ugly and fears that *Roxane* will be repelled by his looks; it was a case of Beauty and the Beast. So when *Cyrano* serenades *Roxane* she hears his beautiful voice, but, since he conceals himself in the arched doorway below, sees the handsome *Christian* (Wm. Courtney).

with Richard Mansfield

Anglin

Wheatcrofts when I would frankly say to them that I thought some old piece I might have been studying with one of the other teachers was insufferable; that we would be doing much better if we could only have Shakespeare. But *Galatea*, *Pauline*, and the romantic gallery of such heroines, did actually give me many hours of joy. And now I say thank heaven I had to study them. Each one of them has taught me something.

My mood, however, at the Wheatcrofts' was further intensified by the appearance of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at Abbey's Theater. My purse was emptied at their feet. I believe I must have seemed somewhat of a suspicious character as I haunted the theater and saw everything in their repertory. I dreamed of *Portia* and *Beatrice*, and I felt confident that Shakespeare must have especially created these parts for Miss Terry. I arose every morning with the hope that some opportunity of slipping into the company as an "extra" would come my way. However, my longing went unrequited, and I plodded away, treasuring in my heart what I considered then a new discovery. "Miss Terry," I thought, "is the only one who has ever brought forth the humanity of Shakespeare!" It was a case of hero-worship, and I began to laugh at my former belief that to read Shakespeare was the Ultima Thule of art. I pledged myself thenceforth to *act* in Shakespeare.

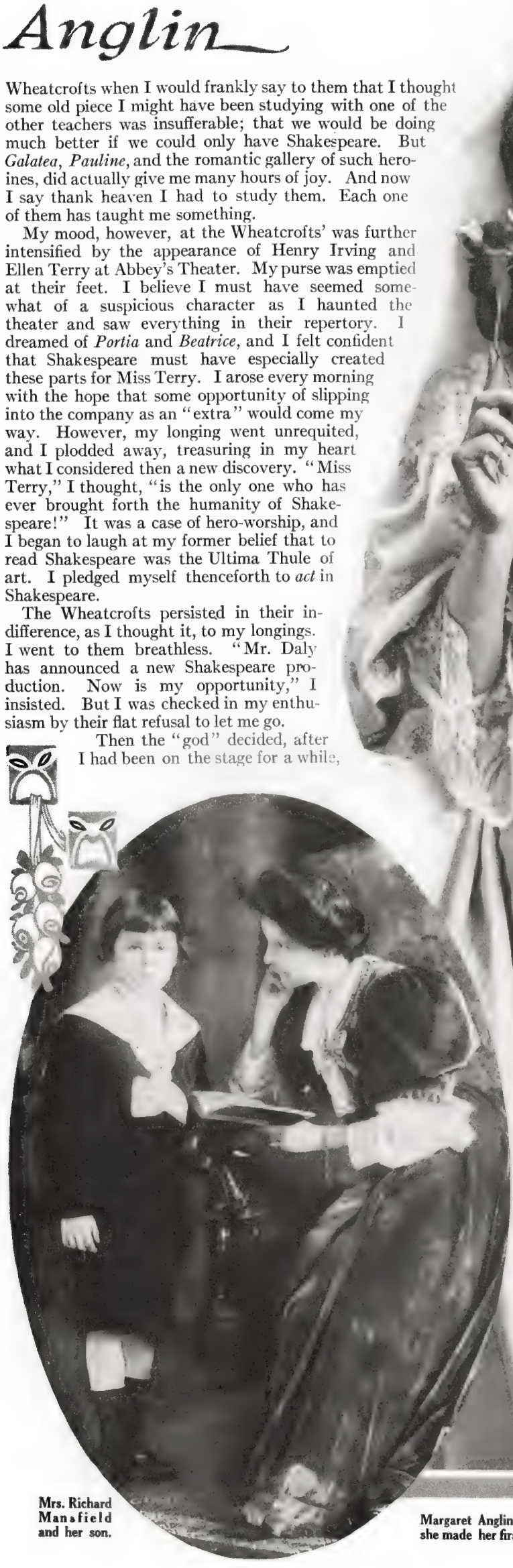
The Wheatcrofts persisted in their indifference, as I thought it, to my longings. I went to them breathless. "Mr. Daly has announced a new Shakespeare production. Now is my opportunity," I insisted. But I was checked in my enthusiasm by their flat refusal to let me go.

Then the "god" decided, after I had been on the stage for a while, to let me have a taste of what I wanted. I actually appeared as *Rosalind* one summer. When I was with Mr. Rolfe I was given the *rôle* of *Nerissa*; while with Mr. O'Neil I went a step further and had the satisfaction of being handed the part of *Ophelia*.

After that the Shakespearean *rôle* eluded me everywhere I went. So that when I was finally sent for by Mr. Mansfield I do not think I was as much awed over the fact that I was to play with him as I was that, perhaps while I was with him, he would put on a Shakespeare play. He was in Washington, rehearsing "The First Violin," and I was playing in Washington with Mr. Sothern's company. He was to put on a new play in the fall, and Mr. Palmer, ever kind and gracious to me, sent in the alarm for me to go and see him, at his own request.

Of course I had heard of Mr. Mansfield's vagaries. Whatever one may say of the uncomfortableness of eccentricity, it is certainly interesting and, while one is near, exciting. Many fictitious stories had reached me regarding this actor's overbearing relations with his company. There was a common belief that his leading women never stood longer than a few weeks his many suggestions and his domineering instructions.

(*Continued on page 278*)



Mrs. Richard Mansfield and her son.

Margaret Anglin as *Roxane*, the beautiful heroine of "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which she made her first great New York success as a star, playing opposite Richard Mansfield.

The great dramatic reader, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who strengthened Miss Anglin's early belief that Shakespeare should be read rather than acted.

"And Jesus Said Unto Her, Neither Do I Condemn Thee, Go, And Sin No More"

The Story of Susan Lenox

Her Fall and Rise

by David Graham Phillips

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS:—Susan Lenox was only a child woman when Fate, malice, and gossip lifted her from the quietest of quiet lives and hurled her into the vortex of life. Born without a name, Sutherland shunned her, and her uncle married her off for "honor's" sake. On her wedding-night Susan ran away. Roderick Spenser found her hiding, loaned her money, promised to return, but did not—he had broken his leg, said his note. Spenser's money was stolen from her. To pay her hotel bill, she borrowed from Burlingham, manager of a river show-boat; then joined his troupe to work out the loan. Susan's audiences went wild over her. The show-boat was sunk; the company split. Burlingham, however, took Susan to Cincinnati, where he tried to place her on the stage. But he was stricken with typhoid, and died. Alone and penniless, Susan goes to work in a box factory at four dollars a week. She lives with the Brashears in a wretched tenement, which burns. Thereafter Etta Brashear lives with Susan. Poverty, cold, hunger, drudgery drive the girls to desperation. They meet two college boys. Etta goes away with one; Susan refuses to go with the other. Instead she decides to look up Spenser and pay back his loan. He invites her to dine with him, and they decide to go to New York together, where Spenser takes up playwriting. Rod's infatuation begins to cool, so Susan leaves him, determined to strike out for herself. Her first "job" is as a cloak-model, and then she works for a few dollars a week in a hat factory. She experiences all of the horrors of life in New York's slums and tenements. Goaded to desperation by these experiences she moves up-town and enters a new life. After many vicissitudes she finds Rod Spenser "down and out," and heroically determines to make a new man of him; she then accidentally meets Robert Brent, the great playwright, and thus begins her upward career. A new world is opening for her. Brent will train her for the stage.

Susan was shaken by violent fits of shuddering. She felt herself slipping—slipping!

SPENSER had time and thought for his play only. He no longer tormented himself with jealousy of the abilities and income and fame of Brent and the other successful writers for the stage; was not he about to equal them, probably to surpass them? In spirits, and in hope again, he was content with himself. Jealousy of Brent about Susan had been born of dissatisfaction with himself as a failure and envy of Brent as a success; it died with that dissatisfaction and that envy. The idea that Susan would give a sentimental thought to a man "old enough to be her father"—Brent was forty-one—was too preposterous to present itself to his mind. She loved the handsome, fascinating, youthful Roderick Spenser; she would soon be crazy about him.

Rarely does it occur to a man to wonder what a woman is thinking. However, there was in Susan's face, especially in her eyes, an expression so unusual, so arresting, that Spenser, self-centered and convinced of woman's intellectual deficiency though he was, did sometimes inquire what she was thinking about. He asked this question the morning after that second visit to Brent.

"Was I thinking?" she countered.

"You certainly were not listening. You haven't a notion what I was talking about."

"About your play."

"Of course. You know I talk nothing else," he laughed. "I must bore you horribly."

"No, indeed," protested she.

"No, I suppose not. You're not bored because you don't listen."

He was cheerful about it. He assumed that she was as worshipful before his intellect as in the old days. He would have been even more amazed than enraged had he known that she regarded his play as mediocre claptrap, false to life, fit only for the unthinking, sloppily sentimental crowd that could not see the truth about even their own lives, their own thoughts and actions.

"There you go again!" cried he, a few minutes later. "What *are* you thinking about? I forgot to ask how you got on with Brent. Poor chap—he's had several failures in the past year. He must be horribly cut up. They say he's written out. What does he think he's trying to get at with you?"

"Acting, as I told you," replied Susan. She felt ashamed for him, making this pitiable exhibition of patronizing a great man.

"Sperry tells me he has had that twist in his brain for a long time—that he has tried out a dozen girls or more—drops them after a few weeks or months. He has a regular system about it—runs away abroad, stops the pay after a month or so."

"Well, the forty a week's clear gain while it lasts," said Susan. She tried to speak lightly. But she felt hurt and uncomfortable. There had crept into her mind one of those disagreeable ideas that scurry into some dusky corner—to hide, to reappear from time to time, making every fit of the blues by so much the sadder, and aggravating despondency toward black despair.

"Oh, I didn't mean to suggest that *you* wouldn't succeed," Spenser hastened to apologize with more or less real kindliness. "Sperry says Brent has some good ideas about acting. So you'll learn something—maybe enough to enable me to put you in a good

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"I've seen the judge and you're free," Palmer greeted Susan. "I'll have those curs kicked off the force!"

position—if Brent gets tired and if you still want to be independent, as you call it."

"I hope so," said Susan absently.

Spenser was no more absorbed in his career than she in hers; only, she realized how useless it would be to try to talk it to him—that he would not give her so much as ears in an attitude of polite attention. If he could have looked into her head that morning and seen what thoughts were distracting her from hearing about the great play, he would have been more amused and disgusted than ever with feminine frivolity of mind and incapacity in serious matters. For it so happened that at the moment Susan was concentrating on a new dress. He would have laughed in the face of anyone saying to him that this new dress was for Susan in the pursuit of her scheme of life quite as weighty a matter, quite as worthy of the most careful attention, as was his play for him. Yet that would have been the literal truth. Primarily man's appeal is to the ear, woman's to the eye—the reason, by the way, why the theater—preëminently the place to *see*—tends to be dominated by woman.

Susan had made up her mind not only that she would rapidly improve herself in every way, but also how she would go about the improving. She saw that, for a woman at least, dress is as much the prime essential as an arresting show-window for a dealer in articles that display well. She knew she was far from the goal of which she dreamed—the position where she would no longer be a woman primarily, but a personage. Dress would not merely increase her physical attractiveness; it would achieve the far-more-important end of gaining her a large measure of consideration. She felt that Brent, even Brent, dealer in actualities and not to be fooled by pretenses, would in spite of himself change his opinion of her if she went to him dressed less like a middle-class working girl, more like a woman of the upper classes. At best, using all the advantages she had, she felt there was small enough chance of her holding his interest; for she could not make herself believe that he was not deceiving himself about her. However, to strengthen herself in every way with him was obviously the wisest effort she could make. So she must have a new gown for the next meeting, one which would make him better pleased to take her out to dinner. True, if she came in rags he would not be disturbed—for he had nothing of the snob in him. But at the same time, if she came dressed like a woman of his own class, he would be impressed. "He's a man, if he is a genius," reasoned she.

The next morning Susan went shopping. She had it in mind to get the materials for a costume of a certain delicate shade of violet. But when she began to look at materials she hesitated. The violet would be beautiful; but it was not a wise investment for a girl with few clothes, with but one best dress. She did not give it up definitely, however, until she came upon a sixteen-yard remnant of soft gray China crêpe. Gray was a really serviceable color for the best dress of a girl of small means. And this remnant, certainly enough for a dress, could be had for ten dollars. She took the remnant.

She went to the millinery department and bought a wide-brim hat-frame. It was of a good shape and she saw how it could be bent to suit her face. She paid fifty cents for this, and two dollars and seventy cents for four yards of gray tulle. She found that silk flowers were beyond her means, so she took a bunch of presentable-looking violets of the cheaper kind at two dollars and a half. She happened to pass a counter whereon were displayed bargains in big buckles and similar odds and ends of steel and enamel. She fairly pounced upon a handsome gray buckle with violet enamel, which cost but eighty-nine cents. For a pair of gray suède ties she paid two dollars; for a pair of gray silk stockings, ninety cents. These matters, with some gray silk net for the collar, gray silk for a belt, linings and the like, made her total bill twenty-three dollars and sixty-seven cents. She returned home content and studied "Cavalleria" until her purchases arrived.

Spenser was out now, working all day and in the evenings at Sperry's office. So Susan had freedom for her dressmaking operations. To get them off her mind, that she might work uninterruptedly at learning *Lola's* part in "Cavalleria," she toiled all Saturday and far into Sunday morning. When Spenser returned from Sperry's office to take her to dinner she was arrayed. For the first time he saw her in fashionable attire—and it was really fashionable, for despite all her disadvantages she, who had real and rare capacity for learning, had educated herself well in the chief business of woman the man-catcher in her years in New York.

He stood rooted to the threshold. It would have justified a vanity less vigorous than Susan or any other normal human being possessed to excite such a look as was in his eyes. He drew a long breath by way of breaking the spell over speech.

"You are *beautiful!*" he exclaimed.

And his eyes traveled from the bewitching hat, set upon her head coquettishly yet without audacity, to the soft crêpe dress, its round collar showing her perfect throat, its graceful lines subtly revealing her alluring figure, to the feet that men always admired, whatever else of beauty or charm they might fail to under realize.

"How you have grown!" he ejaculated. Then: "How did you do it?"

"By all but going broke."

"It's worth whatever it cost. If I had a dress-suit, we'd go to some swell joint. I'm willing to go, without the dress-suit."

"No. I've got everything ready for dinner at home."

"Then why on earth did you dress? To give me a treat?"

"Oh, I hate to go out in a dress I've never worn. And a woman has to wear a hat a good many times before she knows how."

"What a lot of fuss you women do make about clothes."

"You seem to like it, all the same."

"Of course. But it's a trifle."

"It has got many women a good provider for life. And not paying attention to dress or not knowing how has made most of the old maids. Are those things trifles?"

Spenser laughed and shifted his ground without any sense of having been pressed to do so. "Men are fools where women are concerned."

"Or women are wise where men are concerned."

"I guess they do know their business—some of them," he confessed. "Still, it's a silly business, you must admit."

"Nothing is silly that's successful," said Susan.

"Depends on what you mean by success," argued he.

"Success is getting what you want."

"Provided one wants what's worth while," said he.

"And what's worth while?" rejoined she.

"Why, whatever one happens to want."

While Susan hesitated in the dark passage she caught a glimpse of a dressing-room and of a woman who was laughing in the way a woman laughs when it is for *the* man.

At the studio floor of Brent's house the door of the elevator was opened for Susan by a small young man with a notably large head, bald and bulging. His big, smooth face had the expression of extreme amiability that usually goes with weakness and timidity. "I am Mr. Brent's secretary, Mr. Garvey," he explained. And Susan—made as accurate as quick in her judgments of character by the opportunities and the necessities of her experience—saw that she had before her one of those nice feeble folk, who either get the shelter of some strong personality as a bird hides from the storm in the thick branches of a great tree, or are tossed and torn and ruined by life and exist miserably until rescued by death. Susan liked Garvey at once; they exchanged smiles and were friends.

She glanced round the room. At the huge open window Brent, his back to her, was talking earnestly to a big hatchet-faced man with a black beard. Even as Susan glanced Brent closed the interview; with an emphatic gesture of fist into palm he exclaimed: "And that's final. Good-by." The two men came toward her, both bowed, the hatchet-faced man entered the elevator and was gone. Brent extended his hand with a smile.

"You evidently didn't come to work to-day," said he with a careless, fleeting glance at the grand toilette. "But we are prepared against such tricks. Garvey, take her down to the rear dressing-room and have the maid lay her out a simple costume." To Susan: "Be as quick as you can." And he seated himself at his desk and began reading and signing letters.

Susan, crestfallen, followed Garvey down the stairway. She had confidently expected that he would show some appreciation of her toilet. She knew she had (*Continued on page 272*)

The Sentence of the Court

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Armand Both

LAVENDALE was closeted with a Personage, and the interview to which he found himself committed came as something of a shock to him. The Personage was not in the habit of wasting his words, and he spoke succinctly and to the point.

"To sum up, Mr. Lavendale," he concluded, "we have received direct and categorical complaints concerning you, forwarded to us here in London through the German Ambassador at Washington. It is stated that while enjoying the shelter and privileges of your association with our American Embassy here, you have rendered direct aid to a branch of the French Secret Service in this country, and that you were yourself responsible for the interception of an important communication from Berlin."

"That's Leonard Johnson," Lavendale muttered.

"The case of Leonard Johnson has, I believe, been cited," the Personage admitted, "but your association with a certain member of the French Secret Service has led you, I am informed, into further enterprises not entirely in accordance with your position as an American official."

"Am I to understand that you wish me to resign, sir?" Lavendale asked.

"Nothing," the Personage replied cheerfully, "is further from my intentions. I wish you to reform. Remember you are an American, that's all. Now go and pay us a visit on the other side. I am coming in to do a little hand-shaking myself presently."

Ambrose Lavendale put behind what he felt might be one of the crises of his life, and made his way to the ambassadorial reception-rooms. He paid his respects to his Chief's wife and family and talked for a while to one of the junior secretaries. A clean-shaven man, tall and slim, with gold spectacles and smooth hair, came up to them presently with a smile.

"I hope you haven't quite forgotten me, Mr. Lavendale," he said. "I'm Anthony Silburn. Four years before your time at Harvard, but we've met once or twice in New York."

"Of course," Lavendale assented. "As a matter of fact, we are connections, aren't we? You married my cousin, Lydia Green."

They sat in a corner and talked for some time of mutual acquaintances. Mr. Anthony Silburn, besides having the advantage of a frank and engaging manner and a distinct sense of humor, was, as Lavendale very well knew, one of the wealthiest and most enlightened of American millionaires.

"I tell you what it is, young fellow," Mr. Silburn declared, as they parted, "you'll have to come down and spend a week-end with us, any time you like. I've got a real old-country house in Norfolk—leased it before the war broke out—Hookam Court, near Wells. Bring your guns down. Well, I'm off now to catch the five-o'clock train home."

He departed, with a little farewell nod. Lavendale looked after him thoughtfully.

"One of the most successful men in America," somebody by his side remarked. "I wonder what he thinks about the war. He was educated in Germany—I am not sure that he wasn't born there."

Lavendale made his adieux a little later and walked thoughtfully toward the Milan Court. He sent his name up, but there was no reply from Suzanne's rooms.

"Miss de Freyne went out on Monday night," the hall-porter told him. "She was motoring, I think, but she had very little luggage. She hasn't been back since. We've had a great many telephone messages for her."

The circumstance was not in itself unusual, but Lavendale was conscious of a queer little feeling of uneasiness. Suzanne never left town without letting him know, and she had been engaged to dine with him that night.

"I think I'll go up and speak to her maid," he said.

The man pointed toward the lift. "There she is, sir, just come in."

Lavendale crossed the hall and touched the woman on the shoulder. She was a dark-visaged, melancholy-looking person of middle age, with an extraordinary gift for taciturnity.

"Do you know where your mistress is, Anne?" he asked.

The woman appeared to recognize him with some relief. He wondered if she knew of his work in the Secret Service. She evaded a direct reply, however.

"Would you be so kind as to come upstairs, sir?" she invited.

Lavendale followed her to Suzanne's suite. She stood on one side for him to enter and closed the door carefully.

"Monsieur," she began, "my mistress once told me that if there was trouble I was to come to you."

"Quite right," Lavendale assented quickly. "What is it?"

"Mademoiselle left me at six o'clock on Monday night," the maid proceeded. "I know nothing as to her destination except that her journey was decided upon quite suddenly and that she had a motor ride of over a hundred miles. She expected to be back the next day. If not, she promised to send me some instructions. Since then I have heard nothing of her."

Lavendale reflected for a moment.

"How much are you in your mistress's confidence?" he inquired.

"She has trusted me often with her life," was the quiet reply.

"You understand her real position?"

"But naturally."

Lavendale led Suzanne toward a couch. He laid his hand on hers and found it cold as ice. "Suzanne, are we in a trap?" he asked quietly. "I believe we are," she answered, "and it is entirely my fault!"

"Then do you know," Lavendale went on, "if there is any headquarters of the French Secret Service in this country—any one from whom we could get any idea as to her mission?"

The woman shook her head.

"There are others working often with mademoiselle," she said. "I know no names—only this: In case of the very deepest anxiety, but only in extremes, I have a telephone number here which I could ring up."

She opened her purse and drew out a slip of paper.

"It is, I believe, a private number," she continued, "and not in the book. I made up my mind that if mademoiselle had not returned this afternoon I would ring up."

"Let us do so at once," Lavendale suggested.

"If monsieur would be so kind," she begged, pointing to the instrument. "My English is not good and I do not know with whom I should speak."

"Whom am I to ask for?" Lavendale inquired.

"No names are to be mentioned," the woman replied, "and the number can only be rung up between five and seven. It is six o'clock now," she added.

Lavendale took off the receiver and asked for the number. There was a moment's pause. Then a remarkably clear voice answered him.

"Well?"

"It is a friend of Mademoiselle de Freyne who speaks," Lavendale said.

"That is well," the voice replied. "Continue."

"Miss de Freyne left her rooms at the Milan Court last Monday night, on secret business. She promised to communicate with her maid the next day. She has not done so. She left in a motor-car and with very little luggage. She made the remark that she had a ride of over a hundred miles."

"That is all you know, Mr. Lavendale?"

Lavendale started a little at the sound of his own name.

"It is all," he assented.

"Kindly go and repeat what you have told me to Major Elwell, Room 17, Number 33 Whitehall."

Lavendale replaced the receiver and turned to Anne.

"I am instructed," he said, "to apply to a man whom I know to be in the English Secret Service."

"It would be well," the maid advised, "if monsieur applied there at once."

Lavendale walked briskly out of the Milan by the back exit, through the gardens, along the Embankment and into Whitehall. He found Number 33 a long, narrow, private house taken over by the Government. Room Seventeen consisted of a small office in which two men were busy writing, and an inner room. Lavendale made his inquiry and was told that Major Elwell would be back in an hour. He scribbled a note, making an appointment, and walked back to his own rooms. He let himself in, paused to speak for a moment with his servant, who was laying out his clothes, and turned toward the sitting-room. As he opened the door the telephone bell began to ring insistently. He crossed the room, took up the receiver and tapped the instrument.

"What is it?" he asked. "Hullo? Hullo?"

Somewhere in the distance he heard a voice say faintly: "Trunk call," and for a moment he was patient. Then he gave a little start. A familiar voice, yet unfamiliar, shaking with something like fear, tremulous, hysterical, terrified, murmured his name. His heart leaped with quick sympathy, his fingers shook.

"Ambrose! Ambrose! Is that you? Speak quickly!"

"I am here, Suzanne," he cried. "Where are you?"

Suddenly he seemed to hear turmoil and confusion, a man's voice, a woman's shriek.

"At Hook——"

(*Continued on page 284*)

"What are you all but spies," Suzanne demanded, "spies of the lowest and most dastardly class? You are here under the shelter of a friendly country to do her all the harm you can. You abuse the land which shelters you. You call me a spy! Compared with all of you, I am the most innocent person alive."

Marion

The Story of an Artists Model

by The Author of "Me"

Illustrated by Henry Hutt

SYNOPSIS:—Here we have the story, told at first-hand, of Marion Ascough, sister of "Me," a girl destined to travel far—accumulating experiences by the way—clinging to high ideals, as artist, model, friend of painters, and finally the wife of an artist. She was born in the queer little French-Canadian village of Hochelaga, a suburb of Montreal; her father was an English painter, her mother a Frenchwoman. Here Monsieur de St. Vidal proposed to her in the snow, and she ran home. Then she had a bent for the stage and made a hit in amateur theatricals. Along came Mr. Reggie Bertie—call him Bartie, so English, you know—remittance-man, who is studying for the bar. It was a case of love at first sight between handsome Reggie and pretty Marion Ascough. He took her to the ice carnival and when he should have been watching the procession he was looking down at her. Later, he refuses to take her into a flashy all-night restaurant because Marion is "too nice and too sweet." Very soon they become engaged, but while Bertie is an ardent wooer he does not want the marriage to take place; he's afraid of "the governor" over in England, so poor Marion is in for a long wait, during which she must be self-supporting at painting and other art work, besides helping at home. Then she hires a little studio of her own—Reggie pays for it—in Montreal; Reggie still procrastinates. At last she tells him that he has no right to monopolize her time and her society unless he intends to fulfil his promise—particularly as he objects to her seeing any other men. She goes to Boston and there becomes a full-fledged model, with some weird experiences and cruel privations. Then she falls ill, owing to privation and anxiety.

"Aren't you the smartest girl, though!" exclaimed Lois Barret as she watched Marion at work, while big Tim O'Leary's admiration was so pathetic that he actually walked on tiptoe for a look.

THE sun was shining, and the warm breath of summer felt good to me. I was up now; but I felt impatient with my own weakness and I had a restless desire to move about and do things. I realized my indebtedness to Lois, and I wondered if I would ever be able to wipe it out.

I had had very dreadful news from my people. Wallace, Ellen's husband had died, after a long illness. When I first heard that, I wanted to go at once to my sister, and I was heartbroken because of my inability to comfort and help her. Lois wrote to Ellen for me, telling her that I would join her in New York, just as soon as I was strong enough to travel; but Ellen had written back that she was going to England, with her little boy, to Wallace's people.

I thought of how close Ellen and I had been to each other as children, and of the strangeness and cruelty of fate that cut sisters apart. It seemed to me that this was a world of all pain. Yet, if we measured our griefs by those of others, mine shrank into insignificance beside those of Ellen's. Always there had been some way out for me, but Ellen's road had been walled up. Death had shut to her forever the golden door of Hope. I knew that no one—not even her little son—could ever take to Ellen the place of Wallace, her young hero and lover and husband. Poor Wallace! Literary critics had said he was a genius, and I think he was. He was only twenty-seven when he died, with his second book of essays but half written, and his play still unproduced.

Lois had a little gas-stove in the room, on which she boiled coffee and eggs. She called to me to come now to breakfast. I said to her sadly:

"Lois, I'm awfully indebted to you."

"Not on your life," said Lois; "you don't owe me anything, and if you say anything more about it, I'll get real cross. You can't imagine how nasty I am when I'm cross," she laughed. "I've had the time of my life nursing you, and Dr. Squires says——"

A beautiful flush came over Lois's face, and I said: "Oh, Lois, I do hope you'll get married and be ever and ever so happy."

"I've got to go to England," said she. "My parents are there now, and there's a lawsuit over some property left by a relative who died lately. You see, I'm the real heir, they say. I'm really a Ward in Chancery."

"Why, Lois, I thought you were a native American."

"So I am. I was born in Massachusetts, but my mother was English, and now I've got to go over there to see about this property they say I'm rightful heir to. I'll have to leave at the end of the month."

"Oh, how I'll miss you!" I cried. "I don't know how in the world I'll ever get on without you."

"When you get your strength back," said Lois, "you'll not feel that way, and you're going to stay right here and room with me till I go. So don't worry, whatever you do. Get to work now, and forget everything blue."

I had not told Lois I was a model. I had simply said at home I had been an artist.

She had brought down my paints and palette, and now, as I arranged my things, she watched me with great interest. She had brought me a print of a basket of fruit and a bowl of flowers, and asked me if I wouldn't copy these for her. I painted them on two wooden plates she had, and she was delighted, and cried out admiringly:

"Aren't you the smartest girl, though!"

Tim O'Leary came in while I was painting, and the admiration of that big bartender was pathetic. He actually walked on tiptoe to come nearer to take a look. Then he said:

"I'll be back in a second."

He left the room, and returned shortly with a parcel wrapped up in white tissue paper, which he gently unfolded. He showed us a little piece of white satin with some pink flowers painted in the center, and trimmed around with cream lace; also two pieces of embroidery of a really fine quality. He handled these works of art, as he called them, poor fellow, with an almost reverent tenderness, and Lois and I loudly expressed our admiration of them.

"I'm keeping them," said Tim, "for the little girl back home. She'll be coming to me before long, and I'll have her little nest as elegant as the finest of them," he said shyly. "My Katy has eyes like this little girl here, and it's real smart you are to do such grand work, Miss Marion."

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"Say, Mr. O'Leary," I said, "I'm going to make you something to add to your collection for your little girl."

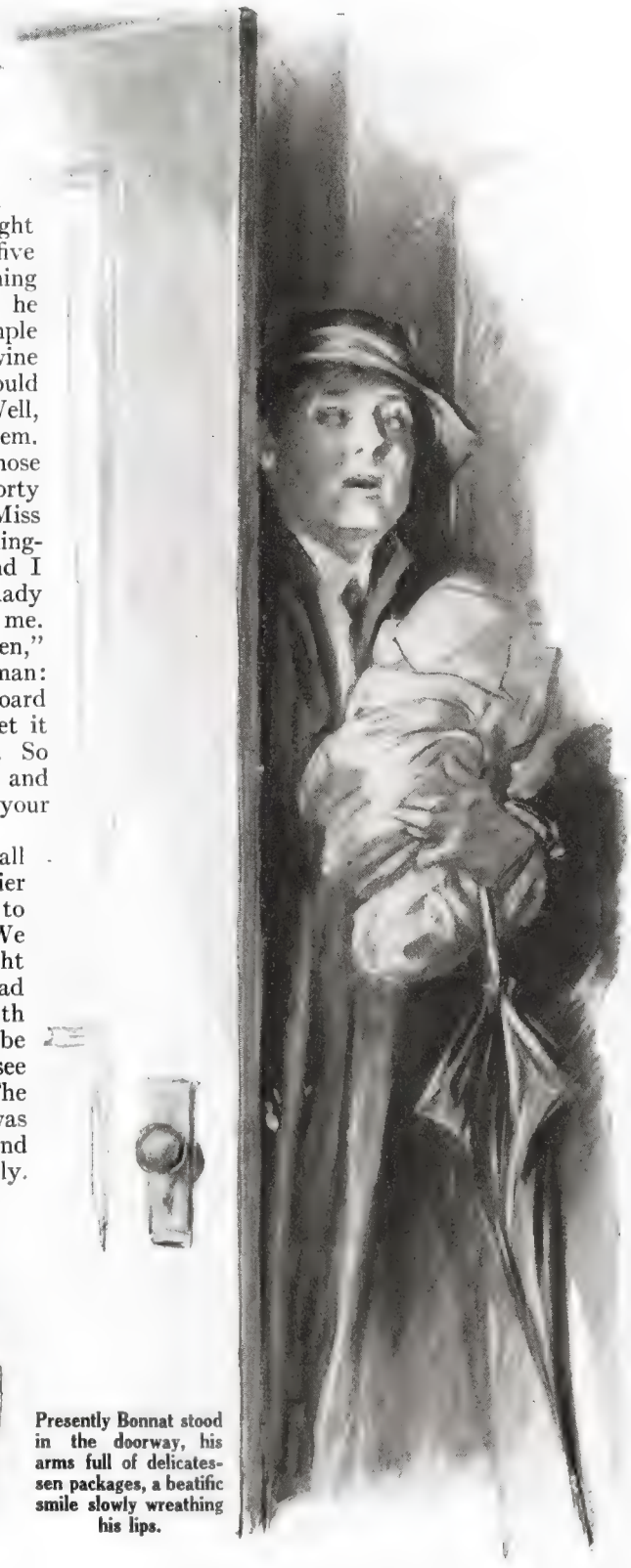
I kept my word, and in a few days I had painted on a piece of blue satin that Lois found among her things a bunch of roses, which poor Tim declared he could almost smell. That same evening he brought me two enormous whisky jugs. They were about three feet high—sample bottles. They were, of course, empty. Tim made the astonishing request of me that I should paint on them, and he offered to pay me.

So I painted a little seascape on one and a wreath of lilies-of-the-valley and forget-me-nots on the other. Of course, I would not take pay from Tim for them. The following day Tim came rushing in to tell me he had placed them on his bar, and all of his friends and customers had thought them great, and one man had offered him five dollars apiece for them. He said that nothing would induce him to part with them, but he was sending over to me all the big sample bottles he could get, and also beer and wine and champagne bottles, and he said if I would paint on these he would sell them for me. Well, the astonishing part is, that he did sell them. I must have decorated at least twenty of those awful bottles, and Tim got me about forty dollars for my work. So I was able to pay Miss Darling, and I went over to the boarding-house where I still owed that bill and I paid it. To my surprise the landlady tried to force two dollars back upon me.

"We all know how ill you've been," she said, "and I said to my man: 'We'll never see the color of that board money,' and he says: 'You'll get it yet,' and you see he's always right. So here, you can take two of it back, and may you have the good luck your pretty face should bring you."

Lois sailed on one of the small merchant liners, and it left the pier at five in the morning, so we had to get up very early to see her off. We had sat up very late the night before, and Dr. Squires had spent the evening with us and promised to be at the pier to see her off. The morning was foggy and chilly.

Marion fairly flew about that studio, sweeping, tidying, dusting and washing dishes.



Presently Bonnat stood in the doorway, his arms full of delicatessen packages, a beatific smile slowly wreathing his lips.

I clung tightly to Lois before I let her go, and the doctor said:

"Here, give another fellow a chance."

He, too, kissed Lois, and there were tears in both their eyes.

IT is conceivably hard for a girl without a definite trade or profession, and possessed of no particular talent, to earn her own living. With Tim O'Leary's help I had made a little money that tided me over for a time, but I realized that it was merely a temporary relief. The artists would not be returning for a couple of months, and I was in a quandary what I should do. A letter from Lil Markey, the girl who had posed for Count von Hatzfeldt in Montreal, made me consider the advisability of joining her in New York. This is Lil's letter:

Dear Marion:

Here I am in little old New York. Been here two months now. I'm trying to get a job on the stage, and I've almost landed one. You ought to come here. There's lots better opportunities, especially for a model. I have all the work I can do just now posing for "The Banner," a theatrical paper.

Now, there's a fellow here who is going to get a bunch of girls and put us in living pictures. All one needs is the looks.

Say, why don't you come on and join me here? I've a little flat with a couple of other girls, and we need another to squeeze in and help pay the expenses. I'd prefer you to anyone I've seen here. Say, some of them are tough!

I was awfully sorry to hear about the old Count dying. Ada told me how cut up you were about it, too. I've a date now—my meal-ticket! With love, LIL.

Lil's letter had started my thoughts on an old trail. The desire to act came creeping back on me. It was like an old thirst that suddenly awoke and tugged at one's consciousness insisting on being satisfied.

In Boston I had not thought to see theatrical managers. Reggie had long ago successfully squelched my ambitions in that line. Now Lil's letter and her reference to Mr. Davis quickened a new hope within me. (*Continued on page 258*)

The Custody of the Child

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

EDWARD ALDERSON, the novelist, welcomed the sound of the insistent telephone bell. He was badly stuck in the middle of a difficult chapter in which he was trying to show the inconsistency of woman without offending his growing public. He hurried across his comfortable bachelor sitting-room to the telephone in the little passage, where hung a collection of snapshots of his last yachting trip among the Everglades of Florida.

"Well? What is it?" he asked. "I can see nobody—— What name did you say? Philip Livingston? Oh! Ask him to come up right away."

With an eager smile he opened the main door of his apartment, went out into the passage, strode past the similar doors of a series of other bachelor rooms and waited with outstretched hand for the elevator to come up.

It was warmly grasped by a tall, square-shouldered, frank-faced man whose blue eyes were full of health and youth. "Why, Edward!" he said. "This is great."

"Phil, my dear old friend, where in the world have you come from after all these years?"

Arm in arm these two went along to the apartment in which most of the well-known novelist's work was written. It was on the ninth floor. The morning sun poured in, showing up the white spots of cigaret ash all over the rug. The windows were open and the sounds of the tumultuous life of New York rose up from the streets. The music of traffic, the harsh screech of taxi-cabs, the incessant nerve-rack of ambulance bells, the foreign cries of the drivers of three-horse wagons were mixed into a sort of cantata with the clanging mechanical noises which came from a building on the other side of the street in course of erection. Above all these conglomerate noises there was one which stood out definitely. It was caused by that diabolical machine that hammers home rivets in steel-construction frames and invariably carries the average hearer's mind into the inner room of a dentist.

"So this is where you live," said Philip. "And by Jove, you know how to make yourself comfortable!"

"Why not? Goodness knows I spend enough time here! That desk has my knees under it from nine o'clock in the morning until one, and from eight o'clock in the evening until all hours. Have a drink? Have a cigar? Have a novel? Have a play? Have an interview? Have everything I've got, Phil, old man. It's mighty good to see you. Where have you come from?"

Livingston made an interested tour of the room as he spoke. "Why," he said, "from South America last. I've been working there for three years. Before that I was in England for a spell, and away back I picked all the dollars that were going in South Africa. Engineering is a good game." He stopped in front of the photograph of a little boy with large round eyes which, framed in silver, stood in a place of honor on the mantel-shelf. "Nice kid," he added.

"You're right," said Edward Alderson. "He's a mighty nice kid." And a look of immense affection came into his eyes.

"I was sorry to leave South Africa. Sorrier to leave England, where the placid country acted on me like a rest-cure. I have now settled in South America for good—a great place—coming on fast. By the way, I found out that you live here from a magazine editor whom I met last night at dinner—one of the best. Oh, hello! Here's our young friend again!"

This time the photograph was of the boy a little older, in a sailor-suit, standing firmly planted on two sturdy little legs, holding a boat in full rig warmly against his heart.

"Yes," said Edward Alderson. "Same boy."

The newcomer turned round and faced his friend for a moment. "I've read all the books I could find of yours," he said. "Mighty fine stuff, old man! You write about marriage with so much tenderness and sympathy and understanding that there seems to have been a good husband lost in you. I expected to come back and find you not all alone in these bachelor rooms perched up near the sky, but the proud master of a devoted household with a fair-haired little woman popping in now and then to see how you are getting on, and with the patter of children's feet across a room above your head."

"Suffer!" jeered Violet, "when he is so successful!" Philip persisted: "Yes, I know, but I saw him the day after that boy over there had been taken away from him."

A very odd look passed over the face of the novelist. It was like the shadow of a black cloud. "Oh," he said. "Is that so? Won't you smoke?"

But Philip was off again, running his eyes over his friend's collection of books and peering into pictures which hung, with the usual bachelor irrelevance, everywhere. "I've come back to look for my girl," he said with a laugh. "She was more or less a kid when I went off. Her birthday is next week. She will be twenty-four. I'm going out to her place, but not before I've gone to Tiffany's to get her something really good. Gee! Here's this boy again! I guess you're fond of this little chap."

"Fond?" said Edward Alderson. "That's a feeble word—— Who's the girl? Do I know her?"

"Well, I should say so," said Philip. "From the age of six upward you and I made fools of ourselves about that young thing. I fought you once during our Christmas holidays, because you got too many of her smiles. But maybe you've met so many girls that you've forgotten all that early stuff. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to put my little story into one of your books, old man. It would make pretty foolish reading, I suppose; but all the same I make a bargain with you to end it happily. I never asked her to wait for me before I went on the long trail and I've never written to her for six years, but all the while I've been away I've had a sort of hunch that I should come back and find her still unmarried, and then, like the hero of a proper sort of novel, lay the fruit of my work at her feet. How's that for fine writing?" He shot out an excited laugh and squared his big chest and managed to look tremendously and excellently boyish.

"Yes," said Edward Alderson. "There's certainly a touch of romance in it all, and if she's still unmarried and your Tiffany present contains a big-enough diamond, you'll be jumped at all right. The glitter of those very precious stones is more moving than all the eloquence of a poet or a politician—or a lover. But you haven't told me the girl's name yet and I can't place her."

"Violet Foster," said Phil. "Hello! Yet another photo of our young sailor friend!"

Edward Alderson went over to his desk, closed his manuscript book and put the top on his pen. "Violet Foster is the mother of the boy whose photographs you see all over my room."

Philip whipped round as though he had been hit by a stone. "Good gad! Then she's married?" Alderson nodded.

"Who's the father of that child?"

"I am," said Alderson.

Livingston sat down with his back to the window. He had no wish for his friend to see his face too clearly. Fate had put a very heavy hand on what he had called his romance.

Alderson walked up and down the room for several minutes. When he began to speak it was with the detachment and concentration of a man who dictates something that he knows by heart.

"You went away," he said, "just before Violet's eighteenth birthday. Three months later, without one word of warning from her people or from mine, I married her. I was only twenty-four. She was still an unformed girl, knowing absolutely nothing of life and its facts, full of a belief that marriage meant the beginning of one long round of enjoyment, with a grown-up doll's house of her own which servants would look after for her. And there was I—just think of it—six years older but actually just as young and green. I was working in the office of a publisher and my salary was forty dollars a week. I had saved just over two hundred and fifty dollars and with that we started off on our honeymoon—two very pathetic figures—believing that we had realized a dream—children, total strangers to each other. Her conception of me was as false as was my conception of her. To her I was a sort of young hero, strong and gay and careless, soon to become the head of the firm in which I was a humble clerk—the possessor of a huge motor-car and a smart house on one of the fashionable streets of New York. She would entertain all the famous literary and artistic people and sail through life with everything to her hand by merely putting her finger on the bell. To me she was the ideal girl—the companion—the helpmate. Behind those sunny eyes of hers and that rather flippant manner I thought I saw the maternal spirit—the sense of responsibility which goes to the making of a mother and a wife. Even before the end of the honeymoon disillusion set in. She had added a naught to my forty dollars and couldn't for the life of her understand what she called my meanness. Her best friend had married a man with a prosperous business of his own. These two had a piano—why couldn't *we* have a piano? These two had expensive Oriental rugs in their living-rooms—why couldn't *we* have expensive Oriental rugs? They entertained frequently, their house was open to all their friends—why couldn't *we* do the same? The place in which we lived—or tried to live—was so tiny and so barely furnished that she very quickly became ashamed of it. My constant reiteration of the words 'we can't afford it' at first amazed and finally got on her nerves. I was a wet blanket. She considered that I did my best to make her life dull and drab; and months before the little boy came to us—the little boy whose photograph you see everywhere—it was borne in upon her very tragically that I was not the man she thought I was. Confound it! Who could be gay and careless on forty dollars a week, even with that tiny house to keep up and a pretty girl to dress and amuse and pander to? There were doctor's bills and a trained nurse to pay, and at twenty-five I was like Atlas carrying the weight of the world upon my shoulders. Poor little Violet; what an end to her girlish dreams! The baby was a tiresome responsibility. She resented him—she thought that he was part of a deep-laid scheme to take the joy out of her life. And oh, those bickerings, those constant quarrels, those broken nights during which I carried that little boy about the bedroom, that sordid struggle for existence, those daily and hourly criss-crosses of antagonism, those spiritless meals, that lack of welcome when I got back at night after a long day's work! Something had to be done. Instead of bringing us together, the harder and harder facts of the daily struggle to live pushed us further apart. Even the baby was a constant source of mutual irritation. I had no right, she said, to punish her like that when she was so young! Then came a quarrel

For a moment Violet stood looking down at the rather pathetic picture. Then:

which was more bitter than most of the others. Debts were climbing up round us and she wanted a nurse whose salary was entirely beyond me to take the baby off her hands. And so, one sunny day during my holidays, she left the house and the baby. Throwing at me a jeer that cut me like a knife, she went off to spend a month with her friend who had married the prosperous business man, and I took the bit between my teeth. I had an offer to go to Chicago to work on a newspaper. I accepted it, broke up the doll's house, left the baby in the tender care of my mother and rushed off into a new atmosphere to begin life all over again. Violet went back to her people. Do you suppose that I was going back to more quarrels and more sordidness and further misunderstandings? No. I stayed away, working like a dog, happy among good friends who saw in me a man with a future; and regaining my confidence I began to think that after all I was not the criminal I had been supposed to be. I started writing short stories with fair success and put out a novel which was well spoken of by the reviewers. I deliberately deserted the girl, who had never been my wife but who wanted to be my toy, so that she might eventually divorce me, and this she did. The courts, with very peculiar reasoning, gave her the custody of the child for six months of the year and to me for the other six months, thereby cutting its little life into two complete halves. The law does things like that! Until he was three years old he remained with my mother. From time to time we both went to see him—taking care never to meet—buying a certain amount of his affection by presenting him with toys. I confess that I was always expecting to hear of Violet's marriage to a prosperous business man who could give her motor-cars, pretty frocks, scent, theater tickets and a house on a fashionable New York street, but so far—perhaps because the prosperous business man has not arrived upon the scene—Violet has not tempted the gods again. On the contrary. Maybe because she is sick and tired of the slighting remarks of her more fortunate friends and the impatience of her father and mother, she, too, has gone to work.

"Violet Foster is the mother of the boy whose photograph you hold," said Alderson. "Good gad!" Livingston whipped out, "then she's married?"

Edward Alderson woke suddenly and gave a great cry of surprise and gladness. "Dick! Dick! My dear little Dick!" The boy was pressed against the man's heart and held there very tightly.

She joined one of her school-friends in an interior house-decoration business. She is in this city somewhere. I haven't taken the trouble to find out exactly where. All I know is that the boy goes for six months to her and comes to me for six months, here, in these rooms. Look!"

Alderson opened a cupboard and on its shelves neatly folded were some small suits, shoes, hats, and a large collection of tin soldiers, trumpets and other toys.

"If you had come yesterday," he added, "you would have seen my little son, aged five years, sitting at the table in the window bending intently over one of my scribbling blocks, with a lead-pencil grasped in his fist. Here is some of his handiwork." He handed a lined sheet to the man who sat utterly silent with his back to the light, and on it was written in large letters: "I love my fader." "Yesterday at five o'clock my six months came to an end. I had to pull my little boy's arms away from my neck when a woman came to fetch him and take him to his mother. His tears still seem to be wet upon my face. If I said that these rooms of mine are very empty and very meaningless without him I should not be telling the whole truth to you. I came to my desk this morning feeling like a man who had lost a limb. No wonder I have stuck in the middle of my chapter. And what of the boy? He pays! My word, yes, he pays! He comes to me full of his mother. He asks for her frequently and looks round with eager eyes every time the door opens. He wakes up in the night and I hear him crying. But gradually he takes on the atmosphere of my place and of me. I dress and undress him. I give him his bath and feed him (*Concluded on page 251*)

Decoration: Panel from Frieze on "Column of Progress," Isidore Konti, Sculptor

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America's Ideals

As seen by a French Philosopher and Diplomat

By Jules Bois

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is from the pen of M. Jules Bois, the eminent French poet, dramatist, journalist, and diplomat, who has recently come to America to lecture. Gracefully he points out some interesting things about us. His wisely tolerant yet telling conclusions concerning our peculiar problems are of especial value at this time.

THERE is a deluge of professions of faith at this time. Who is the American that is not formulating his creed of Americanism—if not for others, at least for himself? However, a foreigner, by the flashes of contact which a new nation produces, may be more apt to discover the ideals which America is preparing. If he be an attentive, unprejudiced observer he may grasp the ideals by distinguishing what the germs are—sprouts now—coming up everywhere in wild confusion, and what they will bring forth at harvest time.

But this clear-seeing foreigner is one out of a thousand, for the majority of those who visit America affect a superficial skepticism which suits them better than an impartial réflection. Considering the feverish activity and the hurry to get rich, they speedily conclude that America is the land of the dollar, that the civilization here is a material and selfish one, that New York is a new Carthage, and the people a race of ease-loving bankers who are taking advantage of the dissensions in Europe to fill their pockets and grow fat.

But he who looks more carefully and who knows that we must go deeper than appearances for truth, comprehends, little by little, that America has ideals and that these ideals are superior to those of most nations.

LET us go right to the heart of the great city, to the southern part of the island of Manhattan—"down-town"—a region that at first appears an inferno of crooked streets and surging crowds, a colossal labyrinth of lucre and selfishness. Let us penetrate to the offices where the largest deals are carried on, sometimes by a rapid conversation at the telephone. What do we discover here? A strange, psychic atmosphere wherein gain is no longer a satisfaction for greed nor the immediate hope of vulgar pleasures, but, on the contrary, an exercise of the will, a triumph of character, a superior voluptuousness—superior because it is all mental. The check—that universal medium of exchange—is the spiritualization of money; the check is a symbol, a mathematical aspect, almost austere, of gold and silver, which are purified and ennobled by being made to pass in the abstract order. So it is with business as it is carried on "down-town." Because of the ample scale on which business is done, because of the doing away with all mean little things, business becomes a sort of problem to solve, a conquest to realize, a sort of game wherein the risk makes the prize noble. In the American business man there is something of the courage manifested by the soldier on the field of battle, in the passion which the player places on his pile, which in his eyes does not only represent the sum risked, but something of his luck, his destiny and his will. If the American loves to win, he also is not ashamed to lose. In any case, he is rarely mean,—there is nothing of the miser about him. Avarice was the curse and the shame of most of the fortunes amassed before the discovery of the Atlantic Indies. If, on the contrary, riches devotes itself to generosity and the multiplication of good deeds, as must be conceded to be the case with most of the multi-millionaires here, then wealth is no longer cupidity, but a pacific manifestation of power.

So, to grow rich is no longer a maneuver of ruse and duplicity and taking advantage of others, but an affirmation of character, a refined cultivation of energy,—to sum it up: A duty toward the society in which we live. I say "duty" if this accumulation of riches gives the power to act more efficiently in bringing remedies to the sufferings and ills of others. A Carnegie, for example, who, thanks to his fortune, succeeds in spreading libraries over the most remote corners of his country, thus combating the worst of all ills, *i. e.*, ignorance. This same Carnegie has constructed a Peace Palace, formed powerful peace leagues, spending formidable sums. A Carnegie makes a sort of terrestrial providence of his store of wealth. Great fortunes may thus become sources of accumulated lights and virtues.

MAN has been created on this planet, according to the Bible, to cultivate it and make it his own, to conquer its surface and its entrails. This sort of imperialism is in a measure religious; and money, stripped of its shocking materiality by means of the check, becomes its instrument.

But, for business to have taken this direction, a new country was requisite, whose frontiers were capable of being drawn back indefinitely, without having to develop militarism, which squeezes out the best sap of a nation and leads the lust of power to bestial manifestations.

And the nation in which these changes took place had to be free from the smallness of nationalism (the nationalists are those who see no good in any country except their own), not used to vain and trifling discussions and fears from traditions that hinder initiative and slay genius.

Read the history of the empires that followed each other in Europe and Asia. You will always see that because of the limits imposed on them, in that they imposed upon themselves, the worst of all vices flourished, *i. e.*, envy. Envy is the fermentation of the stagnant waters of a nation. Athens and Rome, whose civilizations, even if far off, are still mighty sources of light for the world, were gnawed and diminished by envy. Envy destroyed Asiatic India, which was devoured by the jealous quarrels among kingdoms and castes, and the European peoples carry this destroyer of their power in their bosoms.

There is little envy in America. Firstly, because the place is larger, and then because this conception of success as real force makes admiration or esteem pass before disparagement. A people not envious will have more force and prestige with other peoples and will have higher ideals. These ideals for America, we have just seen, are: Construction of character, exaltation of will-power. These ideals are more humanitarian than national, because nationalities melt away in this immense mold. And with the disappearance of nationalities, narrowness of view and of horizon are lost as well. The individual awakes to find himself more deeply rooted in the vast world, the fruits of which he is striving to gain, instead of being depressed by surroundings that choke him and an earth whose substance has been already used up. Moreover, the contact, the living among beings belonging to different races and peoples, excite him and augment his forces. That which is happening in America took place also in Rome and Athens. The early Romans were adventurers coming from every quarter of the Mediterranean. As for the primitive Greek race, it was a *mélange* of Phoenicians, Africans, Cretans, Italians, Asiatics, Cimmerians, etc. And this assemblage later produced the most homogeneous, the most distinct, of races, a race that under Pericles realized immortal masterpieces. The ancient Athenians and the ancient Romans, in the ethical sense of the word, were Americans.

The ideals of a people are grander in proportion as the will of that people is free and has space in which to develop and expand. And the American has many territories to pass over, many treasures still slumbering in unexplored depths. There is more in America than the most boastful American imagines.

HOWEVER, there is a danger, and this danger grows with the development of means of communication.

America may be tempted to imitate Europe. That would be her definite undoing, without any advantage to Europe.

America must not imitate Europe either in her good qualities or in her faults, nor her civilization, nor her culture, nor her style of peace, nor her wars, nor her ideals. To imitate Europe would be to retrograde toward the forms of the past from which every American was emancipated the day that, leaving the evils of his natal land behind, he went forth over the seas to create himself a country of the required size instead of the one that Fate forced upon him. If the American imitates Europe he will no longer be American; he will be but an inhabitant of a European colony. America must persist in its reaction against the past. Instead of accepting, little by little, the fascination and the prestige of the past, she must continue to create the future.

America must be apart, because (*Concluded on page 265*)

An Agent of Destiny

by Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

IT WAS toward the close of a tender afternoon in spring that Destiny selected Jakey Mishkind as an instrument for the furtherance of its plans. So far as I am aware there was no particular reason why it should have been a spring day. Nor, so far as I can see, is there any particular reason for mentioning the season of the year in which it happened. There is no sense in aggrandizing the weather or even in referring to it unless something depends upon it. When we come to Jimmy McDermott it will be time enough to lay emphasis upon the fact that it was in the springtime, because things are likely to happen in spring that are not so likely in other seasons of the year. In the case of Jakey Mishkind's first selection it might just as well have been winter or autumn. It just happened, however, that it wasn't.

Jakey Mishkind, who had almost completed his seventh year of existence, stood near the curb on the southeast corner of Tompkins Square with his mouth wide open, crying bitterly. The tears that coursed down each cheek marked two channels of cleanliness in a field of grime. Jakey's eyes were shut and his arms hung limply at his side. He did not seem to throw much enthusiasm into his crying, but there was something in the whimpering note of his lamentation that indicated great staying powers. In fact, had you paused to listen to him, you would have felt instinctively that he had been crying for a long time and was prepared to keep it up indefinitely. In that neighborhood, where the Ghetto opens out upon its first—and last—large breathing-spot, crying children are so common that passers-by rarely pause to investigate their woes.

Patience, however, usually brings its reward. A Benevolent Gentleman of the sympathetic-watery-eye type paused to watch the lachrimation of Jakey Mishkind and became interested.

"What's the trouble, sonny?" he asked presently.

"I'm losted!" wailed Jakey.

"Tut! tut! You mustn't cry like that. Where do you live?"

With a wide sweep of his arm Jakey indicated the entire lower East Side. "Over by Avenue C," he cried. "By a joolery store."

The Benevolent Gentleman took Jakey by the hand, soothed him and led him in the direction in which the lad had pointed. After ten minutes of wandering Jakey's face brightened.

"This ain't the street," he said. "It's on the next block."

A few minutes later the Benevolent Gentleman found himself in front of a small jewelry shop whose show-window bore the name "Solomon Mishkind." The moment that Jakey beheld the familiar landmark he tore himself free from his benefactor's friendly clasp and ran into the store. The Benevolent Gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, followed him. He found Jakey pouring a stream of excited Yiddish into the ear of a bearded, bored-looking individual who stood behind the counter. This individual promptly turned his back upon the boy and turned hopefully toward the newcomer.

"I found the little chap lost a few blocks away," explained the Benevolent Gentleman, "and brought him home. Is he yours?"

The storekeeper's hopefulness vanished. "Yes," he said wearily. "I'm his uncle. I'm sorry he gave you so much trouble."

"Oh, dear, no trouble at all, I assure you," said the Benevolent Gentleman. And after a moment's pause, during which he wondered what to say: "How's business?" he added. Mishkind's countenance immediately became animated.

"Rotten!" he exclaimed. "I haven't sold a single thing in nearly a week."

"Dear me!" said the Benevolent Gentleman. "That's too bad."

He adjusted his glasses to his nose and began to peer into the showcase. Jakey, his finger in his mouth, gazed at him with profound interest. Pointing presently to a tiny heart-shaped locket, the Benevolent Gentleman turned to Mishkind and inquired its price. Mishkind eagerly drew the trinket from the case and laid it upon the counter.

"The regular price," he said, "is five dollars. I paid two dollars for it; you can have it for three." The Benevolent Gentleman smiled, purchased the locket and departed. Mishkind gazed at his nephew and smiled.

"You little rascal," he said. "You're always making trouble, but to-day you've brought in the first customer for the week. Here's a dime for good luck."

That night Mishkind, playing cards with his cronies in Milken's coffee-house, told the story laughingly.

"It's kind of tough," he said, "for a man to take the trouble to bring a lost boy home and then get stuck into buying something in addition."

"If I was you," said Stransky, the upholsterer, "I'd send the boy out to get lost all day long. Maybe he'll bring you business."

But Mishkind frowned. "I had other things on my mind," he said, "or I'd never have let the old gentleman buy anything. I was sorry for it as soon as he left the store."

In defense of Mishkind it must be asserted here that he was telling the truth. He was naturally easy-going and generous and possessed a high sense of decency of conduct—a somewhat rare possession when you come to ponder over it—but his mind had, for some time, been perturbed by a problem with which it was not equipped to cope. The problem was Sarah, his niece, the sister of the errant Jakey. Mishkind was a bachelor, past his fortieth year, and had planned and regulated his life to his own perfect satisfaction until the sudden death of his brother had left two children upon his hands. When their father died Jakey was only three years old and Sarah was fifteen. To install them both in his bachelor household, to adapt his methods of life to meet their requirements, and to feed and clothe them were duties that rested lightly upon him, particularly as the young girl took the entire care of her baby brother upon herself. But, after four years, Mishkind suddenly awoke to the realization that there is a vast difference between assuming the responsibility of taking care of a girl of fifteen and a girl of nineteen. And it was this problem, with all its divergent cares, that had been weighing upon his mind for some time.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the Benevolent Gentleman. "I'm losted!" wailed Jakey Mishkind. "I live over by Avenue C—by a joolery store!"

He had discussed the matter with his cronies at Milken's coffee-house and the consensus had been to advise him to get the girl married. Stransky, the upholsterer, had gone so far as to suggest that he had a son who was looking for a wife. Without further ado Mishkind had invited young Stransky to his house, had introduced him to Sarah and had told Sarah that he desired her to marry the young man. Sarah had smiled sweetly upon young Stransky and, for a month, had calmly accepted his attentions, and then, apparently without rime or reason, had told her uncle that she would not marry Stransky if he were the only man in the world. The only reason that Mishkind could elicit from her was that she did not love the young man—which, to a man of Mishkind's temperament, was about as intelligible as if she had objected to him because he had two feet. He argued with her, pleaded with her, and even threatened her, but Sarah only shrugged two delightfully curved young shoulders and, looking into a mirror, carefully adjusted two curls upon a very white and smooth forehead. And now Mishkind was wondering what to do with the girl.

Upon the day following his rescue by the Benevolent Gentleman little Jakey was the hero of his class in primary school. Not only had he undergone an exciting experience which, you may be sure, lost none of its picturesqueness in the telling, but he was the proud possessor of a dime which he planned to spend in the most lavish fashion upon his friends after school hours. The school hours dragged amazingly long that day and when, finally, they were over, Jakey, followed by a dozen tots of his own age, proceeded down Avenue C, stopping at every candy and toy store until the money was gone. And then Jakey, like many an older man, found himself suddenly deserted by all his companions. Instead, however, of lamenting his squandered fortune or philosophizing bitterly upon human ingratitude as his elders would have done, Jakey calmly determined to earn another dime.

He retraced his footsteps of the previous day until he came to Tompkins Square. He crossed

the street to the very same corner and took his stand upon the very same spot. Then he raised his voice in a doleful wail. His efforts were amazingly good—Jakey himself was surprised. As a deliberate wailer Jakey was a genius. In the beginning, to be sure, it required some effort to instill into his cries the proper amount of grief and dejection, but as soon as the tears began to course down his cheeks the operation became perfectly natural and Jakey continued to cry just because he was crying. He cried nearly half-an-hour before any of the throng that passed paid the slightest heed to him. Then, finally, a bright-faced, energetic-looking man approached him and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Hey, there! What's all the racket about? Are you hurt?"

"I'm losted!" said Jakey. "I live by a joolery store."

The young man looked at his watch, frowned for a moment and then, smiling, took Jakey's hand.

"Come along," said he. "We'll see if we can find where you live."

Without the slightest hesitation Jakey, clinging tenaciously to the young man's hand, led him to his uncle's jewelry store.

"I live by here," he said. "Come inside." Unresisting, the young man allowed himself to be led into the store. Behind the counter stood Sarah and the young man's eyes met hers.

Inasmuch as the previous day had been a spring day it would be only fair to take it for granted that this, too, was a day in spring. But, while it made not the slightest difference in the world whether yesterday was summer or winter, the fact that this, the day upon which Jimmy McDermott first beheld Sarah Mishkind, was a sunny, singing day of spring is something that must not be overlooked, but is deserving of the utmost emphasis. True, it might be advanced that they had met in some previous existence many ages ago and had been waiting all this time to renew their acquaintance. Or the theory that they were born affinities might be brought forward to account for everything. Such explanations, however, are apt to arouse opposition for the reason that there are many folks who do not believe in them and might want to controvert them. The fact that it was spring ought to explain the whole situation to everyone's satisfaction because everybody believes in spring.

Jakey was in affluence once more, the proud possessor of two whole dimes, which he calmly proceeded to spend on himself because his recreant followers had left him in his poverty.

"Did you wish to see my uncle?" asked Sarah, blushing. "He was called down-town but he will be back in an hour."

"No, I didn't come to see him," replied Jimmy. "I'm sorry he's down-town."

Why Sarah should have blushed or why Jimmy McDermott should have been sorry that Mishkind had been called down-town all belong to spring's mystery. Jakey looked on gloomily. Sarah stood embarrassed behind the counter and McDermott stared all over the place, gazing furtively every now and then at Sarah's face. Some instinct informed Jakey that this young man had no intention of buying anything and his vision of another dime faded.

"Isn't it a beautiful day!" finally remarked McDermott. Sarah looked up at the sky and agreed with him. Then they smiled at each other and both looked so happy that little Jakey became emboldened.

"Can I have a dime, Sadie?" he asked. Sarah gave him a dime and Jakey kissed her.

"Here, sonny," said McDermott, "here's another dime for you."

"Oh, you mustn't!" said Sarah. But Jakey's fingers had already closed upon the proffered coin and, with a loud whoop of joy, the little chap ran out into the street. After some difficulty he succeeded in gathering his errant followers around him and showed them his newly acquired fortune. Then he informed them that he was going to spend it all on himself because they had left him in his poverty. They sighed and followed him, hungrily, from store to store.

When Mishkind returned he paused in the doorway of his store in amazement. His pretty niece, with a strange young man's arm around her waist, was illustrating the steps of a new dance to which the young man was whistling the music. With heightened color and sparkling eyes Sarah bravely confronted her puzzled uncle.

"This is Mr. McDermott," she said.

"Sadie's a grand dancer," said McDermott. Mishkind said nothing, but stood scratching his head.

"I guess I'll be going," said the young man. "Maybe I'll drop in to-morrow evening if I may." Sarah shook hands with him as if he were going on a long journey.

"Who is he?" asked Mishkind after the young man had departed.

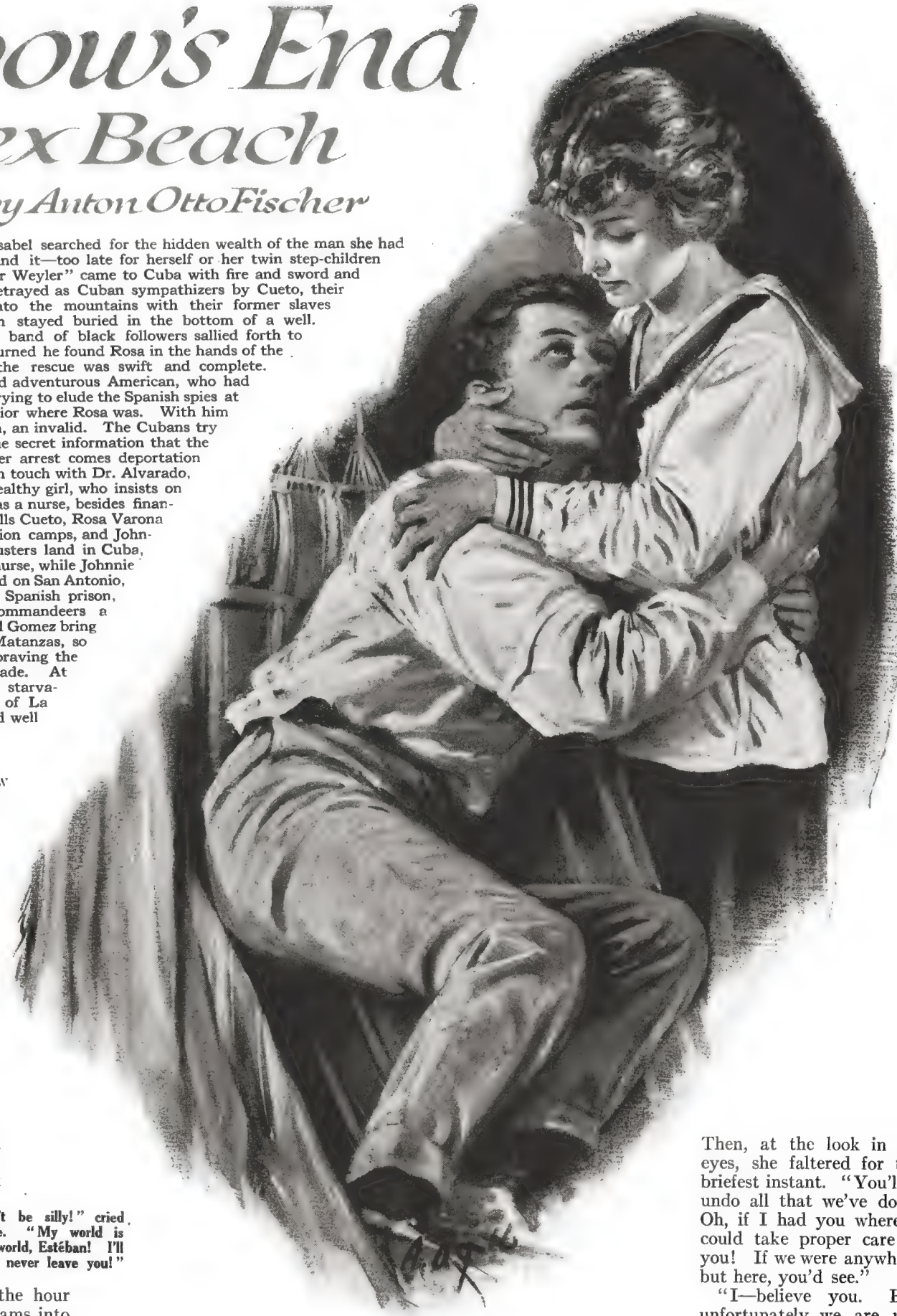
"Mr. McDermott," said Sarah—and nothing more. It took Mishkind nearly a week to get his bearings. During that (*Concluded on page 270*)

When Mishkind returned he paused in the doorway in amazement. Sarah, with a strange young man's arm about her waist, was illustrating a new dance to which the young man had been whistling the music!

Rainbow's End

by Rex Beach

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



SYNOPSIS:—For many years Doña Isabel searched for the hidden wealth of the man she had married, and only in death did she find it—too late for herself or her twin step-children Estéban and Rosa. For when "Butcher Weyler" came to Cuba with fire and sword and starvation, Rosa and her brother were betrayed as Cuban sympathizers by Cueto, their plantation manager, and had to flee into the mountains with their former slaves Asensio and Evangelina. So the wealth stayed buried in the bottom of a well. Estéban swore vengeance and with a band of black followers sallied forth to burn Cueto's stolen crops; when he returned he found Rosa in the hands of the Spaniard Cobo and his soldiers, but the rescue was swift and complete. Meanwhile Johnnie O'Reilly, a young and adventurous American, who had fallen in love with Rosa Varona, was trying to elude the Spanish spies at Puerto Principe and escape into the interior where Rosa was. With him was an American reporter, Leslie Branch, an invalid. The Cubans try to help O'Reilly and fail; then comes the secret information that the two Americans are to be arrested. After arrest comes deportation back to New York where O'Reilly gets in touch with Dr. Alvarado, a Cuban patriot, and Norine Evans, a wealthy girl, who insists on joining the next filibustering expedition as a nurse, besides financing the venture. Meantime Estéban kills Cueto, Rosa Varona learns the horrors of Weyler's concentration camps, and Johnnie's work is cut out for him. The filibusters land in Cuba, Norine Evans begins her duties as army nurse, while Johnnie gets word of Rosa and Estéban. In a raid on San Antonio, O'Reilly rescues Estéban from a filthy Spanish prison, while Leslie Branch inadvertently commandeers a Cuban girl baby. Despatches to General Gomez bring definite news that Rosa Varona is in Matanzas, so O'Reilly starts hot-foot for that city, braving the dangers of running the Spanish blockade. At length he finds Rosa, nearly dead from starvation, wandering in the ruined garden of La Cumbre. Then O'Reilly explores the old well and finds the treasure.

ESTÉBAN VARONA made slow progress toward recovery. In the weeks following O'Reilly's departure from Cubitas his gain was steady, but beyond a certain point he seemed unable to go. Then he began to lose strength. Norine was the first to realize the truth, but it was some time before she would acknowledge it, even to herself. At last, however, she had to face the fact that Estéban's months of prison fare, the abuse, the neglect he had suffered in Spanish hands, had left him little more than a living corpse. It seemed as if fever had burned him out, or else some dregs of disease still lingered in his system and had all but quenched that elusive spark which for want of a better name we call vitality.

Estéban, too, awoke to the fact that he was losing ground and his dismay was keen, for a wonderful thing had come into his life and he spent much of his time in delicious contemplative daydreams concerning it, waiting for the hour when he would dare translate those dreams into realities. It seemed to him that he had always loved Norine: certainly she had enshrined herself in his heart long before his mind had regained its clarity, for he had come out of his delirious wanderings with his love fullgrown. There had been no conscious beginning to it; he had emerged from darkness into dazzling glory all in an instant. Not until he found himself slipping backward did he attempt to set a guard upon himself, for up to that hour he had never questioned his right to love. He found his new task heavy, almost too much for him to bear. That he attempted it spoke well for the poor fellow's strength of character.

"Don't be silly!" cried Norine. "My world is your world, Estéban! I'll never, never leave you!"

The time came finally when he could no longer permit the girl to deceive herself or him with her brave assumption of cheerfulness. Norine had just told him that he was doing famously, but he smiled and shook his weary head.

"Let's be honest," he said. "You know and I know that I can't get well."

Norine was engaged in straightening up the interior of the hut in which her patient was installed; she ceased her labors to inquire with lifted brows:

"Tut! tut! Pray what do you mean by that?"

"There's something desperately wrong with me and I realized it long ago. So did you, but your good heart wouldn't let you——"

Norine crossed quickly to the hammock and laid her cool hand upon the sick man's forehead.

"You mustn't be discouraged," she told him earnestly. "Remember this is a trying climate and we have nothing to work with. Even the food is wretched."

Estéban's smile became wistful. "That isn't why my fever lasts. If there were any life, any health, left in me you would rekindle it. No, there's something desperately wrong, and—we're wasting time."

"You simply *mustn't* talk like this!" she cried. Then, at the look in his eyes, she faltered for the briefest instant. "You'll—undo all that we've done. Oh, if I had you where I could take proper care of you! If we were anywhere but here, you'd see."

"I—believe you. But unfortunately we are not elsewhere."

"I'm going to take you away!" she exclaimed forcefully.

Estéban stroked her hand softly. "You can't do that, Miss Evans. You have been wonderful to me and I can't begin to express my gratitude." Norine stirred, but he retained his grasp of her fingers, gaining courage from the contact to proceed. "I have been trying for a long time to tell you something. Will you listen?"

Norine possessed a dominant personality; she had a knack of tactfully controlling and directing situations; but of a sudden she experienced a panic-stricken flutter and she lost her air of easy confidence.

"Not now," she exclaimed with a visible lessening of color. "Don't bother to tell me now."

"I've waited too long; I must speak."

Norine was amazed at her own confusion, which was nothing less than girlish; she had

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actually gone to pieces at threat of something she had long expected to hear.

"I know how tired of this work you have become," the man was saying; "I know you're eager to get back to your own work and your own life."

"Well?"

"You have stayed on here just to nurse me. Isn't that true?" She nodded somewhat doubtfully. "Now, then, you must stop thinking about me and—make your arrangements to go home."

Norine eyed the speaker queerly. "Is *that* what you have been trying so long to tell me?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"Is that—all?"

There was a moment of silence. "Yes. You see, I know how tired you are of this misery, this poverty, this hopeless struggle. You're not a Cuban and our cause isn't yours. Expeditions come from the United States every now and then and the Government will see that you are put safely aboard the first ship that returns. I'll manage to get well somehow."

Norine's color had returned. She stood over the hammock looking down mistily. "Don't you need me—want me any more?" she inquired.

Estéban turned his tired eyes away, fearing to betray in them his utter wretchedness. "You have done all there is to do. I want you to go back into your own world and forget——"

A sudden impulse seized the girl; she stooped and gathered the sick man into her young, strong arms. "Don't be silly," she cried. "My world is your world, Estéban, dear. I'll never, never leave you."

"Miss Evans! *Norine!*" Varona tried feebly to free himself. "You mustn't——"

Norine was laughing through her tears. "If you won't speak, I suppose I must, but it is very embarrassing. Don't you suppose I know exactly how much you love me? Why, you've told me a thousand times——"

"Please! *Please!*" he cried in a shaking voice. "This is wrong. I won't let you—you, a girl with everything——"

"Hush!" She drew him closer. "You're going to tell me that you have nothing, can offer me nothing. You're going to do the generous, noble thing. Well! I hate generous people. I'm selfish, utterly selfish and spoiled, and I don't propose to be robbed of anything I want, least of all my happiness. You do love me, don't you?" Estéban's cry was eloquent, he clasped his arms about her and she held him fiercely to her breast. "Well, then, why don't you tell me so? I—I can't keep on proposing. It isn't ladylike."

"We're quite mad, quite insane," he told her after a while. "This only makes it harder to give you up."

"You're not going to give me up and you're not going to die. I sha'n't let you. Think what you have to live for."

"I—did wrong to surrender."

"It was I who surrendered. Come! Must I say it all? Aren't you going to ask me——"

"What?"

"Why, to marry you, of course!"

Estéban gasped, he looked deeply into Norine's eyes, then he closed his own. He shook his head. "Not that," he whispered. "Oh, not that——"

"We're going to be married and I'm going to take you out of this miserable place."

"What happiness!" he murmured. "If I were well—— But I won't let you."

Norine rose, her face aglow with new strength, new determination. She dried her eyes and readjusted her hair with deft, unconscious touches, smiling down meanwhile at the man. "I brought you back when you were all but gone. I saved you after the others had given you up, and now you are mine to do with as I please. You belong to me and I sha'n't consult you——" She turned, for a figure had darkened the door; it was one of her English-speaking convalescents who was acting as a sort of orderly.

"*Señorita,*" the man said with a flash of white teeth, "we have another sick man, and you'd never guess who. It is that American, *El Demonio*——"

"Mr. Branch?"

"*Sí!* The very same. He has just come from the front."

"Is he sick or wounded?" Estéban inquired.

"Shot, by a Spanish bullet. He asked at once for our *Señorita.*"

"Of course. I'll come in an instant." When the messenger had gone Norine bent and pressed her lips to Estéban's. "Remember, you're mine to do with as I please," she said, then she fled down the grassy street.

Branch was waiting at Norine's quarters, a soiled figure of

(*Continued on page 287*)

"Rosa, sweetheart!" whispered O'Reilly, "you grow fresher and more beautiful every hour!" But the boastful Jacket, having as usual "caught the biggest ones," had small patience with such endearments. "It's like living in a dove-cote," he vowed.

The beautiful "Rosebud Garden of Girls."

Says *Jimmie* (Frank Craven): "I like them in bunches."

Seven Chances

IN this clever three-act "Comedy of Courtship," as it is subtitled, we have the latest work of that experienced writer for the stage, Roi Cooper Megrue, who will be remembered as one of the authors of another successful farce, "It Pays to Advertise." Mr. Megrue's touch is sure; he wields a witty pen. Told in a thumb-nail sketch, the plot of "Seven Chances" concerns a poor and confirmed young bachelor—almost a woman-hater—whose grandfather, dying suddenly, leaves him twelve million dollars. But there is a condition: the legatee must marry before he is thirty and when the news comes his birthday is only a few hours away. How he unsuccessfully addresses seven girls in whirlwind fashion—some of them practically try to rush him—how he manages to win out by a narrow squeak, getting the money and the right and only woman at literally the eleventh hour, constitutes the framework of the comedy. It should be noted that the author gracefully acknowledges indebtedness to Gouverneur Morris for an idea which was put forth by the latter writer in a short story entitled "The Cradle Snatcher."

Carroll McComas as *Anne Windsor*, heroine and leading lady in "Seven Chances."

The entire action takes place at a country club where, surrounded by his cronies, *Jimmie Shannon* (Frank Craven) gets word through a newspaper despatch that his grandfather has been killed in a motoring accident. The lawyer who drew the old man's will, *Henry Garrison* (Harry Leighton), happens to be present, and recalls the terms of the legacy. And there must be no evasion, no subterfuge. He and his wife must actually live together for one year; they may not be separated for more than a few hours at a time. Otherwise the millions go to charity.

Jimmie rebels—flatly refuses to give up his bachelor freedom and almost faints at the idea of proposing to a girl. But his chums—*Billy Meekin* (Otto Kruger), *Earl Goddard* (Hayward Cinn), *Ralph Denby* (Charles Brokate), *Joe Spence* (Rowland Lee), and *Henry Garrison* show him his folly and point out how much good he can do with all that money—which *Jimmie* really hates to see go out of the family. So they finally prevail on him to at least make the attempt, and begin to canvass the names of several eligible and charming girls. The next night happens to be Ladies' Night at the club, so *Meekin* suggests that *Jimmie* give a little dinner-party of his own, inviting *Lilly Trevor* (Anne Meredith), *Peggy Wood* (Emily Callaway), *Georgiana Garrison* (Helen MacKellar), *Florence Jones* (Florence Deshon), *Betty Brown* (Alice Carroll), and *Marie Middleton* (Lillian Spencer).

Yet although *Jimmie* has never really been in love there is one girl, *Anne Windsor* (Carroll McComas), whom he likes best of all, and who is secretly very fond of *Jimmie;* he regrets that she probably cannot come to his party. *Billy Meekin* undertakes to arrange all details and in fact pulls the wires. Thus ends the first act, everything being set for *Jimmie's* ordeal on the following night.

Act Second deals almost entirely with *Jimmie's* clumsy wooings. One after another he tackles the different girls; he is firmly but kindly refused by *Georgy* and *Betty;* some of the others show themselves too willing, which fairly frightens *Jimmie;* really he is not a very convincing lover—he is thinking of *Anne*, you see—as is made plain when he comes to propose to *Georgy:*

Jimmie—I suppose you read the papers this morning?

Georgy—Of course—twelve million—isn't it exciting!

Jimmie—Yes—very.

Georgy—Aren't you fortunate to have ten days—at least, so the papers said.

Jimmie—Yes, so the papers said.

Georgy—Of course you'll marry some one.

Jimmie—Yes, of course.

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You've beautiful hair, Georgy—my favorite color—I like the way it sort of curls behind your ear.

Georgy—Thank you, Jimmie—but how can I help you?

Jimmie—You can help me more than any one in the world can—if you will—and I do need help.

Georgy—I will—but how?

Jimmie—Well—er—ah—it's this way, Georgy—if you wanted to propose to a girl how would you go about it—what would you say?

Georgy—I'm afraid there aren't any rules.

Jimmie—Not like golf or tennis, is it?

Georgy—(*smiling*) Not exactly.

Jimmie—Still, you're a girl—and you must be able to tell a chap like me—who doesn't know much about the right sort of thing to say—how to say it.

Georgy—Why, I don't know—I'd just ask her.

Jimmie—No sentiment — no romance — just plain, practical common sense—nothing funny?

Beverly West as *Irene Trevor*, the ingénue in "Seven Chances"—sweet sixteen who wants to be grown up.

***Meek* hands *Jimmie* the faked telegram announcing that Grandfather Shannon has disinherited his grandson after all.**

Georgy—Why, yes, perhaps—I suppose that's a good way.

Jimmie—Well, Georgy——

Lilly—(*enters and goes to phone*) Hello, Jimmie.

Jimmie—Hello, Lilly.

Lilly—Having a good time?

Jimmie—Never had a time like it before.

Lilly—(*in phone*) Eight—five—party J—please.

Jimmie—Is that going to be a *long* distance call?

Lilly—I'm telephoning to see if my little sister, Irene——

Georgy—Irene?

Lilly—Yes—you remember her, Jimmie.

Jimmie—Oh, yes.

***Jimmie* erases *Georgy's* name from his list of eligibles.**

"Oh, I can't be engaged!" says *Irene;* "there's a boy named Billy back at school."

Lilly—I want to see if she's come home—we're expecting her to-night.

Jimmie—Yes—very nice—you'll pardon me, but I promised Georgy I'd show her my new bull pups—want to see them, don't you, Georgy?

Georgy—Indeed I do, Jimmie.

Jimmie—Forgive us, won't you? (*they pass out*) Georgy, what I want to say—by Jove, your hair *is* pretty—and these little tendrils around your ear.

Meekin—(*entering*) Hello, Lilly!

Lilly—Hello!

Meekin—(*anxiously*) Wasn't—wasn't Jimmie here?

Lilly—Yes, he just went into the garden with Georgy.

Meekin—(*relieved and smiling, trying to get Lilly out*) Oh, do come and have an ice.

Lilly—I really don't care for ices—they're much too cold.

Meekin—Then I'll get you some hot consommé. (*They pass out. Georgy enters running, then Jimmie follows and stops inside doorway*)

Jimmie—Why on earth did you run away?

Georgy—You had no right to hold my hand.

Jimmie—I had the right of a man who's about to ask a girl to marry him.

Georgy—(*surprised*) Jimmie—were you going to propose?

"Yours is a beautiful hand, so firm and strong, so full of character," *Jimmie* tells *Anne*.

"I've such news about *Jimmie*," says *Marie* to the other girls: "Even if he marries he doesn't get any money for five years."

Lilly—Not even for ten minutes—there must be love—real love—the love that comes down from the brave days of old.

Jimmie—(*shaking his head*) Really? And yet there is—there must be somewhere a charming, delightful girl who would marry me.

Lilly—I don't know—maybe—maybe there are dozens of them—but you see——

Jimmie—I only want one. Lilly, do you by any chance know her—a girl who has *known* me and liked me and could look me and my proposition — my business proposition—in the face and forget love? Could you, Lilly—can you, Lilly—will you, Lilly?

Lilly—I'm afraid not, Jimmie.

Jimmie—Of course I hardly hoped you would say Yes right off the bat, but I'm very fond of you, Lilly—you've such beautiful hair—I like the way it sort of curls behind your ear. You are the one girl in the whole world I picked out and I won't take No for an answer.

Lilly—But it is No, Jimmie.

Jimmie—Don't you think you might sort of grow to love me?

Lilly—No, Jimmie.

Jimmie—What's the matter with me?

Lilly—Nothing.

"It's no joke to think of carrying you away to a far-off cave," *Jimmie* tells the masterful *Florence Jones*.

Georgy: **"Oh Jimmie, you won't let my refusing you break your heart or spoil your life."**

Jimmie—Well, what do you think—of course I was.

Georgy—(*regretfully*) Oh, I'd hoped you were, but I had no idea—Really, you were so unromantic, talking about bull pups, or I should have let you finish—I'm sorry—well——

Jimmie—I'll finish now. (*sits beside her*) Georgy, will you be my wife?

Georgy—No, Jimmie.

Jimmie—What?

Georgy—No, Jimmie—I can't—I'm engaged!

Lilly: **"Marriage for me without the flower of love is impossible!"**

Nor does he get much help from *Lilly*, who insists upon romantic love:

Jimmie—Ah, there you are, Lilly—I've been looking everywhere for you. Do sit down; I want to talk to you.

Lilly—(*sitting on sofa*) Yes, Jimmie.

Jimmie—I'm not one to beat about the bush, Lilly, so I'll be frank with you—no sentiment—no romance—just a business proposition—plus friendship—we are friends, Lilly—congenial friends, aren't we? (*sits beside her*)

Lilly—Of course we are, Jimmie.

Jimmie—Then Lilly, don't you think a marriage based on congeniality could be happy?

Lilly—No, Jimmie.

Jimmie—(*pause*) At any rate for a year.

Peggy: **"Perpetuate the family! How dare you insult me, Mr. Shannon? Perpetuate your own family!"**

Jimmie—Of course I'm not romantic—I don't care much about clothes—but I'd dress four times a day—or grow a beard—or wear a monocle—or carry a stick—or wear a sport shirt—any darned thing you liked—and I'd be generous, Lilly, and I'd be kind and——

Lilly—There's no reason why I shouldn't love you.

Jimmie—Certainly not.

Lilly—Except that I don't—and marriage for me, without the flower of love, is impossible. I've dreamed of my great romance—romance like that in the days gone by—when knights went out to battle for the glove of a lady.

Jimmie—You've been reading too much—and anyhow, that's the old idea; we don't care much about love nowadays. Think, Lilly, instead of holding hands—clipping coupons. (*Continued on page 264*)

The Great West that Was

"Buffalo Bill's" Life Story

by Col. William F. Cody

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first chapter of these exciting reminiscences of Colonel Cody covered his early boyhood in Kansas during the Border troubles, the death of his father whereby the boy became the family breadwinner, and some thrilling experiences on the Great Plains with the long wagon-trains of those days, fights with Indians and Danites, etc. Then followed various hunting and trapping adventures and some thrilling experiences with the famous Pony-Express service across the continent.

Dropping one of the sage-hens I asked the man behind me to pick it up. As he was groping for it I pulled one of my Colt's revolvers, and hit him over the head. He dropped senseless.

ABOUT the middle of September the Indians became very troublesome on the line of the stage along the Sweetwater, between Split Rock and Three Crossings. A stage had been robbed and two passengers killed outright. Lem Flowers, the driver, was badly wounded. The thievish redskins also drove stock repeatedly from the stations. They were continually lying in wait for passing stages and Pony-Express riders. It was useless to keep the Express going until these depredations could be stopped. A lay-off of six weeks was ordered, and our time was our own.

While we were thus idle a party was organized to carry the war into the Indians' own country, and teach them that the white man's property must be let alone. This party I joined.

Stage-drivers, express-riders, stock-tenders and ranchmen, forty in number, composed this party. All were well armed; all were good shots and brave, determined men. "Wild Bill" Hickock, another of the Western gunmen of whom I shall have something to tell later, was captain of the expedition. He had come recently to our division as a stage-driver and had the experience and courage necessary to that kind of leadership.

Twenty miles out from Sweetwater Bridge, at the head of Horse Creek, we found an Indian trail running north toward Powder River. We could see that the horses had been recently shod, conclusive proof that they were our stolen stock. We pushed on as fast as we could along the trail to the Powder, thence down this stream to within forty miles of where old Fort Reno now stands. Farther on, at Crazy Woman's Fork, we saw evidence that another party had joined our quarry. The trail was newly made. The Indians could be hardly more than twenty-four hours ahead of us. And plainly there was a lot of them.

When we reached Clear Creek, another tributary of the Powder, we saw horses grazing on the opposite bank. Horses meant Indians. Never before had the redskins been followed so far into their own country. Not dreaming that they would be pursued they had failed to put out scouts.

We quickly got the "lay" of their camp, and held a council to decide on how to attack them. We knew that they outnumbered us three to one—perhaps more. Without strategy, all we would get for our long chase would be the loss of our scalps.

"Wild Bill," who did not know the meaning of fear, made our plan for us. We were to wait till nightfall, and then, after creeping up as close as possible on the camp, make a grand ride right through it, open a general fire upon them, and stampede their horses.

It was a plan that called for nerve, but we were full of spirit, and the more danger there was in an enterprise the more we relished it. At our captain's signal we rushed pell-mell through their camp. Had we dropped from the clouds the Indians could not have been more astonished. At the sound of our shots they scattered in every direction, yelling warnings to each other as they fled.

Once clear of the camp we circled to the south and came back to make sure that we had done a thorough job. A few parting shots stampeded the stragglers. Then, with one hundred captured ponies—most, if not all of them, stolen from the Express and stage stations—we rode back to Sweetwater Bridge.

The recovered horses were placed on the road again, and the Express was resumed. Slade, who was greatly pleased with our exploit, now assigned me as special or supernumerary rider. Thereafter while I was with him I had a comparatively easy time of it, riding only now and then, and having plenty of opportunity for seeking after the new adventures in which I delighted.

Alf Slade, stage-line superintendent, frontiersman, and dare-devil fighting man, was one of the far-famed gunmen of the Plains. These were a race of men bred by the perils and hard conditions of Western life. They became man-killers first from stern necessity. In that day the man who was not quick on the trigger had little chance with the outlaws among whom he had to live. Slade and "Wild Bill," with both of whom I became closely associated, were men of nerve and courage. But both, having earned the reputation of gun-fighters, became too eager to live up to it. Eventually both became outlaws.

Slade, though always a dangerous man, and extremely rough in his manner, never failed to treat me with kindness. Sober, he was cool and self-possessed, but never a man to be trifled with. Drunk he was a living fury. His services to the company for which he worked were of high value. He was easily the best superintendent on the line. But his habit of man-killing at last resulted in his execution.

Another man who gained even greater notoriety than Slade was "Wild Bill" Hickock, a tall yellow-haired giant who had done splendid service as a scout in the western sector of the Civil War.

"Wild Bill" I had known since 1857. He and I shared the pleasure of walking a thousand miles to the Missouri River, after the bull-train in which we both were employed had been burned by Lot Smith, the Mormon raider. Afterward we rode Pony Express together.

While an express rider, Bill had the fight with the McCandless gang which will always form an interesting chapter in the history of the West.

Coming into his swing station at Rock Creek one day, Bill failed to arouse any one with his shouts for a fresh mount. This was a certain indication of trouble. It was the stock-tender's business to be on hand with a relief pony the instant the rider came in. The Pony Express did not tolerate delays.

Galloping into the yard, Bill dismounted and hurried to the stable. In the door he saw the stock-tender lying dead, and at the same instant a woman's scream rang from the cabin near by. Turning about, Bill found himself face to face with a ruffian who was rushing from the house, brandishing a six-shooter. He asked no questions, but pulled one of the two guns he carried and fired. No sooner had the man fallen, however, than a second, also armed, came out of the house. Hickock disposed of this fellow also, and then entered the place, where four others opened a fusillade on him.

Although the room was thick with smoke, and Bill had to use extreme care to avoid hitting the woman, who was screaming in the corner, he managed to kill two of his assailants with his revolvers and to ward off a blow with a rifle a third had leveled at him.

The blow knocked the weapon from his hand, but his knife was still left him, and with it he put the man with the rifle out of the way. His troubles were not at an end, however. Another man came climbing in the window to avenge his fellow gangsters. Bill reached for a rifle which lay on the floor and shot first.

When he took count a few minutes later he discovered that he had killed five men and wounded a sixth, who escaped in the thick of the fight.

The woman, who had been knocked unconscious by one of the desperadoes, was soon revived. She was the stock-tender's wife, and had been attacked by the gang as soon as they had slain her husband.

The passengers of the Overland stage, which rolled in as Bill was reviving the terrified woman, were given a view of Western life which none of them ever forgot.

Bill was the hero of the occasion, and a real

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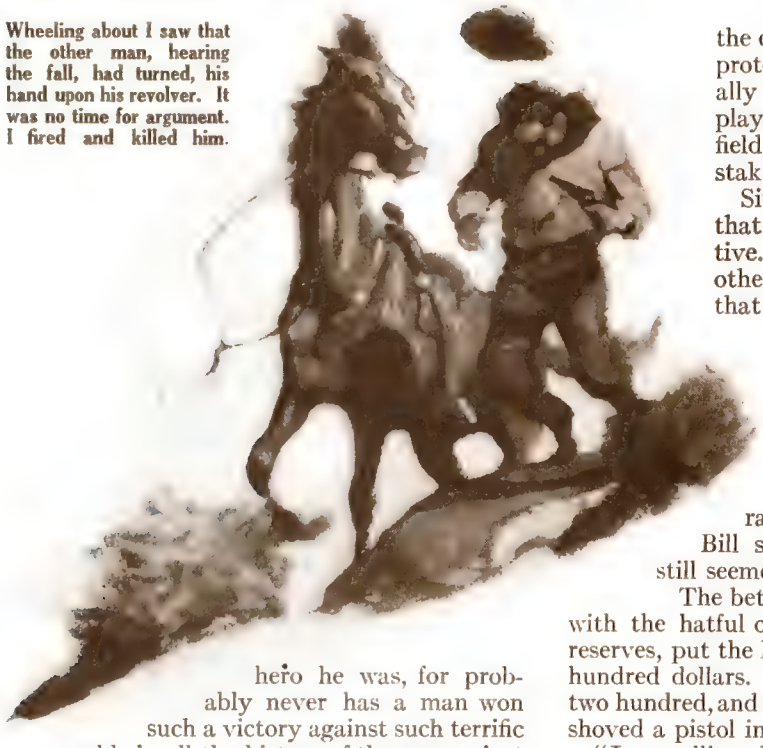

Wheeling about I saw that the other man, hearing the fall, had turned, his hand upon his revolver. It was no time for argument. I fired and killed him.

hero he was, for probably never has a man won such a victory against such terrific odds in all the history of the war against the ruffians of the West.

It was at Springfield, Missouri, that Bill had his celebrated fight with Dave Tutt. The fight put an end to Tutt's career. I was a personal witness to another of his gun exploits, in which, though the chances were all against him, he protected his own life and incidentally his money. An inveterate poker player, he got into a game in Springfield with big players and for high stakes.

Sitting by the table, I noticed that he seemed sleepy and inattentive. So I kept a close watch on the other fellows. Presently I observed that one of his opponents was occasionally dropping a card in his hat, which he held in his lap, until a number of cards had been laid away for future use in the game.

The pot had gone around several times and was steadily raised by some of the players, Bill staying right along, though he still seemed to be drowsy.

The bets kept rising. At last the man with the hatful of cards picked a hand out of his reserves, put the hat on his head and raised Bill a hundred dollars. Bill came back with a raise of two hundred, and as the other covered it he quietly shoved a pistol into his face and observed:

"I am calling the hand that is in your hat!"

Gathering in the pot with his left hand, he held the pistol with his right and inquired if any of the players had any objections to offer. They hastened to reply that they had no objections whatever and we went away from there.

"Bill," I said, when we were well outside the place, "I had been noticing that fellow's play right along, but I thought you hadn't. I was going to get into the game myself if he beat you out of that money."

"Billy," replied Hickock, "I don't want you ever to learn it, but that is one of my favorite poker tricks. It always wins against crooked players."

NOT all the gunmen of the West began straight. Some of them—many, in fact—were thieves and murderers from the beginning. Such were the members of the McCandless gang, which Hickock disposed of so thoroughly. All along the stage route were robbers and man-killers far more vicious than the Indians. Very early in my career as a frontiersman I had an encounter with a party of these from which I was extremely fortunate to escape with my life.

I employed the leisure afforded me by my assignment as an extra rider in hunting excursions, in which I took a keen delight. I was returning home empty-handed from a bear hunt, when night overtook me in a lonely spot near a mountain stream. I had killed a few sage-hens and built a little fire over which to broil them before my night's rest.

Suddenly I heard a horse whinny farther up the stream. Thinking instantly of Indians, I ran quickly to my own horse to prevent him from answering the call, and thus revealing my presence.

(Continued on page 254)

The man with the hatful of cards picked a hand out of his reserves, put the hat on his head and raised Bill a hundred. Bill came back with a raise of two hundred, and as the other covered it he shoved a pistol into his face observing: "I'm calling the hand that is in your hat."

A Painter of the Spirit of Sunshine—Lillian Genth

By Gardner Teall

THE achievements of American women in the field of art have been marked with a distinction that at once places the names of many of our women painters in the world's hall of fame. How ill we could spare the canvases of Elizabeth Nourse, Mary Cassatt or Cecilia Beaux, for instance. Our Angelica Kauffmanns have risen to a place of influence as well as eminence, and to them is due a goodly proportion of the honors accorded to American art for its progressive merit.

There are few painters in this or in any other country who have attained success so quickly, definitely, and so quietly as has one of the younger members of this group of American women painters—Lillian Genth, an artist whose work already has become a permanent and potential adornment to our national art. One of the most interesting phases of Lillian Genth's art is that it exhibits a development of her talent mainly in America and is not dependent on years of fostering in foreign lands, beyond her two years of European study.

In 1900 (the artist was then in her early twenties) Lillian Matilda Genth was graduated from the Philadelphia School of Design, winning the European Fellowship. This was neither a matter of accident nor the superabundant gift of a smiling Fortune who had whimsically singled her out for the favor. Instead, the fellowship was the reward attained by deliberate hard work and a determination to develop within her the ability she felt modestly sure was her happy possession. The European Fellowship, then, meant more to her than the mere accident of a prize. It was, indeed, the seal of approval on the confidence she had unobtrusively held in her right to consider art her vocation.

That was an event that might well thrill with pride the heart

"A Twilight Sonata" reveals an artist of accomplishment, one whose art is vital.

Beautiful in its symbolism is "The Mountain Stream," with its effects of sunlight and shadow.

of any young girl. But if Lillian Genth felt joy in this initial honor, it was the joy of having worked well, of having won honestly. It created no affectation, no display of personal change of attitude. Paris was not to be merely a play-day after the tedious study-time. To Lillian Genth it was to be school, and so she started off to school. The determination to maintain the promise of her earlier student-days and to make her art worth welcoming in a critical art-world went along on the voyage too.

The Paris of 1900 was to every American art-student what Paris will never just be again—it was the Paris of Whistler—Whistler and Colorossi's—fit Mecca for the American. With Whistler and at Colorossi's, then, Lillian Genth studied. There were other big influences on the young woman's art too—Paris itself, France, Europe.

After that the next two years were spent in the galleries of Europe—the countryside as well. Certainly, in her study as in her work, Lillian Genth was not superficial. She saw everything, studied everything, absorbed everything and retained everything worth anything. But it was all a matter of development, not of uncertainty. She did not paint one way one day and the next another. At first her paintings were low-toned. From that she has grown to sunlight—not the blazing riot of color that often thus labels itself—but to a color-scheme that brings the very spirit of sunlight (even though presenting contrasts of deep shadows) directly to the spectator as he stands before a picture from her easel. I think it was in Brittany that Lillian Genth found disclosed her sympathy with *plein air*, the wonderfulness of the effects of sunlight illuminating the human form in God's great garden of the open. The earlier pictures by this artist were, very many of them, such scenes as "The Fête, Venice," or "Peasant Houses, Normandy," shown at the 1904 exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, or the "Grand Canal, Venice," shown at the National Academy exhibition of two years earlier. But shortly after we find her beginning more seriously to concern herself with the painting of the human form.

There was a time (happily twenty long years or more have removed us from its demoralizing attitude) when America looked upon painters of nude subjects as underminers of our then Puritanical inheritances and treated them accordingly.

To-day we have grown honester, certainly more decent, and to paint a nude is no longer thought by us to be synonymous with inviting us to peep through a keyhole. Long ago the writer had occasion to declare that until we dare and do, so far as studying from the nude is concerned, our art would be as lifeless and as

The artist's "Mother and Child" is crystalline in its spirituality.

worthless as that of some of the most mediocre painters of the Victorian era. Since then we have dared and we have done. The exquisitely wonderful and spiritual paintings of the nude by Lillian Genth are but one more instance of the justification for this opinion when it was advanced.

It is true that the selection of a coarse type of a studiedly suggestive subject can scarcely be spiritualized by the process of depicting it with pigment, as it then becomes a perverse accentuation in the hand of the painter who has transcribed it with fidelity. For delineation, depiction and representation do not, in themselves, make art. No matter how masterfully one may paint the subject of an unclothed form, if it is bared of the full measure of that sweet decency which unconsciousness lends to the nude to place it out of the class of the naked, it will just miss that ethical something that endows the best in art with being more than an esthetic excursion or an agent in misguided intellectual expansion.

Where, in the whole field of art, can one find more tenderly, nobly, beautifully portrayed the godliness of the vision of the human form, heaven's true temple on earth, than in certain of the nudes painted by Lillian Genth! They are as crystalline in their spirituality as this artist's "Mother and Child," and as free from suggestiveness. There are, perhaps, the morbid of attitude, the perverted of soul, who will shake their heads, to whom there is no beauty uncovered by a long shroud!

Turning from such, it is pleasant to recall the discourses of Paul Gaultier. "If the first condition of esthetic admiration is forgetfulness of our customary interests," says he, "its first effect is to dispel them. Just as in the presence of nature the artist spontaneously dismisses them from his mind, as it is his distinctive tendency to do, so the artistic side of works of art tends to work the same effect upon the spectator. It transports him into a strange world, a figurative one, free from the opaque veil which our interests and desires weave around the real world. Convention plays in art somewhat the same *rôle* as travel and memory in respect to reality. The latter invite us to enjoy the beauty of things through the division which distance in space or lapse of time affords. This is so true that nothing rests us more than esthetic contemplation, unless it be a change of place, for nothing more completely distracts us—in the etymological sense of the word—from the disturbances which beset our life. The result of this is that esthetic emotion not only recreates us by its restoring action, but it also frees us from the thraldom of interest. It diverts us from the pursuit of the useful, the uninterrupted search for which is the stumbling-block to morality. In raising us above the sphere of utility, if only for a moment, it prevents us from considering everything from that point of view; it prevents us from making utility the supreme and unique end of life; finally, it causes us to breathe the purer air—that of the mountain tops above the valleys—which circulates above the chaos of our ambitions; and so much the more does it raise us above the baser egotistic aims and desires of the purely sensuous."

To this higher world we are lifted by such art as that of Lillian Genth. Fortunately her influence is becoming more and more widely felt in America—she is a prophetess honored in her own country, for we find her represented by paintings in our leading public and private collections: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York ("Springtide"); National Gallery of Art, Washington ("Depths of the Woods"); Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh ("Bird Song"); Museum of Art, Cleveland ("Whirling Waters"); Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn ("Pastoral"); Art Museum, Rochester; Art Club, Philadelphia; Detroit Club; Engineers' Club, New York ("The Lark"); Grand Rapids Art Association; National Arts Club, New York; Muncie, Indiana, Art Association; Cremer Collection, Dortmund, Germany.

The painting, "Depths of the Woods," now in the National Art Gallery, won for Lillian Genth the coveted First Hallgarten Prize at the National Academy exhibition of 1911, an annual prize awarded for the best picture in oil colors painted in the United States by an American citizen under thirty-five years of age. This prize, established in 1884, had only once before been won by a woman. This was in 1896, when the honor was voted to Mary B. Hazelton. Lillian Genth had already received the Mary Smith Prize of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for "Pleasant Hours" in 1904, the Shaw Memorial Prize at the National Academy of 1908 for "The Lark," and the Bronze Medal at the Exposicion Internacional de Arte in Buenos Aires in 1910. Last year this artist was awarded the bronze medal of the National Arts Club.

Nearly all of Lillian Genth's later pictures have been painted at "Hermitcliff," the artist's delightful country home in the Berkshires, surrounded by a rural setting of natural acreage that places at its gifted owner's command field, forest and purling pool. Her personality, too, marks her for more than ephemeral fame. Unassuming, intolerant of affectation, direct, sincere, possessed with a clear vision and a buoyant enthusiasm, Lillian Genth stands forth as an artist of accomplishment, a painter whose contribution to American art is full of significance.

COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Clever both in conception and in title is Lillian Genth's "Springtide."

The Menace

by James J. Montague

Drawing by V. Aderente

HOW shall you keep the peace you prize
When this titanic strife is ended,
And despots look, with greedy eyes
Where Liberty sits, undefended?
Her strength is in your brawny arms—
But what shall idle strength avail her,
If, dully deaf to all alarms
In this dark hour of need, you fail her?

You hope that war may never come,
No power, you cry, can e'er enslave you;
You shudder at the distant drum,
But trust that Fate somehow will save you.
Well, keep your precious peace of mind,
Cling to the folly that has bound you,
Until, some day, you wake to find
Your country lies in ruins 'round you!

The Castaways

By W. W. Jacobs

Illustrated by Will Owen

SYNOPSIS.—Carstairs, a bank-clerk, inheriting a large amount of money, decides to live a little, and persuades William Pope, a fellow-clerk, to become his business-manager. In search of a country house they are assisted by Jack Knight and Freddy Peplow, both of whom confess to "heart interests" in the neighborhood of the suggested estate. Carstairs decides to buy or lease the place, "ghost" and all. On their way back to the village their car is run into by a horse and trap driven by a careless groom, the occupants, Lady Isabel Penrose and two younger ladies, Misses Seacombe and Blake, being fortunately uninjured. The latter turn out to be the respective lady-loves of Jack Knight and his chum Peplow. The young men are decidedly not in favor with Lady Isabel, who prefers Sir Edward Talwyn and Captain Tollhurst. The veteran Carstairs is greatly smitten with Lady Penrose, who gives him afternoon tea. Pope is "odd-man-out," and Mrs. Ginnell, aunt to Carstairs, is also an amused looker-on. Carstairs plans to inveigle the whole party aboard the same yacht, and the arrangements proceed merrily. Meantime we are introduced to English country life at Berstead, both above and below stairs, including a garden-party specially planned for Knight and Peplow, where they hope to outwit the girls' chaperons, and the yachting trip begins to take tangible shape. Lady Penrose and her friend, Mrs. Jardine, consent to be guests. They strike dirty weather in the Bay of Biscay which for a time puts a stop to all billing and cooing, but with the return of fair skies Carstairs's plot begins to work.

A passing seaman was brought up by a gaze of cold and concentrated venom.
"Well?" inquired Captain Vobster in a hurricane voice.
"Yessir," the fellow faltered, dropping the swab.

MISS FLACK, in a moment of enthusiasm, said that the voyage was like a long railway journey, with delightful ports instead of stations. She avowed that she had learnt more geography in a few months than in all the years spent at school; and only a week after leaving Auckland spoke warmly of the beautiful Sydney harbor at Melbourne!

In Polynesia she forsook geography for art, the beauty of Tahiti affecting her so strongly that she sought to express her emotion in verse. To the sympathetic Carstairs, who caught her in the act of tearing up paper and dropping the pieces overboard, she confessed that the subject was too great for her, and that she would have to rely upon memory and the inspiration of the moment when she wished to do justice to it. Her enthusiasm was shared by the others, and the *Starlight* by general request continued to cruise among the islands. Monarchs and their dusky followers were received on board, and Albert thrilled pleasantly when he saw the firearms provided for their entertainment in case of need.

"Not much chance of unpleasantness," explained Captain Vobster to Pope, "but if there is any, my idea is always to be more unpleasant than the other fellow."

"Very good plan, too," said Pope approvingly.

To Albert's secret disappointment, however, the skipper's precautions proved unnecessary. Goodfellowship and fair-dealing were the order of the day, and the decks of the yacht were almost smothered at times in gifts. Fruit, vegetables, chickens and pigs were supplied in abundance; the night Pope found five little pigs, decorated with pink ribbons, tied up in his bed, being a memorable one in the annals of the voyage. The crowd that stood outside awaiting events fled in disorder at his appearance, and seeking sanctuary behind locked cabin doors, earnestly assured him that it was not the animals' fault, and that nothing was further from their wishes than to have him for a bedfellow.

"Pope was quite crusty about it," said Knight, recounting the affair next day to Miss Seacombe. "He hasn't quite got over it yet."

At Bosun Yarn's command, enforced by a pistol, two of the crew seized Lady Penrose to bear her toward the boat, while Captain Vobster, trussed and gagged, looked on in powerless fury.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said the girl.

"We are," said Knight. "But never mind about old Pope and his troubles. It is delightful to get you by yourself for five minutes. Quite like old times."

"I like company," said Miss Seacombe thoughtfully.

"You've got what you like, then, on board this blessed ship," retorted Mr. Knight, with some heat.

"I suppose," said the girl dreamily, "I suppose if Dr. Maloney was holding my hand the man on the bridge would think he was feeling my pulse."

"Confound the man on the bridge!" said Knight dropping her hand hastily. "That's what I complain about; you can never get away from people here. How delightful it would be if we were the only two on board."

"A bit dull," said Miss Seacombe.

"Dull!" exclaimed Knight sharply. "Dull!"

"For you," said the girl fervently.

"Where's that brigand on the bridge got to?" inquired Knight groping for her hand.

"Half in the wheel-house, but he will be out again in a minute or two. I expect he only went in there to laugh. It must seem rather funny to an onlooker."

"He had better not let me see him being funny," growled Knight.

"Poor thing," said Miss Seacombe softly. "Diddums then?"

"And do try and be serious," said Knight sternly. "What about running off and getting married? When we get ashore I mean, of course," he added as the girl waved toward the sea.

"No good," she said seriously. "Bread-and-cheese and—and the usual concomitants are all very well in theory; in practice you would find the diet rather monotonous."

Knight sat considering. "I believe if we were once married and she couldn't help herself, Lady Penrose would come round," he said slowly. "Wonder what it is she sees in me to object to?"

"It is strange, isn't it?" said the girl. "I

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think, for one thing, she has an idea that you are a slacker. She has got no patience with men who don't work, you know. Then I don't think she likes your manner much. Some people don't."

"What's it got to do with her?" demanded the indignant Knight. "You like it?"

Miss Seacombe nodded. "It's your only charm," she murmured.

A series of violent squalls and rainstorms helped to relieve the monotony of life at sea, and a fresh interest was imparted by the knowledge that Captain Vobster was understood to be making for an uninhabited island.

"Uninhabited when last visited," he said guardedly.

Visions of a picnic on a scale hitherto undreamed of took possession of all on board. The sailmaker was set to work to make a couple of tents; and the form of picnic to be enjoyed became the subject of a somewhat heated debate. The company was almost equally divided into "Thermos Flasks" and "Robinson Crusoes;" the former voting for comfort, and the latter—consisting chiefly of the younger members—preferring to gather their substance at first-hand from the land and the sea and sleep in homes of their own erecting.

"It really ought to be a delightful experience," said Lady Penrose as she sat one morning discussing the subject with Carstairs. "There is something very delightful in the idea of getting back to Nature."

Carstairs coughed. "With the resources of civilization at hand, yes," he replied. "Anyway, I expect we shall all be glad of a run ashore. I'm afraid you find things a little bit dull sometimes on board ship."

His companion shook her head. "No," she said slowly, "but a little more excitement perhaps would not come amiss. Nothing seems to happen at sea; no post, no newspaper, no scandal."

"H'm, we might have managed that," said Carstairs in tones of self-reproach. "I'll speak to Pope about it. I believe the whole fact of the matter is, you are still suffering from a most unfeminine thirst for adventure. Suppose we go up to the Solomons; the skipper has got some gruesome stories about them."

"Adventure without risk," said Lady Penrose firmly.

"I was going to ask a favor of you," she said at last with a little laugh, "but you have been so kind that I won't. It's presuming on good-nature."

"Please," said Carstairs earnestly.

His companion shook her head with an imitation of determination that he mistook for the real thing. He became insistent.

"You wouldn't agree," she said at last, after many arguments.

"Anything that is possible," said Carstairs with emphasis.

"It is such a great favor," she murmured, "and I ought not to ask it."

"The bigger the better," said Carstairs stoutly. "Now, what is it?"

Lady Penrose hesitated and looked away. "Better leave it alone," she said turning to him again with a smile. "Why do you tempt me?"

"What is it?" he repeated.

"Do you pass your word to grant it?" she inquired.

"Certainly, provided it is nothing impossible," said Cartairs.

"Oh, how good you are," she said with a disturbing smile. "Mind, you have passed your word!"

Carstairs, vaguely uneasy, nodded. "I am quite sure that Lady Penrose would ask nothing that—that——" he began.

Lady Penrose nodded. "Very well," she said briskly. "I want the head of Captain Tollhurst on a charger."

"Oh," said Carstairs, relieved, "is that all. What a fuss to make about a little thing like that. I have no doubt Tollhurst will be delighted."

"His feelings don't matter. Now, you have passed your word, you know; there is no escape for you. I want a mutiny."

"What, as well as Tollhurst's head?" inquired her astonished host.

"Same thing," said Lady Penrose. "Captain Tollhurst will lose his head when it happens and the thing is done. He will never hold it up again."

Carstairs became grave. "You are not serious!" he protested.

"Never more so in my life," said Lady Penrose cheerfully.

"I know better," said Carstairs stoutly. "You are far too kind, and good-natured, and thoughtful for others, and——"

"Suppose we stop this unwholesome flattery and get to business," retorted the other smiling.

"And you mustn't forget that Tollhurst is my guest," concluded Carstairs gravely.

"And you mustn't forget that you promised me," said Lady Penrose. "Oh, I can see myself clinging to his arm and begging him to save me. Like this, you know!"

She clung lightly to Carstairs's arm and gazed at him appealingly.

"It isn't fair to Tollhurst," said Carstairs, shaking his head obstinately. "It can't be done."

"Why not? It gives him the opportunity of his life. Think what a magnificent chance it gives him of displaying his courage. You don't doubt his valor, do you?"

"Your duplicity," said Carstairs mournfully, "is shocking."

The night when Pope found five little pigs decorated with pink ribbons tied up in his bed was a memorable one.

"And I'm sure the sailors will enjoy it. Poor fellows; their lives are very gray, Mr. Carstairs, very gray."

"Nothing to what mine will be," said Carstairs. "You won't hold me to my promise, Lady Penrose?"

"I certainly shall," she answered. "And here comes Captain Vobster," she added, as the burly figure of the skipper came down from the bridge. "Oh, captain!"

"Ma'am," said the skipper, pausing and raising his cap.

"Mr. Carstairs has got a little request to make. He is waiting to speak to you about it."

"Yes, sir?" said Vobster, looking from one to the other.

Carstairs shifted in his seat. "Lady Penrose finds life at sea rather dull, Captain," he said, after an awkward pause, "and she was suggesting a little excitement which I feel sure you would not care to permit."

"Mr. Carstairs, that's not fair!" said Lady Penrose sharply.

There was another long pause, broken at last by Carstairs. "Lady Penrose was wondering whether you could provide a little . . . er . . . er . . . amusement," he said desperately.

"Amusement?" repeated the skipper, and tilting his cap he scratched his head as an aid to thought.

"We want the crew to amuse us, captain," explained Lady Penrose.

The skipper's face cleared and his cap settled back into its proper place. "Crew?" he said meditatively. "Lemme see. There's one of 'em plays the concertina. I know, because I've stopped him at it half-a-dozen times. And there's one of 'em can walk on his hands surprising well. Mr. Pope met him doing it, night before last, and it gave him quite a shock."

Carstairs sighed. "Ah, I'm afraid Lady Penrose wouldn't be satisfied with simple, healthy amusements of that kind; she wants something more elaborate. . . . This conversation is quite private, captain?"

"Certainly, sir," said that mystified mariner.

"Well, she . . . er . . . wants you to er . . . to arrange a mutiny."

"As soon as possible," added the smiling Lady Penrose, "before it leaks out. Tomorrow would do."

"A mutiny!" ejaculated the startled Vobster. "A mutiny! What—aboard of my ship?"

"Only an imitation one, you know," said Carstairs. "Just pretending."

"A little play really," explained Lady Penrose hastily. "Like a charade, you know, or Dumb Crambo. The crew seizing the passengers . . . only the men, of course . . . and holding the officers down."

"Hold——" repeated the skipper in a strangled voice. "Hold . . . holding the . . . I think I see 'em doing it. I think I see 'em—I—I——"

His face turned a deep purple and the veins in his neck swelled. Past speech, he took a turn up and down, gobbling helplessly. Lady Penrose sat regarding him with gentle interest.

"It is only fun, Captain Vobster," she said softly, "and the men would enjoy it so. They don't have much amusement, poor things. Their lives are very gray."

The skipper pulled up short and stood eyeing her. "And they'd be black and blue too before I'd done with them if they laid hands on me," he growled.

"Then you refuse to give your consent, captain," said Carstairs with great cheerfulness.

"With all respect to you, sir, most certainly," said Vobster still breathing hard. "I've been asked to do a good many things in my life, but I've never been asked before to let a pack of idle good-for-nothing fo'c'sle sweepings hold me down. Never!"

"I'm so sorry," said Carstairs, turning to Lady Penrose with an air of gentle regret, "but you see how it is, don't you? I was afraid all along that Captain Vobster wouldn't. You see there is such a strong idea of discipline rooted in——"

"Yes, I know," said Lady Penrose impatiently, "but it's a great disappointment to me. Please leave me to myself for a minute or two. I want to think."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Carstairs rising. "Come along, captain."

"I want him," said Lady Penrose calmly, as the relieved skipper turned to obey.

"Come and sit here," said Lady Penrose with a gracious smile as Carstairs walked off. "I want to talk to you."

Captain Vobster looked around helplessly and, accepting the inevitable, planted himself in the chair. A graven image would have looked more amenable to reason. Bolt upright, with his clenched fists on his knees, he sat ready to refuse all overtures.

"Have you ever set your heart upon having anything?" she inquired in a small, timid voice.

"Very often," was the reply.

"Ah, you can sympathize with me then," remarked Lady Penrose gently.

"And generally speaking," said Captain Vobster, nodding to himself with great satisfaction, "it turned out fortunate for me that I didn't get it."

"How nice," she murmured, with a vindictive glance. "But when you were engaged, Captain Vobster, and your fiancée asked you for anything——"

"She didn't," interrupted the skipper.

"No?"

"No, she waited until we were married. Then," continued Captain Vobster, his face darkening, "she made up for it."

"I understand," said Lady Penrose. "Now, Captain Vobster, as a special favor to me, won't you oblige by helping us in our little play? It is only just private theatricals and we can't do it without your consent. On board ship the captain is, of course, master. His word is law."

The unhappy skipper looked about him helplessly. "I never heard of such a thing before," he said awkwardly. "Never!"

"Neither have I," said the temptress frankly, "and of course with most captains I shouldn't have dreamed of such a thing. With an ordinary captain, destitute of any sense of humor, it would be impossible. Really—to tell you a secret—it was observing the command you have over your men that made me think of it first, I believe. That, and your likeness to Lord Merton. *He* would have jumped at it. Shall we walk?"

She rose and placing her hand on the skipper's arm paced slowly up and down. Her face expressed gentle resignation.

"You see, it's the sailormen," said the perturbed Vobster after half-a-dozen turns.

Lady Penrose nodded. "Of course, but I know you well enough to know that you would have them thoroughly in hand all the time."

"And it would look so bad for me," continued the skipper. "What should I be supposed to be doing while those lazy rascals of mine were mutinying?"

"That would be all right," she said softly. "I thought of you first."

Vobster smiled. "Thank you," he said gratefully, "but I don't see——"

"Six of the biggest and most powerful men in the ship must seize you suddenly from behind and gag and bind you."

"Bind!" spluttered the skipper, dropping her arm and springing back. "Bind! Gag! Bind and gag *me?* What, sailormen? *ME!*"

"And Mr. Carstairs and Sir Edward Talwyn and the others," said Lady Penrose in a coaxing voice. "You won't be alone. Sir Edward is one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom and he'll enjoy it. I am sure of it. Now, Captain Vobster, you will, wont you?"

She took his arm again without any assistance from him and gazed at him in mute appeal. He cleared his throat.

"I don't like to be a spoil-sport," he began firmly, "but when——"

"And you won't," she interrupted with conviction. "I am sure you won't. After all, it's only acting. Why, I've seen a prince play the part of a servant-girl, in a dirty cap and apron with his nose smutted. Now, I'm not suggesting anything so undignified for you."

"Not gagging?" demanded the skipper thickly.

"Nothing like so bad. Of course the men will only pretend to bind you," said Lady Penrose looking up as Pope and Carstairs came toward them. "Oh, Mr. Carstairs, Captain Vobster, in the noblest fashion, has consented!"

"*Eh?*" said Carstairs and Vobster in tones of blank amazement.

"He is a born actor," continued Lady Penrose; "he saw all sorts of possibilities in the part. He is going to be bound and gagged. Pretend to be, I mean."

"I—I—" began the indignant skipper. "I—I'm afraid——"

(*Continued on page 266*)

THE CUSTODY OF THE CHILD

(*Concluded from page 235*)

and take him for walks. I tell him stories and sit on the floor for hours conducting mimic battles with his tin soldiers. This place becomes his home and I am indispensable—and then what? A new home, a new voice and someone else to feed him and dress him and play with him and take him for walks. The only thing I thank God for is that sometimes he wakes up in the night in his other bed and cries for me. Poor little soul! One of these days I'll make a story of this, but it won't have in it, believe me, anything of romance."

Edward Alderson, novelist and playwright, who wrote the successful half-truths that naturally appeal to the minds of people whose lives are filled with nothing but the truth, stooped down and picked up a small red engine which had rolled underneath a chair. He held it for a moment in his hand very tenderly and then put it quietly in the cupboard, and remained with his face turned toward it silently for an eloquent moment.

"That's my story!" he said, with a sigh that came out of his heart. "That's why you see photographs of the same little boy all over my rooms. Have you anything to say, old man?" Livingston shook his head.

PHILIP LIVINGSTON went to Marchand's and with a present curled up in a little box he set out for the house on East Thirty-third Street in which Violet and her friend earned a somewhat precarious livelihood. He had found this address easily enough by telegraphing to Violet's father at Montclair. He bought the present of which he had thought so often and intended to "lay it at her feet," not in preparation for his proposal, but as a sort of wreath for the gravestone of his hopes.

The business of Eleanor Gatlin and Violet Foster, interior decorators, was on the fourth floor of an old brown-stone building. In the basement of this place there was a French restaurant called "Le Petit Riche." The ground floor was occupied by a stationery shop where every conceivable thing from India-rubber bands to typewriters was sold. On the first floor there was a rather shabby looking millinery establishment with a French name on the door which was misspelled. As Livingston went up the staircase—there being no elevator—he saw a pale-faced woman with an elaborate head of peroxide hair sitting in a dejected attitude surrounded by limp frocks. There was a much more cheerful note about the floor on which Eleanor Gatlin and Violet Foster, Inc., did their business. The door was painted white. There was a curious little brass knocker on it with a cheerful grinning face. The passage was hung with a sunny chintz and its floor was covered with a strip of very blue carpet. An imitation Chippendale chair stood against the wall on which was hung a little piece of Spanish work which once had held holy water.

Livingston was welcomed by a young woman whose fair hair was obviously done to represent a bird's nest. A long lead-pencil was stuck in the topmost portion of it. It gave her a curiously rakish appearance. He heard the young woman say, *sotto voce*, to someone in the innner room: "He is only a friend," and was glad to see the look of disappointment which spread over Violet's face give place to one of extreme gladness when she saw who it was.

"Why, it's Phil!" she said, "the same old Phil!"

He grasped her hand but for the life of him was unable to find his voice. He had come many thousands of miles to see her and his plans had fallen flat, like a house of cards.

"Come and have some tea in my rooms upstairs," she said. "We shall be more comfortable there. Miss Turner, if anybody comes or calls up let me know right away. Dick, this is a friend of mother's. Shake hands with him nicely."

And Dick, tucking a small Teddy bear under his left arm, held out his hand. The eyes that looked up at Philip Livingston were those of the man who was living alone again in his bachelor rooms.

Talking all the time about her father and mother and the young people whom they had known at Montclair in the old days, Violet made tea herself and brought out some cake from a closet, while Livingston—who was one of those men to whom children and dogs were instantly friendly—held the boy upon his knee. What an amazing mixture this little man was of the two people who never saw each other.

It was a good meal because of the friendship that was mixed with it. Over and over again Violet said how glad she was to see the wanderer; and her cry of joy when he finally had the courage to give her his present did Philip's heart good. "Oh, this is splendid—and so expensive," she said. "Oh, Philip, how kind of you! What a rich man you must be! I could pay my rent here for a year with the money you spent on this!"

And then Philip got up, carried the boy over to a table, set him down at it, gave him a pencil and piece of paper and said: "Draw me something on that, old man; I want to speak to mother." Going back he drew his chair closer and sat knee to knee with the girl whom he had hoped to find at home and single. What he had to say was very different from what he had meant to say. There were the boy and Edward—and these two figures seemed to stand all among the ruins of the plans he had cherished and worked so hard to solidify.

"Two days ago," he said, "I spent an hour with a very famous man—a man whose work has often carried me over very dull and lonely hours in far-off places."

Violet was tired. She had had a hard day. "Oh, yes," she said, "and who is that?"

"Edward Alderson, novelist and dramatist," he replied.

There was nothing antagonistic in Violet's voice, only the sort of interest which a woman shows about someone whose name is very familiar, but whom she has never met. "Oh, really!" she said. "Yes, they tell me that his work is very good, but I've no time for reading and I can't afford to go to the theaters."

"I found him unable to work," said Philip. "I've seen other men suffer, but not in the same way, nor so deeply."

"Suffer!" echoed Violet. "But he is so successful!"

"Yes, I know; but I got to him the day after that little boy over there had been taken away from him."

Then it was that Violet's voice hardened. "*Taken* away! That's not the right way to put it. He *came* away to me. That's the arrangement. Ah! I see that you've come here full of only one side of this affair—his side. He's the only one to suffer, you think. Won't the time come, all too soon, when that little boy will be taken away from me? Is he the only one who's allowed to have feelings? It would have been kinder if you'd come to see me first."

"I expected to find you at home," said Philip, "not here."

"As it is you've had the novelist's point of view of this story. You've had it in the words of the martyred hero. I can't imagine why you've come to see me at all." Her voice was very bitter.

"Well," said Philip, "my business is engineering. Time after time I've been called in to reconstruct things. That's why I'm here."

Violet shot out a laugh. "My dear Phil," she said, "if you think you can reconstruct my life or his you're wholly mistaken. Listen! I'll tell you my side of it all and then you'll see for yourself how utterly impossible any sort of reconstruction can be, even by you. . . . Edward is not to be blamed for the first fatal mistake, nor am I. His father was a sensible man and mine was supposed to be, and our mothers no longer lived in dreams, and yet all those four people not only put none of their own experience forward as reasons why we should wait, but encouraged us to marry. You know what I was then. Just a little fool with a head full of nonsense, with no other desires in the world than for pretty frocks, a pretty house, pretty talk and pretty things to eat. Edward himself as I saw him then was wrapped up in all the pretty colors of the rainbow. I had never once looked at him squarely. He had been my sweetheart and all my thoughts about him were tinged with colors. I walked blindly into romance and then, bit by bit, I began to see. The shock revolutionized all those silly girlish ideas which no one had ever taken the trouble to replace with common sense. It was poverty—that most terrible of all awakeners—that hit me first. Then it was the baby, who came in a totally different manner from the way in which I had expected. Who'd told me about the pain, the agony, the fright? No one. I thought that babies came like valentines. I could give you—though I'm not a novelist—whole chapters filled with descriptions of sleepless nights, of walkings up and down when my young body should have been at rest. I could go into details as to the disillusion of finding that money had to be earned and doled out with the utmost care. I thought that money could be plucked from bushes. No one had ever told me differently. Consider the combination: Cooped up in a tiny wooden house in which every sound could be heard—a struggling boy and a little fool—and add to that a constantly crying baby, and only enough money for one. Oh, my dear Phil, there may be lots to say for Edward, but believe me there's still more to say for me. My sense of romance was hurt by finding that my young hero found me to be a fool and saw nothing but my faults and my mistakes and my lack of responsibility and my ignorance of how to run a house and look after a child. Who could expect an eighteen-year-old girl, only just out of school in which nothing useful had been taught her, to shake herself together and face disillusionment with courage and sanity? Oh, Philip! Those quarrels, those back answers, those sudden flaring tempers, that terrible impatience! There were many times when to get away from all these—to leave the constant crying of the little live thing that puzzled me and frightened me—I almost walked out of that house of disillusionment and went down to the railway line and laid my head on it so that I might go back to dreams. I tell you that I shouldn't have so much minded the very quick discovery that I made that Edward was not the man I thought he was, but that he should have known so soon—and let me see that he knew—that *I* was a fool—that was the bottom of the trouble. It was that more than anything else which finally made me get up and go away. I was absolutely afraid to stay. I didn't know what might happen. I was frightened of him, of myself and of the baby—most frightened of all about the baby. There should be a school for mothers somewhere in this country and a wise woman should be in charge of it to kill the silly dreams of all fool girls! However, my little boy loves me now. Look at him! He is happy to come back to me, although he does wake up in the night and cry for someone else. I am happy, too, because gradually I win him away from that other person, and when he leaves me at the end of six months I almost have to tear his arms away from my neck, and my loneliness and jealousy mend a little when I remember that when he's away from me he's at any rate kindly treated and well looked after. One can't have everything in this world, and I'm almost satisfied."

She stopped and dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief, shrugged her shoulders a little and looked up at Philip rather like a dog who asks for a friendly pat.

Livingston bent forward involuntarily and put his hand warmly on hers.

Then the boy climbed out of his chair and marched up to them with a sort of triumph. He had laboriously written out two sentences in great big block letters. "Look!" he said, and handed the piece of paper to Philip. On it was written: "I love my mudder. I love my fader," and the two sentences were bracketed together roughly.

Philip made a point of not looking at Violet's face. "Very good, Dick," he said. "You're getting on. May I keep this?"

The boy looked immensely pleased and nodded. "I'll draw you a ship, too," he said, and ran back to the table.

Then Livingston got up. "Good-by, my dear," he said. "I'm off to-morrow and I sha'n't see you again. I'm going back to reconstruct things." He put the piece of paper into Violet's lap. "Bring up your little boy as an engineer," he added.

"Why?" asked Violet.

"I think he would be a rather good one. Do you see that bracket? He's joined you up with Edward again. That's good work."

One bright morning about a week later the clerk who sat in the hall of the bachelor apartment-house in which Edward Alderson lived was surprised to hear a shrill "Hello!" and to see the large round eyes of Dick looking at him just over the level of the counter. "Why, say!" said this man, who was one of Dick's very good friends. "What are you doing here?"

Violet replied quietly: "We've come to see Mr. Alderson. Is he in, please?"

"Why, sure! Joe, take the lady up." He dug Dick playfully in the ribs and added: "Son, it certainly is fine to see you again so soon." And the boy's laugh was full of joy.

The elevator boy carried out his orders to the letter. Dick ran ahead into the large sitting-room, but came back quickly with his finger on his lips. "Fader's asleep," he said.

The room was full of tobacco smoke. The blinds were down. On the desk the reading lamp was alight. The chair had been pushed back and all around it the rug was covered with sheets of paper. Lying full stretch on the sofa was Edward Alderson, novelist and dramatist. He was fast asleep in his clothes.

Dick, with a look of untranslatable love in his eyes, sat down on the floor at the side of the sofa and put his lips to the limp hand of the sleeping man.

For a moment Violet stood looking down at this picture. A stab of pain made her lips tremble. It was a bitter thing to see for herself that the love of this little boy was absolutely divided; and then with a curious touch of the maternal sense she crossed the room, let up the blinds quietly and opened the windows, turned out the electric light, and bent down and picked up all the sheets of paper that were on the floor.

It may have been the sudden inrush of light that woke up Alderson—probably it was the touch of those soft lips on his hand. There was a great cry of surprise and gladness. And when Violet turned she saw the boy pressed against the man's heart and held there very tightly. "Dick! Dick! My dear little Dick!"

Somehow jealousy went out of Violet's heart. It was driven out by the overwhelming joy in the man's voice. Something warm came into her eyes.

Alderson sat up and looked round. He had a feeling that there was someone else in the room. He saw the woman standing by his desk—a rather gracious, sweet figure. He got up and went forward and held out his hand. "You've brought my boy to see me," he said. "That's most kind of you. I'm sorry I was asleep. I've been working all night. I—I seem to know your face——"

"It's Violet."

Alderson's hand fell to his side and for a moment he remained stiff and cold. Then he went forward, turned Violet gently round to the light and looked into her face. He was amazed to find, not the Violet of the tiny cottage and the constant quarrels, but the woman whom he had believed her to be when he married her. "Why have you come?" he asked.

"That's why," she said, and she handed him the sheet of paper on which Dick had written "I love my mudder. I love my fader," and she put her finger on the bracket. "Also because Philip Livingston came to see me, and since he left I've been going through a very severe struggle. I've been thinking unselfishly about the boy. I'm learning how to think unselfishly from him."

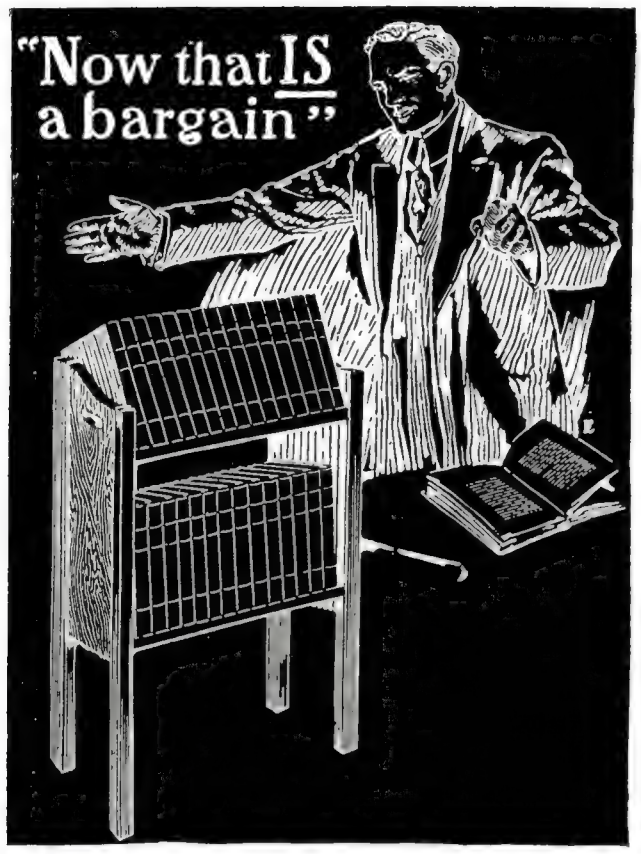
She looked up into Alderson's face. It was tired and rather lined. His hair was untidy and he had not slept off the fatigue of his orgy of work, but she too knew at once that the man who stood in front of her peering into her face was the man whom she had thought that she had married.

"I don't think I quite understand," said Edward Alderson, with a catch in his voice.

"I think you do," said Violet. "Look at that paper again. The boy has joined our names together. Philip said that it was a good piece of engineering. For Dick's sake I'm ready to reconstruct our broken lives so that his shall not be cut in two any longer. I'll go on with my work and not interfere with yours, but let there be one home for Dick—I'm no longer a little fool. I've discovered what life means and how short it is. We're mutually responsible to our little boy. Please let's do as he asks and make a bracket between us. Do you think you can?"

Alderson heaved a great sigh and straightened his shoulders. Something seemed to have fallen from his back. "You're very generous," he said. "Thank you." And he bent down and kissed the woman's hand.

And then Dick ran up with his red engine and stood between them and they smiled at each other over his head.



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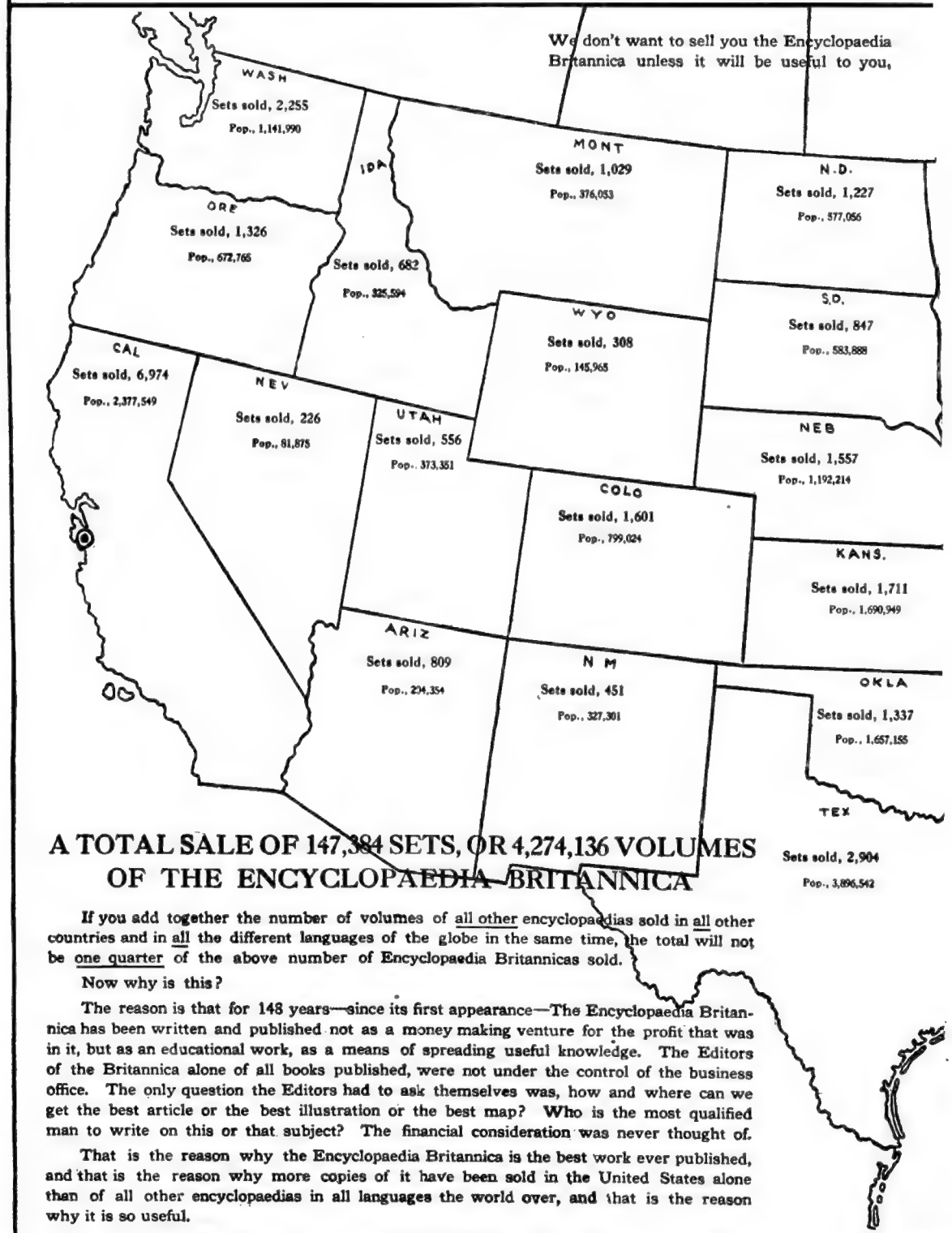

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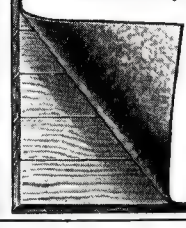

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THE GREAT WEST

(*Continued from page 245*)

Filled with uneasiness as to who and what my human neighbors might be, I resaddled my horse, and, leaving him tied where I could reach him in a hurry if need be, made my way up-stream to reconnoiter. As I came around a bend I received an unpleasant shock. Not one horse, but fifteen horses, were grazing just ahead of me.

On the opposite side of the creek a light shone high up the mountain bank—a light from the window of a dugout. I drew near very cautiously till I came within sound of voices within the place, and discovered that its occupants were conversing in my own language. That relieved me. I knew the strangers to be white men. I supposed them to be trappers, and walking boldly to the door I knocked.

Instantly the voices ceased. There ensued absolute silence for a space, and then came whisperings, and sounds of men quietly moving about the dirt floor.

"Who's there?" called some one.

"A friend and a white man," I replied.

The door opened, and a big ugly-looking fellow stood before me.

"Come in," he ordered.

I accepted the invitation with hesitation, but there was nothing else to do. To retreat would have meant pursuit and probably death.

Eight of the most villainous-appearing ruffians I have ever set eyes upon sat about the dugout as I entered. Two of them I recognized at once as teamsters who had been employed by Simpson a few months before. Both had been charged with murdering a ranchman and stealing his horses. Simpson had promptly discharged them, and it was supposed that they had left the country.

I gave them no sign of recognition. I was laying my plans to get out of there as speedily as possible. I was now practically certain that I had uncovered the hiding-place of a gang of horse-thieves who could have no possible reason to feel anything but hostility toward an honest man. The leader of the gang swaggered toward me and inquired menacingly:

"Where are you going, young man, and who's with you?"

"I am entirely alone," I returned. "I left Horseshoe Station this morning for a bear hunt. Not finding any bears, I was going to camp out till morning. I heard one of your horses whinnying, and came up to your camp."

"Where is your horse?"

"I left him down the creek."

They proposed going for the horse, which was my only means of getting rid of their unwelcome society. I tried strategy to forestall them.

"I'll go and get him," I said. "I'll leave my gun here."

This, I fancied, would convince them that I intended to return, but it didn't.

"Jim and I will go with you," said one of the thieves. "You can leave your gun here if you want to. You won't need it."

I saw that if I was to get away at all I would have to be extremely alert. These were old hands, and were not to be easily fooled. I felt it safer, however, to trust myself with two men than with six, so I volunteered to show the precious pair where I had left the horse, and led them to my camp.

The animal was secured, and as one of the men started to lead him up the stream I picked up the two sage-hens I had intended for my evening meal. The more closely we approached the dugout the less I liked the prospect of re-entering it. One plan of escape had failed. I was sure the ruffians had no intention of permitting me to leave them and inform the stage people of their presence in the country.

One more plan suggested itself to me, and I lost no time in trying it. Dropping one of the sage-hens I asked the man behind me to pick it up. As he was groping for it in the darkness, I pulled one of my Colt's revolvers, and hit him a terrific blow over the head. He dropped to the ground, senseless.

Wheeling about I saw that the other man, hearing the fall, had turned, his hand upon his revolver. It was no time for argument. I fired and killed him. Then, leaping on my horse, I dug the spurs into his sides, and back down the trail we went, over the rocks and rough ground toward safety.

My peril was far from past. At the sound of the shot the six men in the dugout tumbled forth in hot haste. They stopped an instant at the scene of the shooting, possibly to revive the man I had stunned, and to learn from him what had happened.

They were too wise to mount their horses, knowing that, afoot, they could make better time over the rocky country than I could on horseback. Steadily I heard them gaining, and soon made up my mind that if I was to evade them at all I must abandon my horse.

Jumping off, I gave him a smart slap with the butt of my revolver which sent him down the valley. I turned and began to scramble up the mountain side.

I had climbed hardly forty feet when I heard them pass, following the sound of my horse's feet. I dodged behind a tree as they went by, and when I heard them firing farther down the trail I worked my way up the mountain side.

It was twenty-five miles to Horseshoe Station, and very hard traveling the first part of the way. But I got to the station just before daylight, weary and footsore, but exceedingly thankful.

Tired as I was I woke up the men at the station and told them of my adventure. Slade himself led the party that set out to capture my former hosts, and I went along, though nearly beat out.

Twenty of us, after a brisk ride, reached the dugout at ten o'clock in the morning. But the thieves had gone. We found a newly made grave where they had buried the man I had to kill, and a trail leading southwest toward Denver. That was all. But my adventure at least resulted in clearing the country of horse-thieves. Once the gang had gone, no more depredations occurred for a long time.

AFTER a year's absence from home I began to long to see my mother and sisters again. In June, 1861, I got a pass over the stage-line, and returned to Leavenworth. The first rumblings of the great struggle that was soon to be known as the Civil War were already reverberating throughout the North; Sumter had been fired upon in April of that year. Kansas, as every schoolboy knows, was previously the bloody scene of some of the earliest conflicts.

My mother's sympathies were strongly with the Union. She knew that war was bound to come, but so confident was she in the strength of the Federal Government that she devoutly believed that the struggle could not last longer than six months at the utmost.

Fort Leavenworth and the town of Leavenworth were still important outfitting posts for the soldiers in the West and Southwest. The fort was strongly garrisoned by regular troops. Volunteers were undergoing training. Many of my boyhood friends were enlisting. I was eager to join them.

But I was still the breadwinner of the family, the sole support of my sisters and my invalid mother. Not because of this, but because of her love for me, my mother exacted from me a promise that I would not enlist for the war while she lived.

But during the summer of 1861 a purely local company, known as the Red-Legged Scouts, and commanded by Captain Bill Tuff, was organized. This I felt I could join without breaking my promise not to enlist for the war, and join it I did. The Red-Legged Scouts, while they coöperated with the regular army along the borders of Missouri, had for their specific duty the protection of Kansas against raiders like Quantrell, and such bandits as the James Boys, the Younger Brothers, and other desperadoes who conducted a guerrilla warfare against Union settlers.

We had plenty to do. The guerrillas were daring fellows and kept us busy. They robbed banks, raided villages, burned buildings, and looted and plundered wherever there was loot or plunder to be had.

But Tuff was the same kind of a fighting man as they, and working in a better cause. With his scouts he put the fear of the law into the hearts of the guerrillas, and they notably decreased their depredations in consequence.

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In the meantime we took care that little mischief was done by the gangs headed by the James Boys and the Youngers, who operated in Quantrell's wake and in small bands.

In the spring of '63 I left the Red-Legged Scouts to serve the Federal Government as guide and scout with the Ninth Kansas Cavalry. The Kiowas and Comanches were giving trouble along the old Santa Fé trail and among the settlements of western Kansas. The Ninth Kansas were sent to tame them and to protect immigrants and settlers.

This was work that I well understood. We had a lively summer, for the Indians kept things stirring, but after a summer of hard fighting we made them understand that the Great White Chief was a power that the Indians had better not irritate. In November, '63, I returned with the command to Leavenworth. I had money in my pockets, for my pay had been $150 a month, and I was able to lay in an abundant supply of provisions for my family.

On the twenty-third day of December my mother passed away. Her life had been an extremely hard one, but she had borne up bravely under poverty and privation, supplying with her own teaching the education that the frontier schools could not give her children, and by her Christian example setting them all on a straight road through life.

Border ruffians killed her husband, almost within sight of her home. She passed months in terror and distress and, until I became old enough to provide for her, often suffered from the direst poverty. Yet she never complained for herself; her only thoughts being for her children and the sufferings that were visited upon them because of their necessary upbringing in a rough and wild country.

My sister Julia was now married to Al Goodman, a fine and capable young man, and I was free to follow the promptings of an adventurous nature and go where my companions were fighting. In January, 1864, the Seventh Kansas Volunteers came to Leavenworth from the South, where they had been fighting since the early years of the war. Among them I found many of my old friends and schoolmates. I was no longer under promise not to take part in the war and I enlisted as a private.

In March of that year the regiment was embarked on steamboats and sent to Memphis, Tennessee, where we joined the command of General A. J. Smith. General Smith was organizing an army to fight the illiterate but brilliant Confederate General Forrest, who was then making a great deal of trouble in southern Tennessee.

While we were mobilizing near Memphis, Colonel Herrick of our regiment recommended me to General Smith for membership in a picked corps to be used for duty as scouts, messengers and dispatch carriers. Col. Herrick recounted my history as a plainsman, which convinced the commander that I would be useful in this special line of duty.

When I reported to General Smith, he invited me into his tent and inquired minutely into my life as a scout.

"You ought to be able to render me valuable service," he said.

When I replied that I should be only too glad to do so, he got out a map of Tennessee, and on it showed me where he believed General Forrest's command to be located. His best information was that the Confederate commander was then in the neighborhood of Okolona, Mississippi, about two hundred miles south of Memphis.

He instructed me to disguise myself as a Tennessee boy, to provide myself with a farm horse from the stock in the camp, and to try to locate Forrest's main command. Having accomplished this, I was to gather all the information possible concerning the enemy's strength in men and equipment and defenses, and to make my way back as speedily as possible.

General Smith expected to start south the following morning, and he showed me on the map the wagon road he planned to follow, so that I might know where to find him on my return. He told me before we parted that the mission on which he was sending me was exceedingly dangerous. "If you are captured," he said, "you will be shot as a spy."

To this I replied that my Indian scouting trips had been equally dangerous, as capture meant torture and death, yet I had always willingly undertaken them.

"Do you think you can find Forrest's army?" he asked.

"No doubt of that."

"Well, if you can't find an army as big as that you're a mighty poor scout," he said grimly.

General Smith then turned me over to the man who was in charge of what was called "the refuge herd," from which I found a mount built on the lines of the average Tennessee farm horse. This man also provided me with a suit of farmer's clothing, for which I exchanged my new soldier uniform, and a bag of provisions. Leading me about a mile from camp he left me with the warning:

"Look out, young fellow. You're taking a dangerous trip." Then we shook hands and I began my journey.

I had studied carefully the map General Smith had shown me, and had a fairly accurate idea of the direction I was supposed to take. Following a wagon road that led to the south I made nearly sixty miles the first night. The mare I had chosen proved a good traveler.

When morning came I saw a big plantation, with the owner's and negroes' houses, just ahead of me. I was anxious to learn how my disguise was going to work, and therefore rode boldly up to the house of the overseer and asked if I could get rest and some sort of breakfast.

In response to his inquiries I said I was a Tennesseean, and on my way to Holly Springs. I used my best imitation of the Southern dialect, which I can still use on occasion, and it was perfectly successful. I was given breakfast, my mare was fed, and I slept most of the day in a haystack, taking up my journey again immediately after dinner.

Thereafter I had confidence in my disguise, and, while making no effort to fall into conversation with people, I did not put myself out to evade any one whom I met. None of those with whom I talked suspected me of being a Northern spy.

At the end of a few days I saw that I was nearing a large body of troops. It was in the morning, after a hard day-and-night ride. Fearing to approach the outposts looking weary and fagged out I rested for an hour, and then rode up and accosted one of them. To his challenge I said I was a country boy, and had come in to see the soldiers. My father and brother, I said, were fighting with Forrest, and I was almost persuaded to enlist myself.

My story satisfied the guard and I was passed. A little farther on I obtained permission to pasture my horse with a herd of animals belonging to the Confederates and, afoot, I proceeded to the camp of the soldiers. By acting the part of the rural Tennesseean, making little purchases from the negro food-stands, and staring open-mouthed at all the camp life, I picked up a great deal of information without once falling under suspicion.

The question now uppermost in my mind was how I was going to get away. Toward evening I returned to the pasture, saddled my mare and rode to the picket line where I had entered. Here, to my dismay, I discovered that the outposts had been recently changed.

But I used the same story that had gained admission for me. In a sack tied to my saddle were the food supplies I had bought from the negroes during the day. These, I explained to the outposts, were intended as presents for my mother and sisters, back on the farm. They examined the sack, and finding nothing contraband in it, allowed me to pass.

I now made all possible speed northward, keeping out of sight of houses and of strangers. On the second day I passed several detachments of Forrest's troops, but my training as a scout enabled me to keep them from seeing me.

Though my mare had proven herself an animal of splendid endurance, I had to stop and rest her occasionally. At such times I kept closely hidden. It was on the second morning after leaving Forrest's command that I sighted the advance-guard of Smith's army. They halted me when I rode up, and for a time I had more trouble with them than I had had with any of Forrest's men. I was not alarmed, however, and when the captain told me that he would have to send me to the rear, I surprised him by asking to see General Smith.

"Are you anxious to see a big, fighting general?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes," I said. "I hear that General

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Smith can whip Forrest, and I would like to see any man who can do that."

Without any promises I was sent to the rear, and presently I noticed General Smith, who, however, failed to recognize me.

I managed however to draw near to him and asked him if I might speak to him for a moment.

Believing me to be a Confederate prisoner he assented, and when I had saluted I said: "General, I am Billy Cody, the man you sent out to the Confederate lines."

"Report back to your charge," said the general to the officer who had me in custody. "I will take care of this man."

My commander was much pleased with my report, which proved to be extremely accurate and valuable. The disguise he had failed to penetrate did not deceive my comrades of the Ninth Kansas, and when I passed them they all called me by name and asked me where I had been. But my news was for my superior officers, and I did not need the warning Colonel Herrick gave me to keep my mouth shut while among the soldiers.

General Smith, to whom I later made a full detailed report, had spoken highly of my work to Colonel Herrick, who was gratified to know that his choice of a scout had been justified by results.

It was not long before the whole command knew of my return, but beyond the fact that I had been on a scouting expedition, and had brought back information much desired by the commander, they knew nothing of my journey. The next morning, still riding the same mare, and still wearing my Tennessee clothes, I rode out with the entire command in the direction of Forrest's army.

Before I had traveled five miles I had been pointed out to the entire command, and cheers greeted me on every side. As soon as an opportunity offered I got word with the general and asked if he had any further special orders for me.

"Just keep around," he said, "I may need you later on."

"But I am a scout," I told him, "and the place for a scout is ahead of the army, getting information."

"Go ahead," he replied, "and if you see anything that I ought to know about come back and tell me."

Delighted to be a scout once more, I made my way forward. The general had given orders that I was to be allowed to pass in and out the lines at will, so that I was no longer hampered by the activities of my own friends. I had hardly got beyond the sound of the troops when I saw a beautiful plantation house, on the porch of which was a handsome old lady and her two attractive daughters.

They were greatly alarmed when I came up, and asked if I didn't know that the Yankee army would be along in a few minutes and that my life was in peril. All their own men folks, they said, were in hiding in the timber.

"Don't you sit here," begged the old lady, when I had seated myself on the porch to sip a glass of milk for which I had asked her. "The Yankee troops will go right through this house. They will break up the piano and every stick of furniture, and leave the place in ruins. You-all are sure to be killed or taken prisoner."

By this time the advance-guard was coming up the road. General Smith passed as I was standing on the porch. I saw that he had noticed me, though he gave no sign of having done so. As more troops passed, men began leaving their companies and rushing toward the house. I walked out and ordered them away in the name of the general. They all knew who I was, and obeyed, much to the astonishment of the old lady and her daughter.

Turning to my hostess I said:

"Madam, I can't keep them out of your chicken-house or your smoke-house or your store-rooms, but I can keep them out of your home, and I will."

I remained on the porch till the entire command had passed. Nothing was molested. Much pleased, but still puzzled, the old lady was now convinced that I was no Tennessee lad, but a sure-enough Yankee, and one with a remarkable amount of influence. When I asked for a little something to eat in return for what I had done, the best there was in the house was spread before me.

My hostess urged me to eat as speedily as possible, and be on my way. Her men folks, she said, would soon return from the timber, and if they learned that I was a Yank would shoot me on the spot. As she was speaking the back door was pushed open and three men rushed in. The old lady leaped between them and me.

"Don't shoot him!" she cried. "He has protected our property and our lives." But the men had no murderous intentions.

"Give him all he wants to eat," said the eldest, "and we will see that he gets back to the Yankee lines in safety. We saw him from the tree-tops turn away the Yanks as he stood on the porch."

While I finished my meal they put all manner of questions to me, being specially impressed that a boy so young could have kept a great army from foraging so richly stocked a plantation. I told them that I was a Union scout, and that I had saved their property on my own responsibility.

"I knew you would be back here," I said. "But I was sure you wouldn't shoot me when you learned what I had done."

"You bet your life we won't!" they said heartily.

After dinner I was stocked up with all the provisions I wanted, and given a fine bottle of peach brandy, the product of the plantation. Then the men of the place escorted me to the rear-guard of the command, which I lost no time in joining. When I overtook the general and presented him with the peach brandy, he said gruffly:

"I hear you kept all my men from foraging on that plantation back yonder."

"Yes, sir," I said. "An old lady and her two daughters were alone there. My mother had suffered from raids of hostile soldiers in Kansas. I tried to protect that old lady, as I would have liked another man to protect my mother in her distress. I am sorry if I have disobeyed your orders and I am ready for any punishment you wish to inflict on me."

"My boy," said the general, "you may be too good-hearted for a soldier, but you have done just what I would have wanted done. My orders were to destroy all Southern property. But we will forget your violation of them."

General Smith kept straight on toward Forrest's stronghold. Ten miles from the spot where the enemy was encamped, he wheeled to the left and headed for Tupelo, Mississippi, reaching there at dark. Forrest speedily discovered that Smith did not intend to attack him on his own ground. So he broke camp and coming up in the rear continued a hot fire on us through the next afternoon.

Arriving near Tupelo, General Smith selected, as a battle-ground, the crest of a ridge commanding the position Forrest had taken up. Between the two armies lay a plantation of four or five thousand acres. The next morning Forrest dismounted some four thousand cavalry, and with cavalry and artillery on his left and right advanced upon our position.

Straight across the plantation they came, while Smith rode back and forth behind the long breastworks that protected his men, cautioning them to reserve their fire till it could be made to tell. All our men were fighting with single shotguns. The first shot, in a close action, had to count, or a second one might never be fired.

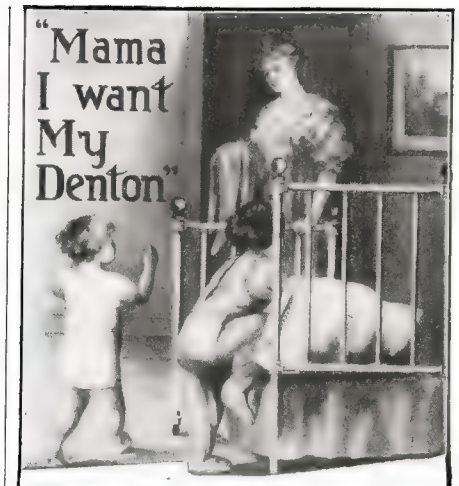
I had been detailed to follow Smith as he rode to and fro. With an eye to coming out of the battle with a whole skin I had picked out a number of trees, behind which I proposed to drop my horse when the fighting got to close quarters. This was the fashion I had always employed in Indian fighting. As the Confederates got within good range, the order "Fire" rang out.

At that instant I wheeled my horse behind a big oak tree. Unhappily for me the general was looking directly at me as this maneuver was executed. When we had driven back and defeated Forrest's men I was ordered to report at General Smith's tent.

"Young man," said the General, when I stood before him, "you were recommended to me as an Indian fighter. What were you doing behind that tree?"

"That is the way we have to fight Indians, sir," I said. "We get behind anything that offers protection." It was twelve years later that I convinced General Smith that my theory of Indian fighting was pretty correct.

After the consolidation of the regular army, following the war, Smith was sent to the Plains as Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry. This was afterward known as Custer's regiment, and was engaged in the battle of the Little Big Horn, in which that gallant commander was slain. Smith's cavalry command was moving southward on an expedition against the Kiowas and Comanches



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in the Canadian River country, when I joined it as a scout.

Dick Curtis, acting as guide for Smith, had been sent on ahead across the river, while the main command stopped to water their horses. Curtis's orders were to proceed straight ahead for five miles, where the troops would camp. He was followed immediately by the advance-guard, Smith and his staff following on. We had proceeded about three miles when three or four hundred Indians attacked us, jumping out of gullies and ravines, where they had been securely hidden. General Smith at once ordered the orderlies to sound the recall and retreat, intending to fall back quickly on the main command.

He was standing close beside a deep ravine as he gave the order. Knowing that the plan he proposed meant the complete annihilation of our force I pushed my horse close to him:

"General," I said, "order your men into the ravine, dismount, and let number fours hold horses. Then you will be able to stand off the Indians. If you try to retreat to the main command you and every man under you will be killed before you have retreated a mile."

He immediately saw the sense of my advice. Issuing orders to enter the ravine, he dismounted with his men behind the bank. There we stood off the Indians till the soldiers in the rear, hearing the shots, came charging to the rescue and drove the Indians away. The rapidity with which we got into the ravine, and the protection its banks afforded us, enabled us to get away without losing a man. Had the general's original plan been carried out none of us would have come away to tell the story. I was summoned to the general's tent that evening.

"That was a brilliant suggestion of yours, young man," he said. "This Indian fighting is a new business to me. I realize that if I had carried out my first order not a man of us would ever have reached the command alive."

I said: "General, do you remember the battle of Tupelo?"

"I do," he said, with his chest expanding a little. "I was in command at that battle." The whipping of Forrest had been a particularly difficult and unusual feat, and General Smith never failed to show his pride in the achievement whenever the battle of Tupelo was mentioned.

"Do you remember," I continued, "the young fellow you caught hiding behind a tree, and sent for him afterward to ask him why he did so?"

"Is it possible you are the man who found Forrest's command?" he asked in amazement. "I had often wondered what became of you," he said, when I told him I was the same man. "What have you been doing since the war?"

I told him I had come West as a scout for General Sherman in 1865 and had been scouting ever since. He was highly delighted to see me again, and from that time forward, as long as he remained on the Plains, I resumed my old position as his chief scout.

AFTER the battle of Tupelo, Smith's command was ordered to Memphis, and from there sent by boat up the Mississippi. We of the cavalry disembarked at Cape Jardo, Smith remaining behind with the infantry, which came on later. General Sterling Price, of the Confederate army, was at this time coming out of Arkansas into southern Missouri with a large army. His purpose was to invade Kansas.

Federal troops were not then plentiful in the West. Smith's army from Tennessee, Blunt's troops from Kansas, what few regulars there were in Missouri and some detachments of Kansas volunteers, were all being moved forward to head off Price. Being still a member of the Ninth Kansas Cavalry I now found myself back in my old country—just ahead of Price's army, which had now reached the fertile northwestern Missouri.

In carrying dispatches from General McNeil to General Blunt or General Pleasanton I passed around and through Price's army many times. I always wore the disguise of a Confederate soldier, and always escaped detection. Price fought hard and successfully, gaining ground steadily, till at Westport, Missouri, and other battlefields near the Kansas line, the Federal troops checked his advance.

At the Little Blue, a stream that runs through what is now Kansas City, he was finally turned south, and took up a course through southern Kansas.

Near Mound City a scouting party of which I was a member surprised a small detachment of Price's army. Our advantage was such that they surrendered, and while we were rounding them up I heard one of them say that we Yanks had captured a bigger prize than we suspected. When he was asked what this prize consisted of, the soldier said:

"That big man over yonder is General Marmaduke of the Southern army."

I had heard much of Marmaduke and greatly admired his dash and ability as a fighting man. Going over to him I asked if there was anything I could do to make him comfortable. He said that I could. He hadn't had a bite to eat, and he wanted some food, and wanted it right away.

He was surrounding a good lunch I had in my saddle-bag, while I was ransacking the saddle-bag of a comrade for a bottle of whisky which I knew to be there.

When we turned our prisoners over to the main command I was put in charge of General Marmaduke and accompanied him as his custodian to Fort Leavenworth. The general and I became fast friends, and our friendship lasted long after the war. Years after he had finished his term as Governor of Missouri he visited me in London where I was giving my Wild West Show. He was talking with me in my tent one day when the Earl of Lonsdale and Lord Harrington rode up, dismounted, and came over to where we were sitting.

I presented Marmaduke to them as the governor of one of America's greatest States and a famous Confederate general. Lonsdale approaching and extending his hand, smiled and said:

"Ah, Colonel Cody, another one of your Yankee friends, eh?"

Marmaduke, who had risen, scowled. But he held out his hand. "Look here," he said, "I am much pleased to meet you, sir, but I want you first to understand distinctly that I am no Yank."

When I left General Marmaduke at Leavenworth and returned to my command, Price was already in retreat. After driving him across the Arkansas River I returned with my troop to Springfield, Missouri. From there I went under General McNeil to Fort Smith and other places on the Arkansas border, where we had several lively skirmishes, and one big and serious engagement before the war was ended.

The spring of 1865 found us again in Springfield, where we remained about two months recuperating and replenishing our stock. I now got a furlough of thirty days, and went to St. Louis, where I invested part of a thousand dollars I had saved in fashionable clothes and in rooms at one of the best hotels. It was while there that I met a young lady of a Southern family to whom I paid a great deal of attention, and from whom I finally extracted a promise that if I would come back to St. Louis at the end of the war she would marry me.

On my return to Springfield I found an expedition in process of fitting out for a scouting trip through New Mexico and into the Arkansas River country, to look after the Indians. With this party I took part in a number of Indian fights and helped to save a number of immigrant trains from destruction. On our return to Fort Leavenworth we found General Sherman, General Harney, General Sanborn and a number of others of the former Union leaders who had come to the border to make peace with the Indians.

The various tribes that roamed the Plains had heard of the great war, and believing that it had so exhausted the white man that he would fall an easy prey to Indian aggression, had begun to arm themselves and make ready for great conquests. They had obtained great stores of arms and ammunition. During the last two years of the war they had been making repeated raids and inflicting vast damage on the settlers.

At the close of the war, when the volunteers were discharged, I was left free to return to my old calling. The regular army was in course of consolidation. Men who had been general officers were compelled to serve as colonels and majors. The consolidated army's chief business was in the West, where the Indians formed a real menace, and to the West came the famous fighting men under whose command I was destined to spend many of the eventful years to come.

(In the November Hearst's we go campaigning and scouting on the Plains with Col. Cody, meeting some famous Generals and getting a glimpse of the great Peace Commission to the Indian tribes)

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(1388)

MARION—By the Author of "Me"

(*Continued from page 232*)

Perhaps, as Lil wrote, conditions were better in New York. Certainly there should be more work for a model, and perhaps I might in time really get on the stage. I had enough money for my fare and a little over, and Boston appealed to me. Still, I had not definitely decided to go until after I had read the letter that came from Reggie:

"Dearest old girl:

"I am so glad you are keeping well, and have quite recovered from your recent indisposition. I have been up to my eyes and ears in important work. I'm going to run for the next sections for the ninth ward. What do you think of that for a young and rising barrister? I'll bet you are proud of your Reggie, now aren't you, darling? As for me, now that the rush has let up a bit, I am simply famishing for the sight of my little Marion, and *now* for the *best* news of all. I'm leaving for Boston to-morrow evening, and I'll be with you within a day! There won't be any more cross, stiff little letters coming to me from Boston, from a strange Marion that's not a bit like the loving little girl I know. The States is no place for a girl like you, darling, and I'm going there to fetch you home. Be at Grand Union Station at 8:15. Your

"REGGIE."

Feverishly I packed my clothes. I would go to New York! Reggie should not again find me here to hurt me further.

My train would not leave till night and I had a few friends whom I wished to bid good-by. When I was leaving the house I met Tim O'Leary, and he invited me to have lunch with him. I smiled to myself as I sat opposite that bartender, thinking what Reggie would say if he could see me, and I suddenly said to Tim:

"Tim, do you know, you are more of a real gentleman than the grandson of a duke I know." Tim's broad red face shone.

When I said good-by to Rose St. Denis she took me in her arms like a mother.

"Enfant," she said, "you are so t'in from ze seekness, I have for you ze pity in my 'eart. I will not see your face never again, but I will make me a prayer to *le bon Dieu* to pitifully tek care of my *petite sœur*."

"Oh, Rose," I said, crying, "I'll never, never forget *you*. I think the thought of *you* will always keep me *good!*"

I was fortunate in finding Dr. Squires in, though it was not his office-hour. He seemed glad to see me, and when I said:

"Doctor, I am off for New York," he answered:

"What's the matter with Boston, then?"

I explained that I thought that I could do better in New York, and he agreed that my chances there were more promising. Then I said:

"Doctor, I want to thank you for all your kindness to me and will you please tell me how much your bill is?"

He had not only come to see me two or three times a day during my illness, but he had also supplied all the medicines. He looked at me very seriously when I asked for his bill, and then he said in a deep, thrilling voice:

"You do not owe me a cent. It is *I* who am indebted to *you*."

I knew what he meant, and oh, it did thrill me to think that my illness had brought those two beautiful people together, Lois and her doctor. When I was going out I said:

"Doctor, I am going on the stage. Perhaps I'll succeed. Wish me good luck."

"I wish you the best of luck in the world," he said cordially, "and I wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear of your success. You look like Duse, Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe, and at times like a composite of all the great actresses." He did not laugh when he said that, and he wrung my hand warmly as if he actually meant it.

Lil had a tiny little flat near Columbus Avenue. She was delighted to see me and introduced me to the two other girls. They were both quite pretty, with bright golden hair and wonderful complexions. Lil whispered to me that their hair was bleached and she said that they got their complexions from the corner drug-store. I suppose in the daytime I could have seen for myself, but I had arrived at night and I was dead tired. The girls were all very friendly and later in the evening a number of men friends called. I was too tired and sleepy to sit up with them and I went to bed. The flat was so small that I could hear them talking and they seemed to sit up all night. In spite of the noise of their chatter and laughter I went to sleep.

I stayed with Lil in that flat for a month and we all shared expenses. I got work right away with some advertising photographers who paid me $5.00 for a single sitting—but that would take a good part of the day. Lil and the other girls posed for "The Banner," a kind of theatrical magazine, that ran pictures of chorus-girls, etc. I remember one picture which showed the girls tumbling out of a toboggan and another where they all were supposed to have fallen out of a street car. I could have done this work too, but it seemed tawdry and dirty work to me, and so long as I could get the photographic work I much preferred it.

In September we were all engaged to be living pictures by a man who was putting them on in vaudeville houses. The subjects represented were strictly proper ones, such as "Youth," "Psyche," "The Angelus," "Rock of Ages," etc. We received fifteen dollars a week. As we lived cheaply and men were always taking us out to dinners, our expenses were really small, and although Lil urged me to get some new clothes, I paid off my debt to Lu Fraser.

I suppose I ought to have been contented, but the work seemed stupid to me. I tired of the everlasting talk of chorus-girls. They all seemed to have but one interest, and that was the stage. Mind you, not *acting*, but the *stage* and all the cheap shop-talk that goes with it. What is more, I was weary of Lil and her girl friends and their men friends. They sat up in the little flat so late that it was almost impossible to sleep; and there was too much drink and crazy laughter. It worked upon my nerves and I began to long for the atmosphere of the studio once more. I thought that posing for the artists was, after all, preferable to this cheap "acting." So when an offer came to me of twenty-five dollars a week as a show-girl in a popular "musical show," I refused it, although Lil and the other girls exclaimed enviously over my "luck." They seemed to think that I was out of my senses and shrieked at me:

"What on earth *do* you want then?" and I replied wearily:

"I don't know myself. I guess I just want to be let alone."

How those girls did exclaim at that! Apparently, to them, I thought myself better than they were; but indeed this was not the case. I just realized that our interests were different. What seemed exciting and fine to them seemed to me just stupid, and the miserable lot of little Willie boys who were always hovering about us with their everlasting cigarets and silly short coats and foolish hats disgusted me. The artists for whom I had worked in Boston were *men*.

Thus I decided to leave Lil. Anyway there was some talk of their all going out with a road show and they expected to give up the flat soon.

I had had a furious letter from Reggie the day after I arrived in New York, and we had been quarreling by letter ever since. He accused me of deliberately leaving Boston when I knew that he was coming and he said: "It was a low-down trick and I shall never forgive you." In his anger he also wrote that perhaps the reason for my leaving was that I knew that he would find out the kind of life I had been living there. He wrote:

"I met a few of your 'friends'—a low-down bartender and a store clerk" (poor Billy Boyd's room-mate, I suppose), "and let me compliment you on your choice of associates. Your tastes certainly have not changed."

I did not answer that first letter; but he wrote me another, apologizing, and at the same time insinuating things. To that second letter I did reply, hotly. And so it went on between us.

After leaving Lil's, I found a little room on Fifteenth Street near Eighth Avenue. It was cheap and fairly comfortable and I soon got settled down there. Then I started out to look up some artists whose addresses had been sent to me by the Boston men. Right away I secured several engagements. I found, moreover, that my room was only a couple of blocks from what the artists called "Paresis Row" on Fourteenth Street. Here many artists occupied the upper floors, which had been turned into studios in these buildings, once the pretentious homes of mighty rich people. On the lower floors various businesses were carried on.

I was sent to a man who had a studio in Paresis Row. He was a friend of Mr. Sands, and although he did not use models, he said he would try to help me get work. He explained to me his own kind of painting as "old-master pot-boilers." Sometimes, he explained to me, he got a rush of orders for "old masters," and then a number of fellows would get busy working on them. He declared humorously that he ran an "old-master" factory.

As I looked at his work, I felt sure I could do that kind of painting, and I said:

"Mr. Menna, would you let me try it, too?" and I told him about the work I had done for the Count and about my father, and he exclaimed:

"Fine! you're just the girl I'm looking for."

So I went to work for Mr. Menna, part of the day. I would paint in most of the start, and he would finish up the pictures. "Clean them up and draw them together," as he would say. We were able this way to turn out many "old masters." We worked for the dealers and frame-makers, who in order to sell a frame put these hastily-made oil paintings in and sent them out as "genuine imported paintings."

Mr. Menna and I became fast friends. He treated me just like another "fellow" and divided the profits with a generous hand. Besides helping him to paint, I acted as his agent. I would go down-town and see the dealers, take orders and sometimes sell to them the ones we made on speculation.

I found out many things in the "picture business" that I had never dreamed possible, but that is another story.

At times, too, I posed for Mr. Menna. He would take spells when he became disgusted with his "pot-boilers," and would say he intended to do some "real stuff." These spells never lasted long, for he would run short of money, and would start with renewed energy on the "painting business," as he disgustedly called it. He discovered that I was very good at copying, but he discouraged my doing it. He said:

"There's mighty little money in copying, unless you pass it off as the original, and although the dealers do it, and I paint for them, I'm dashed if I'll actually sell them myself as original. It's not honest."

"But, Mr. Menna," I argued, "isn't it also dishonest for us to do the copying and let the dealers pass it off and sell it as original?"

"Maybe it is," he admitted, "but we don't see them selling them to the 'suckers' who buy them, and confound it, we certainly don't get the price, so what the dickens——"

Mr. Menna had raised his voice, and immediately we heard a big noise from the studio across the hall.

"It's that bunch of fellows at Fisher's," said Menna grinning. "They get together and all chip in to pay for a model. Say, how would you like to pose for them? Most of them are illustrators, and they'd want you in street clothes and things like that. You can make an extra dollar or two. Go up and see Bonnat. He generally engages the model for the other fellows. You've met Fisher here. He's that little red-haired chap. Talk to him about it, too. Now I'm off for lunch and a glass of beer. Come along if you like, Ascough."

I went along with Menna. We ate in a little restaurant at the back of a saloon corner of Eighth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The lunch cost twenty-five cents each. Menna did not eat much, but he drank four glasses of beer, and he got cross with me when I at first refused to drink. So to please him I had a glass. He said:

"Now you're a good sport, and the beer will make you fat."

"It's not my ambition to be fat," I laughed back.

"Get out," he answered. "Did you hear that German fellow who was in the studio the other day, when Miss Fleming" (Miss Fleming was Mr. Menna's girl) "asked him how he liked the American ladies? He said with a sad shake of his head: 'They are too t'in. The German wimmens have the perportions,' and he curved his hands in front of his chest as he said, 'It is one treat to look at her.'" Menna laughed heartily. "You're a German yourself," I said.

"Not on your life, I'm not," denied Menna vigorously. "I'm American. Even my folks were born here. I studied in Muenchen. That's the place!" He shook his head and sighed.

We got up to go, and Menna told me to hustle down town and see a dealer.

JACOBS, the dealer, was busy showing some customers the paintings. The place was softly lighted, and the paintings were shown off to the best advantage by the arrangement of the lights. There were a number of Oriental rugs about, helping to make the place look luxurious, and adding somehow to the value of the paintings. Jacobs nodded to me, and I sat down to wait.

As soon as the customers were gone, he called me over and, pointing to a couple of paintings in elaborate gold frames, he said:

"Those people who were in are furnishing their new home on Riverside Drive, and I expect to sell them quite a few paintings. They got stuck on those two, and I made them a price on them. Now, those two are already sold, and the party who bought them wants them delivered next week. You have just come in time, Miss Ascough, as I must have these copied right away. Can you get me an artist to do it?"

I looked at those paintings. They were about sixteen by twenty-eight inches, and the subject of one was a Breton field of wheat and harvesters, and the other was of a priest or cardinal in his red robes sitting reading in a richly furnished library. Menna, I knew, could not possibly do the work that week, for he was working out an order for another dealer, and I had come to Jacobs to collect for old work. I thought, however, that I could easily do it myself. So I said to Jacobs:

"I know a woman artist who'll do it for you."

"A woman! No, sir! I would not have a woman do any work for me," said the dealer. "I have had all I want to do with women artists. They do much inferior work to the men, take twice as long, and get swelled heads about it. They whine if they don't make a fortune out of their daubs. No—nothing doing with the women. Now I like Menna's work. Take them to him. Don't let anyone see them, and I'll very likely be able to have them copied again, as I think they'll prove good sellers."

"All right," I said, but I made up my mind to do them myself, and I went out with those precious "imported" paintings under my arm.

Mr. Menna was showing some of his "pot-boilers" to a man when I returned. They were paintings of little ragged boys. The man did not care for them. As he was going out he said:

"I'll come again some day when you have other pictures. Those little-boy pictures are nice, and I like them, but they are not *parlor* pictures, and my customers want parlor pictures."

Menna was puffing angrily on a big cigar. I laughed as the man went out, but Menna could not see the humor of it. He got angrier and angrier. He threw down his palette and brush and let out a big anathema.

"I hope you feel better now, Mr. Menna," I ventured.

"That's the kind of thing one is up against," he roared, "and that fool, Bonnat, was in here a while ago and told me he had refused to make some alteration in the portrait he is painting of the wife of that rich Dr. Craig, because the ass said he would not prostitute his art, and a lot of stuff like that. It makes me sick. He also lost a good chance he had to make illustrations for a magazine—best-paying magazine in New York. He had his own ideas about the illustrations, and as they were paying for the job they told him how they wanted them smooth cut. Bonnat belongs to the new school of painting, and he actually refused to please them—missed a chance almost any artist would be glad to get. He's a chump."

I was getting excited. In a dim way I was beginning to see something else in Art than "the picture business." It reminded me of how poor Wallace, Ellen's husband, used to talk of literature. I secretly admired this Bonnat for his stand and his courage.

"Is Mr. Bonnat a Frenchman?" I asked.

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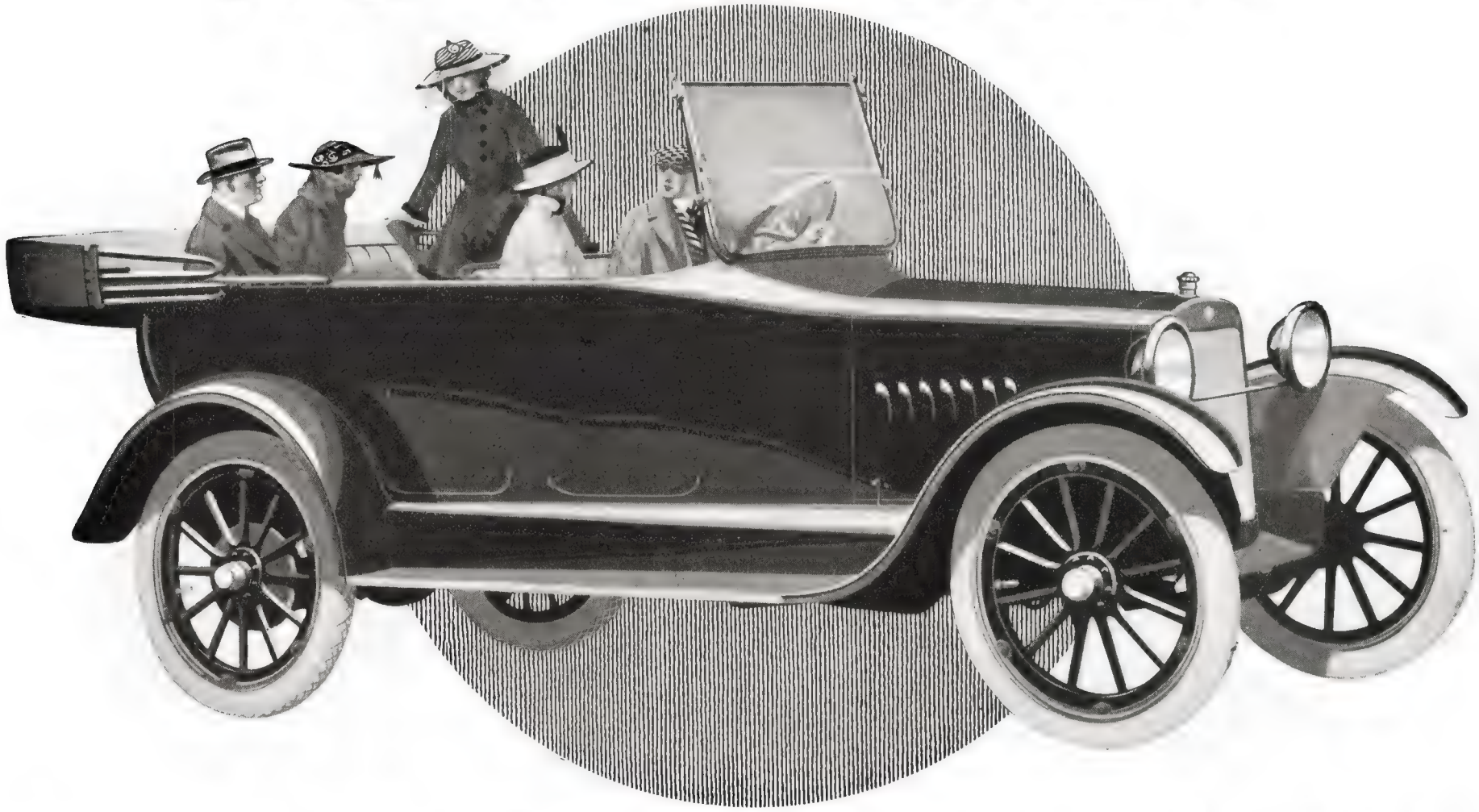

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"No-o," Menna seemed uncertain of his nationality, but he said after a moment: "He went to college in America. Got his Ph.D. at Harvard, and was offered a professorship out West somewhere, but after studying all those years and wasting time, he turns around and takes up art. Says all he learned about those ologies will enable him to paint better. Did you ever hear such rot?"

"I think I know what he means," I said eagerly.

"Oh, do you, Miss Wise-one? Well, what does he then?" Menna was laughing at me, but I didn't mind. I felt as if I really did understand Bonnat's point of view, and I said:

"I think he means that he will understand human life better. I've heard artists in Boston discussing something about that; I cannot explain it to myself, I only *feel* that he is right."

"Oh, rats!" answered Menna. "It's all very well if one can afford to do it. I can't, and Bonnat can't. He went without food for a whole week, except some bread-and-milk, and he's a big, hearty animal, and he went without his winter coat all last winter, because he gave it to that little consumptive Jew, Shubert. The joke of it was that Bonnat weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and little Shubert about eighty or ninety, if he weighs that, and he reaches only to Bonnat's shoulder. It was a howling joke to see him going about in that big overcoat of Bonnat's."

Suddenly there flashed over me a memory of Reggie's handsome fur-lined coat, with its rich collar of mink, and I remembered how mine had not been thick enough to keep the cruel cold out, and Reggie never noticed how I shivered with the cold in those days. My heart went out to that big Bonnat who had given his coat to cover up a poor neighbor from the cold.

"The name is French," I said to Menna. "Are you sure he's not French?"

"His folks were originally, I believe, French Huguenots, and he's partly German. You're interested in him, aren't you? Better not waste your time on a nut," and Menna finally dismissed Bonnat with a laugh.

When I showed him the paintings he said that I could copy them as well as he could and made me sit right down and go to work.

Menna himself had shown great promise as a youth. Moreover, his parents were wealthy, and they had sent him to study in Munich. But when his father died there was found scarcely enough money left to support his mother and sisters, and Menna was sent for to do his share. He was only twenty-eight, and he tried to support himself with his brush. He was a good-natured, careless fellow, whose paths had hitherto been smoothed for him, and so he chose the easiest way in art. He drifted into the pot-boiler painting, and alas, there he stayed, as is generally the case.

I FINISHED my copies in four days, and they were scarcely dry when I carried them down to Jacobs. He examined them as if he were buying some material by the yard. I felt very nervous as he looked at them. Then he grunted, went over to his desk and wrote me a check for thirty dollars and fifteen cents. Menna told me he sold them for a couple of hundred, if not more. He handed me the check with the remark:

"They will do. It takes a *man* to do a piece of work right."

For a time Menna had very little work for me. There were slack times when he had not enough for himself, and he would get very discouraged. Sometimes he would gather up all the paintings we had made and say:

"Go and slaughter them to those blessed frame-makers, Ascough, and sell them for what you can get—anything."

I would remonstrate with him, and point out that if he would wait and not be in such a hurry for his money we could get better prices.

"Hang it all," he would shout, "what's the use?"

So long as he had a few dollars to sit at some table with friends and order beer, he would sacrifice or, as he called it, "slaughter," anything and everything.

As work was now very scarce, I decided to see Fisher about the posing, so I went across the hall and knocked at his door.

"Hello, Miss Ascough," he called out cheerily, as I came in. "Come in and sit down. You seem pretty busy in Menna's studio. What are you doing for him?"

"Oh, I help him to paint," I said, "and I sell his work for him, and sometimes I pose. That's what I want to ask you about now. Wouldn't you like me to pose for you and your friends? I hear you all sketch together once a week."

"We'll be glad to have you," he declared cordially, his eye scanning me admiringly. "Why didn't you speak before?"

"Well, I've been pretty busy with Mr. Menna, but work's slack now. So, I'd like to pose for you some time."

"Good! See Bonnat about it. He generally engages the models, and we're to work in his room next time. Have you met him?"

"No."

"Well, I guess you have *heard* him," laughed Fisher. "He certainly makes enough noise. When he first moved in here, we used to be wakened up early in the morning by him stamping up the stairs from the bathroom, carrying his bucket of water. There's no water on his floor, and the way he stamped and cussed as he went up those two flights of stairs was enough to awaken the dead, and all the stairs would be splashed with water. We thought that cross old Mary, the caretaker, would go for him—as she *can* —but she never said a word to him. Just went to work and wiped up the water every morning. That comes of being a good-looker."

"Is he so handsome then?"

Fisher himself was a homely, red-haired little fellow.

"You bet he is," he said, "as handsome as they make 'em, so don't get stuck on him, as we want to keep Bonnat here. What's more, he paints like he looks—great—wonderful! He'll make his mark yet. Go along and see him now. Rous mit you!"

So, leaving Fisher's studio, I climbed the stairs to the top floor, and turning to the left, I saw a door with a card nailed on it, bearing the name of Paul Bonnat. I stood and looked at the door for some time, and then I knocked. The door was opened with a jerk, and standing in the doorway was a young giant, whose head seemed to reach to the top of the door. His hair was all sticking up. It was fair, and the eyes that looked at me questioningly were blue. He had a wide, clever mouth, and a chin that was like a cleft rock. As I stared up at him his face smiled all over, so that I was forced to smile in return, and I thought to myself:

"Why, he looks like a young viking."

Somehow he made me think of my father, in coloring and the Northern type of face, but this man had a more distinct personality, that seemed almost to strike one. Papa was gentle and a dreamer. Bonnat was vitally alive.

"Mr. Fisher told me you wanted a model."

He nodded and his big glance, still smiling, looked me over.

"Come in, come in."

He was about twenty-six or seven, and in spite of the two hundred pounds Menna told me he weighed, he was not fat.

I was now in the room, and I glanced about me. Never have I seen such an untidy room in my life. It was not dirty, but simply cluttered with things.

"Sit down," he said, sweeping off some drawings and papers on to the floor from a chair that was loaded. There was also a glass of water on the chair, and he tipped that off, too, and the water ran on the floor.

"Oh," I gasped, "do you always throw everything on the floor like that?"

I was possessed with a desire to tidy up that room. My hands literally itched to go to work upon it. He seemed so helpless among all his belongings, hunting for matches and cigarets.

"Got it at last!" he laughed, as he discovered the box of matches on the window-sill, and striking one he offered me a light. I never cared for smoking, but as I was always expected to smoke I usually accepted to save the bother of refusing or being urged.

"It's the devil to be in such a small hole," he said. "I seem to spend all my time looking for things. Well, now, let's see: You're going to pose for us, are you? Is next Sunday all right, or do you have to go to confess something?" He asked the question teasingly, as if he enjoyed poking fun at me.

"No, I never go to church," I admitted.

A shocked look came into his face, and he opened his mouth wide.

"What? You are a heathen!"

He threw back his head and burst into the loudest and most infectious laughter I have ever heard.

"Then it's all settled," he said. "Now I have to go to lunch. Want to come along?"

I nodded, and he said: "Good!" He hunted around for his hat, stuck it jauntily on his head, and taking me by the arm we went down the stairs.

When we were sitting in the little restaurant near Sixth Avenue he asked me a lot of questions about myself, and before I knew it I had told him all about my father and mother and brothers and sisters; of the work I had done in Montreal, and then I told him of the hard times I had in Boston.

He told me how only a few months before Fisher and he and "a couple of other guys" were all "broke" and none of them had enough cash to buy a meal ticket, which entitled him to six meals for one dollar and a quarter, instead of twenty-five cents each meal. So they had all chipped in together and bought one ticket among them on the third of July. Well, when they went to dinner on the fourth of July, to the Little Waldorf on Eighth Avenue, they were confronted by this sign:

"The landlord has gone away for a holiday, and will return next week."

Bonnat seemed to think that an immense joke. He said everyone in Paresis Row had had some such experience.

He wanted to know where I lived and I told him—Fifteenth Street—and then he asked suddenly:

"Alone?" When I answered "Yes," he smiled beamingly at me. Then he took me home, and lifting his hat in going said:

"You're engaged then, Sunday. Good-by."

I could see him striding down the street, his head up, and his broad shoulders thrown back. He whistled as he went along.

Sunday morning was bleak and cold. It had been raining for the last three days, and as I crossed the corner of Eighth Avenue and Fourteenth Street the puddles were so deep that I splashed the mud all over my raincoat. It was cold and chilly when I reached Paul Bonnat's studio.

There were, besides Fisher and Paul Bonnat, two other men, one named Enfield, who was an illustrator, and a Mr. Christian, who worked as a lithographer on week days and painted in his spare time on Sundays.

When I got in Fisher seized me by the arm, and with a mock-proud gesture he showed me Bonnat's renovated room:

"Look, Miss Ascough. Can you beat this for a studio *de luxe*—and all in your honor! Gee! Look at that beautiful pile of rubbish he has swept under the table there, where he thought you wouldn't see it. He's trying to impress you with the beauty of his home."

"Shut up!" shouted Bonnat, "I'm the only one of the bunch who patronizes the bath here, at any rate."

"Ugh!" shuddered Fisher, "that bath is filthy, and there's never a drop of hot water, so one would be dirtier after taking a bath there."

"Nonsense!" answered Bonnat. "All you have to do is to take down a pitcher or a bucket. Then rub soap all over your body, and stand up in the tub and pour the pitchers of cold water over yourself. It's fine!"

"Whoor-roo!" shivered Enfield. "No cold water for me!"

"Strikes me," growled Bonnat, "we're not particularly easy on Miss Ascough. She's been posing over her time."

"True enough," said Fisher.

"Well, what's the verdict?" demanded Bonnat, beaming down upon me. "Shall we have her next week, or get a nice little soft blonde?"

I thought he was talking seriously, and I said: "Oh, I hope you'll have me. I like posing for you all."

"You do?" said Bonnat, and then he added roughly, "It's blessed hard work, isn't it?"

I said: "Not with fellows like you. I forgot I was posing. I like to hear you all talk."

They all laughed at that, and seemed much pleased. So then I was engaged to come again the following Sunday, to "hear them all talk."

I HAD been posing for several Sundays for the "Club" in Paresis Row. At first, all four of the men came regularly. Then Enfield dropped out, then Christian, who was out of work, and finally one Sunday when I arrived I found only Bonnat there. He insisted that I should remain, as he said he was very much in need of a model.

He worked away without speaking once to me for some time. It was funny to watch his face while he worked, making curious expressions and attitudes corresponding to certain expressions and emotions. When he was through, I went over and looked at the painting, and I thought it very wonderful. I said shyly:

"If you like, I'll take it to some of the dealers I sell Mr. Menna's paintings to, and

Mr. Bonnat"—I wanted him to know that I, too, could paint, but I had never had the courage to tell him before all the other men—"I sometimes sell some of my own too."

He turned around slowly and looked at me. "So, you paint too, do you?" I nodded.

After a moment he said: "We won't bother about those dealers you speak of, but I'd like to see your work."

"I get ten dollars for a painting sometimes," I said, thinking that would be an added inducement to him to let me help sell his paintings. He smiled when I said that and after a moment he said:

"Ten dollars is a mighty comfortable thing, and so are two pairs of darned socks, as *Oliver Twist* would have said; but there's something besides the selling question in all these efforts of ours—don't you know that?"

"You mean self-expression?" I asked timidly. I had heard studio talk before.

"Yes—self-expression, and a good many other things besides."

He paused, studying me musingly. "I wonder if you will understand," he said, almost to himself, and then added, with a beaming look, "yes, I am sure you will. It's this way: If our art is our life, then perhaps we had best follow Goethe's advice and live resolutely in the good, the whole and the true. To do that we must know *values*—values on the canvas and values in life." Reggie's scale of values flashed to my mind.

"To be well informed," he went on, "generally helps us to recognize values."

"The value of one's paintings?" I asked shyly.

"I have an inclination to regard you as a little mouse," he said, "but if you bite like that, I shall call you a flea instead. Yes, that value, and the value of money too, by—hearsay."

As he talked I had a sense of excitement, a certain uplifting thrill, as it were. It seemed to me he was opening doors into a world that I had previously merely sensed. I knew dimly of its existence. The girls at Lil's had said: "Well, what *do* you want then?" I did not know myself. I think it was simply a blind, intuitive reaching after the light of understanding. I felt these things, but I could not express my needs. I was of the inarticulate, but not the unfeeling. Bonnat must have realized this quality in me, else he would not have revealed himself so freely to me. He talked with an odd mixture of seriousness and lightness. It was almost as if he slowly chose his words, to make himself clear, just as if he were speaking to a child—a child he was not entirely sure of, but whom he wanted to reach.

"I *do* know what you mean," I cried. "Do you know Kipling's 'L'Envoi'?—because that expresses it exactly."

"Let's hear it." And I recited warmly, for I loved it:

> "When earth's last picture is painted
> And the tubes are twisted and dried,
> When the oldest colors are faded,
> And the youngest critic has died,
> We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
> Lie down for an æon or two,
> Till the Master of all good workmen
> Shall set us to work anew.
> And those who are good shall be happy;
> They shall sit in a Golden Chair;
> They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
> With brushes of Comet's hair;
> They shall find real saints to draw from—
> Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
> They shall work for an age at a sitting,
> And never be tired at all;
> And only the Master shall praise us,
> And only the Master shall blame;
> And no one shall work for money,
> And no one shall work for Fame;
> But each for the joy of the working;
> And each in his separate star
> Shall draw the things as he sees it
> For the God of Things as They Are!"

"Bully!" cried Bonnat. "Your dramatic training was not lost. Only one thing——"

"What?" He put his two hands on my shoulders, and gave me a friendly little shake and hug:

"You—lithp!" he said. Before I could protest at that deadly insult he took my hands and squeezed them hard, and said:

"I believe we speak the same language after all. We *think* it, anyway, don't we?"

I HAD been posing all afternoon. Bonnat still insisted on my coming each Sunday, although the other men were through with me for the time being. I was not sure that Bonnat could really afford to have a model alone, and I often thought I should not go; but somehow I found myself unable to keep away. All week long I looked forward to that afternoon in Paul Bonnat's studio, and the thought that it could not last made me feel very badly.

"Look at the time!" He pointed dramatically to the clock on the shelf. It was upside down. Then he regarded me remorsefully:

"You must be tired out, and hungry too. What do you say to having dinner with me to-night? How about one of those awful Italian *table d'hôtes*, where they give you ten courses with red ink for the price of a sandwich? Will that suit you?"

I was seized with a distaste to go out in the rain, even with Bonnat, to one of those melancholy restaurants. I looked about me, and sighing said:

"I wish I had a place to cook. I'm awfully tired of restaurants!"

"What, can you cook?" he demanded excitedly, just as if he had discovered some miraculous talent in me.

"Why, yes," I said proudly, "and I love it, too. I can cook anything," I added sweepingly.

"You don't say." His eyes swept the room. "Where's that trunk?" He found it, and called to me to come and see what it contained.

"See here—how's this? I brought these things with me when I first left home, and intended to cook for myself, but a fellow can't bother with these things. Hasn't got the time, and then everything gets lost about the place," he added ruefully. "Now here's a little gas-stove. I use it to heat water for shaving, and sometimes when the boys come in on a cold night we make a hot drink."

I had picked up a little brass kettle, and I saw him looking at it. He put his hands on the other side of it gently, and he said:

"That belonged to my mother. She's been dead two years now."

"Oh, we'll not touch it!" I declared. "We'll make coffee in something else."

He pressed the little kettle upon me.

"No, no, you shall make it in this. My mother would have liked you to. I wish you could have known her."

"I wish I could," I said earnestly. Bonnat stared at me a moment, and then he said, moving toward the door:

"I'm going to the delicatessen, and I'll bring back what?"

"Anything that is not cooked," I said. "I do so want to cook a real dinner, and there's a couple of pans here, though I wish there was more than one gas ring."

While he was gone I went quickly to work. I fairly flew about that studio, putting everything to rights, piling up the things in their proper places, hanging up the things that should be hung, and sweeping, tidying, dusting, till it really looked like a different place. Then I set the table with two plates I found in his trunk, one teaspoon, one knife and two forks. There was only one cup between us, but there were two glasses. Presently Bonnat came in with his arms full of packages. He stood in the doorway, just looking about him, and slowly over his face there came the most beatific smile I have ever seen in the world. Somehow it just seemed to embrace the whole room, and me too. He set the packages down, and this is what he had bought: Frankfurters, cheese, eggs, butter, bread, pickles, jam, and a lot of other things, but not a thing to cook except the frankfurters. I must have looked disappointed, for he asked anxiously:

"Isn't it all right?"

"Oh, I had set my mind on making a rice pudding," I said.

"That's all right," he declared eagerly. "You shall, too. What do you need for it?"

"Well, rice, cinnamon, sugar, milk, eggs and butter."

He laughed, and went singing and rattling down the stairs on his second errand. I could hear him when he came back all the way from the entrance of the building, but I loved his noise!

I made that pudding. As we had no oven, I had to boil it, but I put cinnamon heavily on top, so it looked as if browned, and it did taste good. We were both so tired of the cheap restaurants, that everything tasted just fine, and Bonnat leaned over the table and fervently declared that I was the best cook he had ever met in his life. We were both laughing about that, when after a rat-tat on the door, it burst open, and in came Fisher. He stopped short and stared at us.

"Well, upon my word, you look like newly-weds," he said, and that made me blush so, that I pretended to drop something and leaned over to pick it up, for I was ashamed to look at Paul Bonnat after that.

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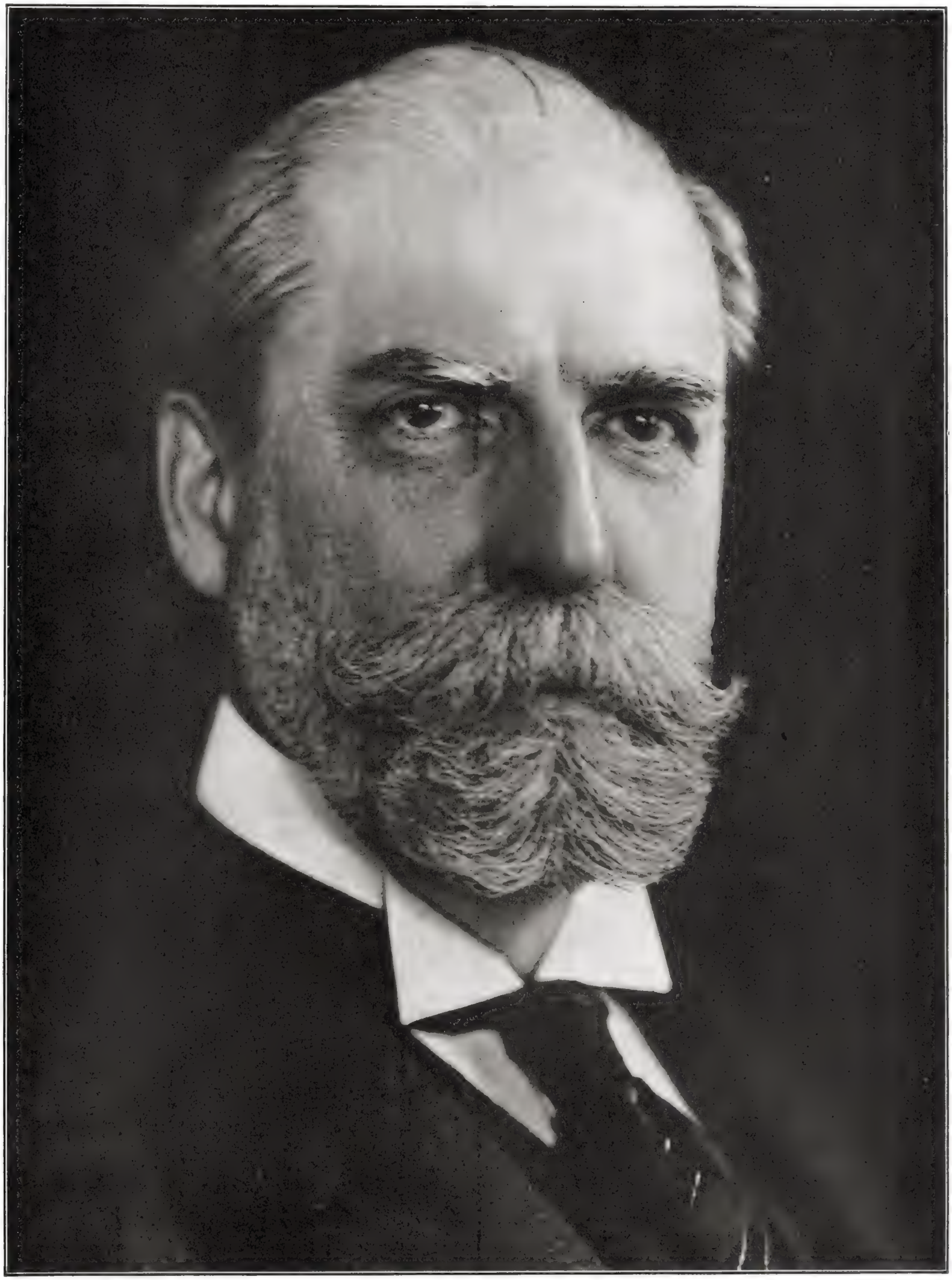

CHARLES E. HUGHES

See opposite page

The LIFE-STORY *of* CHARLES E. HUGHES

BEGIN with the year 1905. Those were dark days in New York State.

The "House of Mirth" was more popular than the Executive mansion at Albany and the "Black Horse Cavalry" were in the saddle. The great insurance companies controlled the state insurance department as a matter of sacred right, the gas companies controlled the Gas Commission, the railroads controlled the Railroad Commission and the big public utility corporations ran amuck as they pleased, while they all combined to control the powers behind the Legislature.

These were the conditions when, by a happy chance, there came quietly but suddenly into the public life of the State the refreshing personality of one of the least known but ablest attorneys of his time, Charles E. Hughes.

Attacking the Gas Monopoly

A legislative committee went down to New York City to investigate the gas companies.

They needed as their attorney and chief investigator some effective lawyer who was not entangled with the far-reaching ramifications of the Wall Street powers. Most of the great lawyers were ineligible because they had followed the custom of the day in accepting "general retainers." Hughes, it seemed, never accepted such fees, a personal rule of conscience against easy money which had an unexpected reward.

The committee asked him to serve them. He accepted reluctantly for he disliked notoriety, and specified that he must have an absolutely free hand. Little knowing what was to come, they pledged themselves not to hamper him. Some of them were sorry afterwards, for Hughes led them at a tremendous pace into the innermost retreats of high privilege, mastering the most intricate arrays of figures and the most devious technicalities of the business with an intellectual grasp that amazed and terrified his opponents.

The Fight for Honest Insurance

When the insurance investigation came along a little later, Hughes was the logical man to conduct it. The whole world watched this fearless stranger as he plucked the dignity and mystery from towering figures in the financial and insurance world, and revealed them as nothing more than merry-makers with other people's money.

Sinister influences tried to stop him; they jerked his coat tails. "Don't open up *that* bank account," they whispered. "That is where our party campaign funds were kept."—Whereupon that particular bank account became the special object of his most searching attention.

He put prominent Democrats on the stand first, and it was expected that he would follow the usual precedent of not disturbing the leaders of his own party. But that was not Hughes' way! The great Republican leaders got their turn in due time and were mercilessly exposed. You reap the benefit of Hughes' brilliant work in that investigation, every time you pay a life insurance premium.

Secretly desiring to remove such a persistent investigator, they nominated him for Mayor of New York. He was not to be diverted from his uncompleted task. He waved the nomination aside and went on fearlessly and persistently until his great work was done.

A New Kind of Governor

The next year his party, torn by factions, sought a leader who would stand out above all factions and assure victory. A convention that would have preferred some one else nominated him for Governor, without his lifting a finger to get the nomination.

Then followed those inspiring four years of his Governorship, still remembered with a thrill by every upward-looking citizen of the State.

Exit Bossism

The party leaders came to him with the names of men whom they had selected to be his subordinates. The appointments required the consent of the Senate. They controlled the Senate. The Governor thanked them dryly for their kindness in doing his work for him—but he had already selected satisfactory appointees and the names would go to the Senate on the morrow. Patiently they explained as to a child, that things were not done that way in politics—that "the organization" would be against him—and gradually, as the fruitless argument proceeded, they began to realize that here was a man who would cheerfully go down to defeat with all his colors flying, for a righteous cause.

Unafraid of Defeats

They did succeed in preventing, for the time being, the passage of his direct Primary Bill, his Massachusetts Ballot Bill and his Short Ballot Amendment. He struggled hard for them, but he left office with this part of his work still unaccomplished. But the issues that bore his name would not die. Three years after he left office, both a real direct primary law and an office group ballot law were written into the statutes of the State, while all parties vied with each other in professions of devotion to the Short Ballot principle.

Yet there never was a time when Hughes could not have forced through his program of reform immediately by trading "patronage" for measures. There were the State employees in the Capitol, for instance, the stalwart political henchmen of one of Hughes' bitterest foes. A wave of Hughes' hand, the dismissal of one of these job holders with its implied threat toward the rest, and his opponent's machine would have collapsed! Yet Hughes would not stoop to such expedients, no matter how tempting was the objective. State employees learned that their jobs were safe, if they did their work, and unsafe if they didn't.

The End of "Deals"

Neither would Hughes make deals with the legislators with bill for bill. If a champion of his big measures slipped through an improper little local bill, Hughes would veto it sharply. If a good bill came along originating with a legislative arch-enemy, Hughes would gladly sign it.

Taming the Utility Corporations

But to return to his record of achievements. His first big fight revealed new methods—new theories. He proposed the Public Service Commissions law, a law with real teeth in it.

Most of the States have such laws now but it was a new and radical thing in those days when the public utility corporations were accustomed to doing about as they pleased. The legislature soon showed that it had no idea of taking the bill seriously.

Hughes then undertook one of his famous "appeals to the people." He began to accept invitations to speak in various parts of the State, and he spoke always on this one topic. The State began to think and then to talk. Hughes did not call his opponents bad names or impugn their motives. But letters began to pour into Albany asking representatives where they stood. The opposition changed from contempt to alarm. Soon they were saying that of course they approved the bill—with modifications. Finally the fight centered on the modifications—adroit tricks to get the teeth out of the law, but in the end, Hughes won completely.

Great Days for Labor

There was another great battle over the law for Workmen's Compensation for industrial accidents. It was a new idea then and much harder to put through than it would be today. This law, too, had teeth in it—Hughes saw to that. It made the employer in certain trades liable for the accidents that happened to his employees, regardless of the old doctrines of "assumption of risk" and "contributory negligence," so that injured employees could recover damages without a law suit. It was the pioneer compulsory law and formed the basis for all such subsequent legislation in America.

Hughes acquired great strength with Labor by this piece of work and by the rest of the fifty-six labor laws that he helped to put through.

"He was a great governor," said the organ of the State Federation of Labor, regretfully, when his term ended and credited to his brief four years one-third of all New York's labor legislation!

The Big Race Track Gambling Fight

Then there was the fierce battle for ending race track gambling. The great race tracks had become huge living roulette wheels with their inevitable train of defalcations, suicides, and demoralized lives. Hughes showed up these glittering and picturesque affairs in their true and sordid light, converted the State to his way of thinking and jammed reform through in the face of powerful and sinister opposition.

General Interest Above Special Interests

When he ran for the Governorship the second time, it was calculated that he had affronted no less than fourteen great special interests any one of which would have made an ordinary Governor hold his hand for the sake of his political future. But committing political suicide seemed a favorite amusement with this fearless executive who put his faith in the people and waited for them to come slowly but surely rallying to his support.

How "His Soul Went Marching On"

So the name of Hughes became a thing to conjure with in New York politics for years after he left the State to take his place on the Supreme Court. To have been a "Hughes man" has been an asset ever since. To say "Hughes favored this measure" gave it standing. Republicans, Democrats and Progressives have used the name of Hughes to win support for men and measures.

The State administration still feels the impetus he gave, the new life and vitality which he injected into humdrum departments. He brought into office a great group of the strongest and most expert administrators that ever served the State.

He was keenly aware that passing a good law was not enough if the enforcement of the law or the realization of its beneficent opportunities were intrusted to partisan hacks or good-natured nonentities.

Back in the Arena Today

The Hughes of those great days is back in the arena today—back at the very moment when we need at Washington the strongest and ablest executive the nation can supply. One can understand from his own record the impatience with which he has been forced to watch the empty rhetorical "triumphs" of the present administration, the endless catering to mere expediency, the appointments of "deserving" politicians made for the party's sake at the country's expense, the inefficiency that is inevitable when trembling hands hold the reins of government! Such things are incompatible with Hughes' character. He is built of sterner stuff!

Let's Have a Great President!

It is easy to foresee what kind of executive he will make! We have but to look back at what he did when Governor!

His cabinet will be one of the strongest in the Nation's history. He will choose full-sized men, who will serve the country in the same spirit he serves it. Nor will he lack material. He has in his party a far better array of experienced ability from which to draw than his opponent can find among his old-fashioned sectional-minded southern Democrats.

We can see him in action, master of the hard fact rather than the happy phrase. We can see his fine passion for public service freshening the whole Federal administration. We can see the joyful satisfaction he will take in vetoing pork-barrel appropriations and petty pension grabs!

And we can see him when foreign ambassadors come in and meet that straight unfearing look of his and listen to a simple unvarnished statement of what is permissible and what is not!

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SEVEN CHANCES

(*Continued from page 243*)

Lilly—Oh, Jimmie, perhaps I shall never have my wonderful romance—but to have it—— Oh, I wouldn't give up my chance for all the millions in the world.

And *Peggy* has some ideas as to marriage which strike *Jimmie* as rather cold-blooded:

Jimmie—As I was saying, Peggy, my love for you—my——

Peggy—I wish I felt the same toward you.

Jimmie—Don't you?

Peggy—No, Jimmie, I think the days of true romance are past and gone.

Jimmie—You do? Why, a girl told me that no woman would marry without romancing—without the flower of love.

Peggy—Oh, nonsense, not any more—perhaps in our grandmothers' day—but for me there is only one kind of marriage.

Jimmie—What kind do you want—caveman?

Peggy—Nonsense—for me no fuss—no lovey, lovey, sentimental rubbish—just a practical, platonic marriage—that's my ideal.

Jimmie—Sort of a business arrangement?

Peggy—Exactly.

Jimmie—Fine!

Peggy—(*happily surprised*) You don't mean *that* would appeal to you?

Jimmie—Indeed it would.

Peggy—But you spoke of love—of passion—of the days of old.

Jimmie—Did I—well, I was wrong—you've convinced me.

Peggy—Oh, we'll be very happy—with our separate establishments—you with your little bachelor apartment in town—and I with my country estate.

Jimmie—(*shaking his head*) I'm afraid that wouldn't quite do.

Peggy—But it's the ideal marriage.

Jimmie—Yes, in a way, but you see, my grandfather was rather eccentric—his will stipulated that for a year anyhow my wife and I must not live apart for more than two consecutive days.

Peggy—Live apart—but why did he stipulate that?

Jimmie—(*awkwardly*) Well—you see—I'm the last of the Shannons—so grandfather wanted me to get married to—sort of—as 'twere—carry on the Shannon traditions.

Peggy—Carry on the Shannon traditions?

Jimmie—Yes, in a manner of speaking, to—ah—perpetuate the family.

Peggy—Perpet——

Jimmie—Yes, you see, he always pictured me on one side of the fireplace, you on the other—he always liked you, Peggy—and eight or ten tots about.

Peggy—Eight or ten?

Jimmie—Well, six or seven maybe.

Peggy—Perpetuate the family? (*as it dawns on her, she rises*) How dare you, Mr. Shannon—how dare you insult me!

Jimmie—(*rises*) But I'm not insulting you—I'm asking you to marry me, Lilly.

Peggy—Lilly—my name is Peggy.

Jimmie—Did I say Lilly?—I meant Peggy.

Peggy—How dare you! Perpetuate *your* family—perpetuate your *own* family! (*exits indignantly*)

Quite unexpectedly—and late—*Anne Windsor* is enabled to reach the club; *Jimmie* proposes to her after a fashion, but for good and sufficient reasons she turns him down:

Anne—(*suddenly*) It must be an extraordinarily exciting sensation to fall into millions.

Jimmie—It's nerve-racking.

Anne—And with all that huge income to spend you can do anything—so can your wife.

Jimmie—Pretty nearly.

Anne—Money is the most important thing in the world, isn't it—without it one can't be truly happy.

Jimmie—No, indeed.

Anne—Still, love isn't to be despised.

Jimmie—(*warmly*) Rather not.

Anne—But congenial affection is a splendid substitute when a fortune goes with it.

Jimmie—I should say so. (*very cheerfully*) I do like you, Anne.

Anne—(*with a glint in her eye*) Do you, Jimmie?

Jimmie—(*coaxingly*) You like me a little, don't you—even if I am rude sometimes?

Anne—(*practically*) Of course I do.

Jimmie—You forgive all that, don't you?

Anne—Of course I do.

Jimmie—(*suddenly*) You're not engaged, Anne, are you?

Anne—No—why?

Jimmie—(*looking where he and Georgy sat*) Oh, nothing—how very black your eyes are.

Anne—They're brown.

Jimmie—They look black to me.

Anne—(*helpfully*) In some lights they do.

Jimmie—You've such honest eyes—it's fine the way they look at you.

Anne—(*generously*) I like that, Jimmie.

Jimmie—And your hand—so firm and strong—so full of character and beauty.

Anne—(*still letting him hold her hand*) You've a nice hand too.

Jimmie—What beautiful hair you have, Anne—it's wonderful the way it sort of curls around your ear.

Anne—You're sentimental to-day, Jimmie.

Jimmie—I suppose I am.

Anne—I've never seen you like this before. (*starts to take her hand away*)

Jimmie—No—no—no—don't move, Anne—as you sit there your hair looks like sunset on a summer sea.

Anne—(*suppressing her humor, but almost bursting*) That's beautiful, Jimmie.

Jimmie—(*sighing*) Oh, Anne.

Anne—Oh, Jimmie.

Jimmie—(*full of romance*) If I could only say the things I feel.

Anne—I know, Jimmie—it's not easy when one really feels.

Jimmie—You do understand so well.

Anne—Indeed I do.

Jimmie—Queer, isn't it—after loving a girl for years—a girl with lovely black-brown eyes—and long, long lashes—and dainty hands—and wonderful hair—and pretty feet—and never being able to afford to speak—suddenly luck or fate plays right into a man's hands and makes it possible for him. (*Anne bursts into a peal of laughter*) What's the matter?

Anne—(*barely able to speak*) You're so funny.

Jimmie—(*highly irritated*) Funny—but I'm making love to you.

Anne—Oh, Jimmie—Jimmie! At eighteen I could have forgiven you—but at thirty to be such an amateur—oh, Jimmie, Jimmie!

Jimmie—Now, really, Anne——

Anne—Don't interrupt. I haven't had many proposals—perhaps none—or at twenty-four—I'm really twenty-five—I shouldn't still be unmarried; consequently I must be eager for matrimony—and being a nice girl I'd make a good wife—you wouldn't be ashamed of me—I wear pretty clothes, even on my family's limited income—we could probably manage to stand each other for at least a year—I speak with some intelligence—I can keep up small talk even when the man can't—I play a sufficiently good game of bridge not to ruin my partner—my tennis is passable—my golf good—my hair my own—my health is perfect—and above all I am twenty-five and a woman and I really ought to marry!

Jimmie—By Jove—I never knew you were so chock-full of common sense.

Anne—But as I'm in love with a man who doesn't love me—I've given up my romance and in its place I've put this fantastic notion of a mere commercial marriage with you—but for one obstacle.

Jimmie—(*worried*) For the love of heaven, what is it?

Anne—On your word of honor will you answer me honestly?

Jimmie—On my word of honor.

Anne—Have you ever been in love—really in love?

Jimmie—(*convincingly*) No, Anne, never—once when I was eighteen I thought I was, but it was just, you know—curiosity. I've never loved any woman. I can come to you—what is it they say?—heart-whole and fancy free. My dear Anne, we'll be very happy.

Anne—(*shaking her head*) That's what I was afraid of.

Jimmie—(*emphatically*) But you needn't be afraid; I tell you I've never been in love.

Anne—Oh, if you only had been!

Jimmie—(*puzzled*) Had been?

Anne—As it is you will fall in love—it hasn't happened to you yet, but it will; and when it does—well, I couldn't bear to be married to a man who loved some one else.

Then little *Irene Trevor* (Beverly West), aged sixteen and in short dresses, flings herself at Jimmie's head and he finds himself engaged at last,—a cradle-robber, *Meekin* calls him. But *Irene* finds out that being engaged to one so old as *Jimmie* is "no fun"

—there's a nice boy back at school. So she jilts *Jimmie*, which leaves him nominally free, although certain of his half-hearted proposals are still hanging over his head. In the third act *Meekin* sees how the land lays with *Jimmie* and determines that *Anne* is the only girl. To scare off the others the plotter concocts a fake telegram telling that a new will has been discovered and that *Jimmie* is disinherited. The five girls have changed their minds, and would accept him, but this news alters things:

Meekin—A new will has been found disinheriting you, Jimmie.

Jimmie—What!

Meekin—It just arrived in this afternoon's European mail. (*Anne enters at back and watches silently*) Yes—made abroad a few days before the old man died—all the money goes to the colleges and hospitals.

Peggy—Do you suppose it's true?

Meekin—Of course it's true—came from his lawyers—you can always believe a lawyer when it's bad news.

Jimmie—Then I get nothing?

Lilly—Never mind, Jimmie—after all money means so little—good-by. (*exits*)

Katherine—It does seem a pity—good-night, Jimmie. (*exits*)

Betty—Still, you wouldn't have got the money for five years anyway—good-night, Jimmie. (*exits*)

Marie—After all, it isn't so bad as if you'd married first and then lost the money; good-by, Mr. Shannon. (*exits*)

Peggy—Well, I must be going—I don't believe I can wait to talk to you; good-by, Jimmie. (*exits*)

Jimmie—Well, we had a great night, anyhow. (*to Anne as she comes down stage*) So all my party is gone and you're still here—the only one.

Anne—I'm sorry, Jimmie—what about Irene?

Jimmie—Oh, that's all over—there was a boy at school.

Anne—Good for Irene!

Jimmie—Yes, I was glad too—you'd made me feel ashamed—so had she.

Anne—That's the real Jimmie—and don't care too much about that vanished fortune.

Jimmie—You've made me understand that.

Anne—(*after a pause*) Well, Jimmie, there's no more to be said, is there—I'm going home now—so good-by.

Jimmie—What a corker you are, Anne—why didn't you stick to your Yes?

Anne—You ask that now—even when there are no millions to be got?

Jimmie—I do indeed—I need someone to love—someone to love me.

Anne—Oh, Jimmie—Jimmie—are you trying to catch me on the rebound?

Jimmie—Oh, why didn't you stick to your Yes?

Anne—Only because of the fortune.

Jimmie—But that's no reason now—it's gone.

Anne—I know it is.

Jimmie—Anne—when I've proved my love——

Anne—(*quickly*) Your love?

Jimmie—When I *make* you believe in me perhaps you'll let me come to you again and ask you to be my wife—I need you—I want you!

Anne—Perhaps—perhaps I'll say Yes.

Jimmie—But what about the man you love?

Anne—Stupid, it's you!

Jimmie—Think of all the years I've wasted. (*Starts for her*)

Meekin—Hello, there.

Jimmie—Yes, it would be you who'd come in at a time like this.

Meekin—Well, didn't I tell you I'd fix it?

Jimmie—The telegram did that.

Meekin—(*triumphantly*) Sure it did—did you see those girls scatter? I told you to watch me; well, listen, there isn't any new will—you haven't lost the money—I faked the telegram!

Anne—What!

Meekin—Oh, I figured you and Anne'd get together if everybody else was out of the way—and if you didn't, well, I have Marjorie White outside—I proposed to her for you—she's accepted.

Jimmie—You've spoiled everything—Anne was going to marry me—and now I've got that cursed money back—still, it doesn't matter—Anne, in less than an hour I'll be just Jimmie Shannon without any millions—will you let me ask you then when the money's gone really forever?

Anne—When it's really gone, yes, Jimmie, I will.

Meekin—Say, what's the matter with you two—has falling in love made you both crazy—give up that money—indeed you won't!

Anne—Indeed we will.

Jimmie—I'm going to be just a stock-broker.

Meekin—Well, be a broker—but you don't have to be a fool. Now that neither of you care about the money—now that you know that the millions don't cut any real figure—aren't you very stupid to let them slide?

Jimmie—(*looking at Anne*) Perhaps he's right.

Anne—I'm sure he is.

Jimmie—Oh, practical Anne!

Anne—You can do a lot with it—big things—real things.

Jimmie—You bet we can—between us, Anne, dear, we'll——

Meekin—You won't do much with it unless you hustle.

Jimmie—(*looking at watch*) We've still got thirty minutes.

Meekin—Yes, but hurry up—my car's outside—I've got the clerk waiting about the license—phoned him—it's made out for Marjorie White but it'll do for you. (*exits*)

Jimmie—I wish I knew how to tell you I adore you!

Anne—Can't you still tell me about my black-brown eyes?

Jimmie—Oh, don't hit a fellow when he's in love.

Meekin—(*off stage*) Twenty-eight minutes!

Anne—Now, Jimmie, you'll have to hustle at last.

Jimmie—I've got reason to hustle now—because you're the greatest thing in the world—millions or no millions. Listen, do you hear what they're playing—"Good-by, Girls"—it's my wedding march! (*they runout*) *Curtain.*

AMERICA'S IDEALS

(*Concluded from page 236*)

God has so willed it—God or the will of the Planet that has enveloped America with two oceans. America must remain apart for her own progress and for the progress of the rest of the world, with which she will efficaciously coöperate only in staying separated. After this war it is possible that supremacy will pass over to America; in any case, sooner or later, it will go to her. And in that day, if America has remained herself, she will make the world benefit by a new orientation—an "American" orientation. So in other times did Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome stamp their special mark on the civilized universe of their time.

THIS new orientation—what will it be? Another manifestation of strength—force—but a special kind of force. There will always exist—in the future as in the past—the privilege of might. But the might of the future will be force of character, not force of explosives.

Through her fault, Europe failed in the grandest of all projects. Through envy, through the oppression of a military caste, and narrow, prejudiced "nationalism," she faltered. She missed the great plan, at once human and divine. She was *Christian* only in name. She never *realized Christianity*. Tolstoi erred in preaching disarmament while the souls of men were possessed of so much hostility. Christianity must be reborn in America, not by the timid and irritable weakness of the pacificists, but by ardent zeal,—unconquerable, impetuous, by all the forces, still secret, contained in the Sermon on the Mount; a Christianity that will not only be the sad Christianity of bygone times, but the Gospels complete—up to the resurrection; the Gospel of a glorious Christianity, the Gospel not only, I repeat, of Christ on the Cross, but of Christ Arisen.

If you have enough of the sentiment of sacrifice, the taste of "Forward!" and at the same time the sense of your finest development, you will never look behind. Your ideal is not that of your ancestors, it is not that of your past, radiant as it may be. It lives in your sons, who call from the depths of the Future.

The ideals of America, I should resume thus: The construction of character; the spiritualization of riches; humanitarian imperialism; the unification of the world by the fusion of races; the cult of the Future, the realization of real Christianity.

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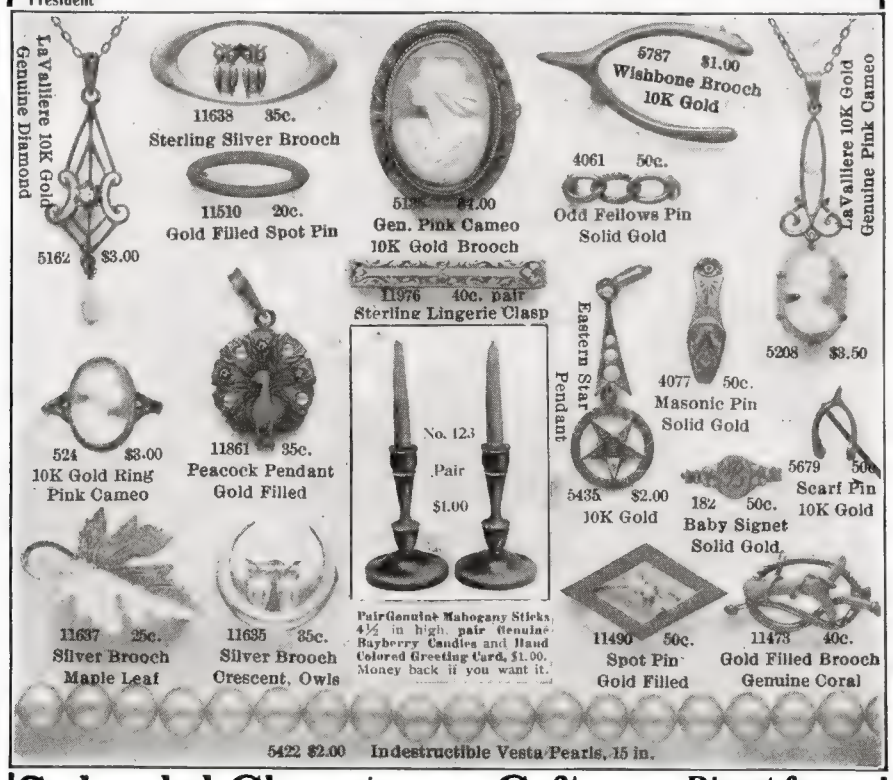

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THE CASTAWAYS

(*Continued from page 250*)

"Now, Captain Vobster," said Lady Penrose with conviction, "I am quite sure that nothing can make you afraid."

"Bound and gagged?" repeated Pope, open-eyed. "What's he done?"

"*Hush!* Nothing!" said Lady Penrose with a radiant smile at the fermenting Vobster. "Nothing, except to refuse to say 'No' to a lady."

"Well, nobody expected him to do that," said the mystified Pope.

Captain Vobster looked about him with the helpless gaze of a trapped animal. "Very well," he said thickly. "Very well, but I must have instructions from you before witnesses, sir. I won't do it without. And I'll have 'em in writing."

"Better do it now," said the triumphant Lady Penrose before Carstairs could speak. "Come along, Mr. Pope. Now, Mr. Carstairs."

She walked toward the drawing-room, the two gentlemen following, leaving Captain Vobster, a prey to gloom, alone on the deck. A harmless seaman passing to his work found himself brought up by a gaze of cold and concentrated venom. He faltered and stood still.

"*Well!*" inquired the skipper in a hurricane voice.

"Yessir," said the man, and backing slowly, turned and fled.

"Gagged!" said Vobster to the mainmast in a broken voice. "By sailormen!"

MR. POPE, with his hands clasped behind his back and his head bowed in thought, paced slowly up and down the deck. His face was grave and the lines on his brow suggested worry. Knight, coming out from the smoke-room, eyed him with concern.

"Hullo!" he cried, "what's the matter? Have you just seen a blackbeetle?"

Pope gave him a baleful glance over the top of his glasses. "Run away and play," he said shortly.

"Right-o!" said the other, crouching. "I'll hop you once round the ship for tuppence."

"And try to be serious for once," said the older man, reddening. "I've got things to think about."

"What things?"

"Cabinet secrets," said Pope, loftily.

"What are they? Now it's no use looking at me in that fashion; you ought to know that by this time."

"Well, I can't tell you," grunted the other, looking round carefully. "Better go away; if Lady Penrose sees us she may think I am talking about things I oughtn't to."

Knight nodded. "You go to your cabin," he said, in the low tones of a conspirator, "and I'll come in for a cigar."

Pope shook his head, but without decision, and, after a turn or two, disappeared. Knight gave him a couple of minutes' grace and then entered his cabin.

"Hullo! Who'd have thought of seeing you here," he exclaimed.

"Do be serious," said Pope, testily. "I've a good mind to tell you, because I'm afraid things might get out of hand if I don't. They're shoving all the responsibility on to me."

"They generally do," murmured the other, eyeing him carefully. "I don't know what Carstairs would do without you."

"If things go wrong," said Pope, biting the end off a cigar and placing it in his mouth while he fumbled in his pocket for matches, "they'll blame me. Everybody will; Lady Penrose said so. Carstairs has given me full powers; he has left all the details to me."

Knight made a sympathetic noise and winked. To pass the time he took a cigar and let it go out two minutes later in his interest at Pope's revelations.

"And I'm only telling you," concluded the latter, "because I thought that if you took it seriously things might go a bit too far. It would be a serious thing if you broke anybody's head."

"It would," said Knight grimly, "and more serious still if they broke mine. I'm going to tell Maloney; his temper is not exactly lamb-like. And what about the ladies? They'll be scared to death."

"I am to prepare them," replied Pope. "I've got to do everything, it seems to me. Lady Penrose doesn't want to appear in it, and Carstairs says he washes his hands of it. I've had no end of difficulty in trying to explain to the bosun what he has got to do. He is to be the ringleader."

"They couldn't have left it in more capable hands," said Knight, warmly. "They have avoided disaster by relying on your common-sense. And Vobster has got written instructions?"

Pope nodded, and Knight, re-lighting his cigar, paused to pay a few more well-turned compliments and withdrew. In the solitude of his own cabin he sat for some time considering ways and means of turning the information he had received to his own advantage. He had an idea that it would be an odd thing if he could not fish to some purpose in such troubled waters as a mutiny, and Maloney, whose cabin he invaded after dinner, felt disposed to agree with him. In low tones they discussed the situation.

"It's a bit hard on Tollhurst," said Knight slowly.

"We might give him the tip," suggested the doctor.

Knight shook his head. "I've got a better plan," he said, "if I could only get it carried out."

He bent to the doctor's ear and whispered.

"*Eh!*" said the other, starting back. "Nonsense. It's impossible."

"We'll see," said Knight. "With your assistance and——"

"You can count me out," interrupted the doctor, coldly. "I'm not very particular, but Carstairs happens, for the time being, to be my employer."

"It would be doing him a good turn," said Knight eagerly.

"Also, there is a lady in the case," continued the other.

"Of course there is," retorted Knight. "I've just been telling you. It's her scheme, and there's no reason why she should object to having it touched up a little bit here and there. That's all I propose to do."

The doctor laughed and stretched himself. "How are you going to manage it?" he inquired.

"I'm going to enlist the services of Biggs. I've left word for him to come round to my cabin at ten to-night. You can come, too, if you like. I'm disappointed in you—I thought you'd have jumped at the idea. Anyway, I know you'll keep quiet. Pity you haven't got more spirit."

Maloney shifted. "That'll do," he said curtly, "and I don't think Biggs'll be much use to you."

Knight nodded. "He'll be all right," he said, confidently. "He's very popular with the crew, owing to his democratic notions. Moreover, he is at the present moment suffering badly from unrequited affection. Mudge has bestowed her hand and heart upon Markham. I fancy that Biggs is in the mood at present for any mischief that turns up."

The doctor rose. "There'll be a little surgical work for me if you are not careful," he remarked. "Mind, I'm not going to assist; I shall content myself with holding a watching brief."

"I knew you were all right," said Knight, with a grin. "Come along at ten to-night and see me handle Biggs."

As a matter of fact very little handling was required. Mr. Biggs evinced no surprise at the recital, and, so far from objecting to Knight's improvements, came forward with some really good suggestions.

"That'll be all right, sir," he said, delicately puffing at a cigar Knight had given him. "The bosun has told the crew what is to be done and it'll be quite easy to make a few alterations. I was one of the first he told, him wanting my assistance. I've been teaching 'em how to howl this afternoon down in the foc's'le. Surprising how slow they are at learning. They seemed to think they were a Sunday-school choir at first."

"Excellent," said Knight. "But you'll have to be careful with the bosun. Give him to understand that the new instructions are from Mr. Pope and the skipper, and they preferred him to get them in a roundabout way. Tell him that it's Carstairs's wish, but nobody wants to appear responsible for it."

"Ay, ay," said Biggs, with a confident nod. "Yarn won't give any trouble. He's a stiff chap, but he's got the brains of a five-year-old. He'll believe anything *I* tell him. And if I could tell the hands that

there was a fiver for them if things go off properly——"

"Of course," said Knight, "and, by the way, you had better not be one of the mutineers."

"'Course not, sir," replied Biggs, in an injured voice. "I'm one of the after-guard. I've already arranged with the chap that's to knock me out. Shown him just where to pretend to hit me. And told him to remember that it *is* pretending."

He helped himself to a whisky and soda by request and went off.

"I thought he would be all right," said Knight, turning to the silent doctor. "He didn't like Lady Penrose interfering. She gave good advice to Mudge about Markham, so Mrs. Ginnell tells me. Biggs and Yarn are as thick as thieves now, and this business'll be a labor of love to 'em."

"I'll get a few dressings ready," said Maloney. "When is the affair supposed to start?"

"When we get to the island. Vobster expects to make it to-morrow. He prefers it to happen with the ship hove-to. Pope says he is like a particularly nasty bear with a particularly nasty sore head; can't get anything out of him except grunts."

THE atoll, represented by the tops of a little cluster of coconut palms, came into sight an hour after lunch next day. Other scattered palms became visible as the *Starlight* drew near, and a little later the long narrow strip of land with the surf thundering on the outer beach drew most of the company into the bows. They drifted back in ones and twos to the greater comfort to be found aft, as the ship, steaming along the weather side, came into view of the lagoon.

"How lovely," said Miss Flack to Mrs. Ginnell, as the skipper shouted orders and the noise of the screw suddenly ceased. "I suppose this little play the crew have got up for us will be ready now?"

"I hope so," said Mrs. Ginnell. "I am longing to get ashore."

"So interesting to see the dear sailors trying to act," murmured Miss Flack. "I thought Mr. Carstairs was looking rather worried this morning; perhaps it will cheer him up. But why weren't we allowed to tell the men?"

Mrs. Ginnell shook her head. "Don't know, I'm sure," she replied, with a puzzled air. "Mr. Pope said it was part of the play."

The voice of Captain Vobster was heard again from the bridge in a series of angry barks.

"The captain seems rather cross about something," said Lady Penrose, turning to Carstairs with a smile. "I am feeling so excited."

"I am ashamed of myself," said Carstairs gravely. "It's a sorry trick for a man to play on a guest."

"Guest?" said Lady Penrose. "I don't understand you."

"Tollhurst," said Carstairs, raising his eyebrows.

Lady Penrose laughed. "Why should you think so particularly of Captain Tollhurst?" she inquired. "It's the same for him as the others. Suppose that Sir Edward or Mr. Knight or any of them behave badly."

"By Jove!" said the other aghast. "I never thought of that. I may make several enemies instead of one; I shall not have a friend left. You will have to be very good to me."

"I will—if your fears are justified," she said with a smile.

"Tiny little place," said Tollhurst, lounging up and gazing at the island. "However, it'll be a change after the ship."

"I hope it *is* uninhabited," said Lady Penrose.

"Plenty of us to look after you if it is not," returned Tollhurst, with a smile, "but Talwyn and I have been inspecting it with our glasses and I don't think there is any doubt. Knight has been examining it, too. He seemed quite anxious about it. You're not looking very well, Carstairs! Feel all right?"

"Quite," replied Carstairs, who had been nervously glancing along the deck. "Ready for anything," he added desperately, as he met Lady Penrose's gaze.

He looked idly at Mr. Biggs who had come up from the engine-room and was standing on the top of the ladder drinking in big draughts of fresh air. With a final gulp Biggs disappeared and, a minute later, a couple of firemen grasping iron bars and grinning sheepishly came up the ladder and went forward. A seaman passed.

"What's that chap doing with a pistol?" said Tollhurst, gazing after him.

Carstairs swallowed and shook his head, as a low, threatening murmur was heard forward. It died away as Captain Vobster began to speak, and then broke out again in increased volume.

"What's the matter?" inquired Peplow, coming up.

"Seems to be a little argument," replied Tollhurst. "Looks like trouble," he added as an extraordinary storm of hoots and groans broke out.

"Get back to your work," bellowed Vobster. "The first man that moves——"

A couple of pistol shots rang out and his voice was drowned in a prolonged and ferocious roar. The ladies, partly amused and partly scared, clustered round Carstairs.

"What on earth's happening," shouted Knight. "By Jove! they've got the mate down. Well done, Vobster! Well done!"

"He's down, too," said Effie Blake, clasping her hands. "Oh!"

The burly form of the skipper disappeared in the press. Lady Penrose gave a faint scream. "Captain Tollhurst, save us!" she implored, as a body of seamen waving pistols and clubs came surging toward them. "Save us!"

"Save us!" echoed the Misses Blake and Seacombe.

"Extraordinary!" murmured the amazed captain.

He sprang forward and, with a heavy blow, knocked the leading man off his feet, and snatching a pistol from the hand of the next gave him a smart rap over the head with it. The next moment he was down and lost to view in a squirming mass of legs and arms. A seaman, extricating himself from the scrum, paid a profane but heartfelt compliment to the captain's teeth.

The whole thing was so rapid that, for a few moments, nobody moved. Then Peplow, starting forward, fell headlong over the foot of the watchful doctor. Biggs, dashing up from the engine-room, received a blow on the head as per arrangement and subsided; Talwyn was held back by Knight.

"No use!" said the latter in a hurried whisper. "Keep quiet and bide your time."

He caught his breath as Yarn, having finished with the skipper, came rushing aft. The boatswain was transfigured. His eyes were blazing and his face contorted. A faint scream from Miss Flack paid tribute to his appearance.

"Now, my lads," he bawled, "smartly with it. Into the boat with him! We don't want no owners aboard."

Before the astonished Carstairs could move he was seized by willing hands and forced to the side.

"Here! What the devil are you doing?" he gasped.

"Shove him in the boat and put him ashore," roared the boatswain. "Lively with it, now. And you can put this lady in to keep him company."

"Stop, you fool!" shouted Carstairs, struggling violently as a couple of hands seized Lady Penrose and bore her after him.

"How dare you!" she demanded wrathfully, as they moved toward the boat. Her gaze fell on Captain Vobster, who, with a dirty cloth over his mouth and trussed like a fowl, was sitting with his back against the bulwalk. "Captain!" she cried. "Why don't you stop them? Stop them at once!"

"In with them!" cried Yarn, leveling a pistol at the little knot of amazed passengers. "If any man moves I'll shoot him."

He stood until the couple were placed in the boat and then, placing the pistol in his pocket, stepped forward and, seizing Miss Mudge, raised her in his arms. Miss Mudge, buffeting his face with one hand, seized a handful of hair with the other.

"Easy, my dear," said the boatswain, his eyes watering. "'Ere, not quite so much of it. Lor' lumme, I wish I was coming with you." He relinquished her with relief. The boat was lowered and pulled rapidly toward the shore. Yarn, wiping his brow, stood considering.

"Take the others below while I make up my mind what to do with them," he said, at last.

He walked to the side and stood for some time watching the receding boat. Then he turned and, bending down with his hands on his knees, gazed respectfully at the protruding eyes and purple cheeks of the trussed Vobster.

"I 'ope I done it as you wished, sir," he said, with an uneasy wriggle. "No bloodshed and everybody 'appy and comfortable."

(Like many another plot conceived in fun, the consequences of the mock mutiny on board "Starlight" prove to be rather serious for the chief conspirator, as told in Hearst's for November.)

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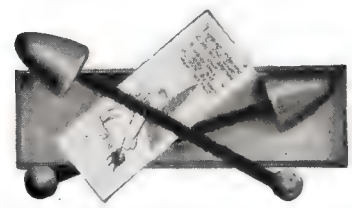

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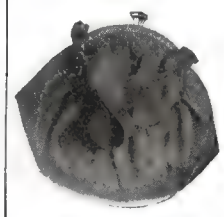

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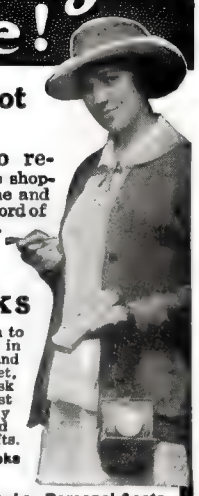

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THE PUMPKIN COACH

(*Continued from page 220*)

shabby Markheim Hotel with the rosebud pinned to his coat—astonished at the incredible fortune of this favor from an inaccessible idol about whom the city raved.

The woman accepted the enigma of this interview as she had accepted the wonder of the girl's sudden appearance and the other incidents of this extraordinary night. She did not undertake to imagine what the drawing on the menu meant, the words about the one-armed man, the glove dropped for Thompson to pick up, the rose pinned on his coat; it was all of a piece with the mystery that she had stumbled into.

When the motor stopped and she was taken through a little door by an attendant into a theater box, she accepted that as another of these things into which she could not inquire; things that happened to her outside of her volition and directed by authorities which she could not control.

The staging of the opera refined and extended the illusion that she had been transported out of the world by some occult agency. The wonderful creature that had taken her up out of her abandoned misery before the sordid shop-shutter appeared now in a fairy costume glittering with jewels. And the gnomes, the monsters and goblins appearing about her were all fabulous creatures, as the girl herself seemed a fabulous creature.

She sighed like one who must awaken from the splendor of a dream to realities of which the sleeper is vaguely conscious. Only the girl's voice seemed real. It seemed some great, heavenly reality like the sunlight or the sweep of the sea. It filled the packed places of the theater. She sang and one believed again in the benevolence of heaven; in duty, in immortal love; one heard the beating of wings above the iron din of the elements! To the distressed woman effacing herself in the corner of the empty box it was all a sort of inconceivable witch-work.

And it was witch-work, as potent if not as amply fitted with dramatic properties as the witch-work of ancient legend.

The daughter of an obscure *juge d'instruction* of the Canton of Vaud, singing in a Swiss meadow, had been taken up by a wealthy American, traveling in Switzerland on an April morning—old, enervated with the sun of the Riviera, and displeased with life. And this rich old woman, her rheumatic fingers loaded with jewels, had transformed the daughter of the *juge d'instruction* of the Canton of Vaud into a singing wonder that made every human creature see again the dreams of his youth before him leading into the Elysian Fields.

And to the girl herself this transformation also seemed the wonder of witch-work. Her early life lay so far below in a world remote and detached; a little house in a village of the Canton of Vaud with the genteel poverty that attended the slender salary of a *juge d'instruction*, and the weight of duties that accumulated on her shoulders. Her father's life was given over to the labors of criminal investigation, but it was a field that returned nothing in the way of material gain. Honorable mention, a medal, the distinction of having his reports copied into the official archives, were the fruits of the man's life. She remembered the minutely exhaustive details of those reports which she used to copy painfully at night by the light of a candle. The old man, absorbed by his deductions, with his trained habits of observation and his prodigious memory, never seemed to realize the drudgery imposed upon the girl by his endless dictation.

"To-morrow," the heavenly creature had said softly, like a caress, in the woman's ear when an attendant had taken her through the little door into the empty box. But the to-morrow broke with every illusion vanished.

The woman sat beside her husband in the dismal court-room when the court convened. The judge, old and tired, was on the bench. A sulphurous, depressing fog entered from the city. The court-room smelled of a cleaner's mop. The jury entered; and a few spectators, who looked as though they might have spent the night on the benches of the park outside, drifted in. The attorneys and the officials of the court were present and the trial resumed.

Every detail of the departed evening was, to the woman, a mirage except the brutal threat of the attorney uttered before she had gone down into the street. This threat, with that power of reality which evil things seem always to possess, now materialized. After the court had opened, but before the trial could proceed, the attorney for the defendant rose and addressed the court.

He spoke for some moments, handling his innuendoes with skill. His intent was to withdraw from the case. He realized that this was an unusual procedure and that the course must be justified upon a high ethical plane. He was a person of acumen and of no inconsiderable skill and he succeeded. Without making any direct charge, and disclaiming any intent to prejudice the prisoner and his defense, or to deprive him of any safeguard of the law, he was able to convey the impression that he had been misled in undertaking the defense of the case; that his confidence in the innocence of the accused had been removed by unquestionable evidence which he had been led to believe did not exist.

He made this explanation with profound regret. But he felt that, having been induced to undertake the defense by representations not justified in fact, and by an impression of the nature of the case which developments in the court-room had not confirmed, he had the right to step aside out of an equivocal position. He wished to do this without injury to the prisoner and while there was yet an opportunity for him to obtain other counsel. The whole tenor of the speech was the right to be relieved from the obligation of an error; an error that had involved him unwittingly by reason of assurances which the developments of the case had now set aside. And through it all there was the manifest wish to do the prisoner no vestige of injury.

But after this speech of his attorney the conviction of the man was inevitable. He sat stooped over, his back bent, his head down, his thin hands aimlessly in his lap like one who has come to the end of all things; like one who no longer makes any effort against a destiny determined on his ruin.

The thing had the overpowering vitality which evil things seem always to possess, and she felt helpless against it; so utterly, so completely helpless that it was useless to protest by any word or gesture. She could have gotten up and explained the true motive behind this man's speech; she could have repeated the dialogue in his office; she could have asserted his unspeakable treachery; but she saw with an unerring instinct that against the skill of the man her effort would be wholly useless. With his resources and his dominating cunning he would not only make her words appear obviously false, but he would make them fasten upon her a malicious intent to injure the man who had undertaken her husband's defense; and somehow he would be able, she felt, to divert the obliquity and cause it to react upon herself.

This was all clear to her, and like some little trapped creature of the wood that finds escape closed on every side and no longer makes any effort, she remained motionless.

The judge was an honorable man, concerned to accomplish justice and not always misled by an obvious intent. The proceeding did not please him, but he knew that no benefit, rather a continued injury, would result to the prisoner by forcing the attorney to go on with a case which it was evident that he no longer cared to make any effort to support. He permitted the man to withdraw. Then he spoke to the prisoner:

"Have you any other counsel?" he asked.

The prisoner did not look up. He replied in a low, almost inaudible voice:

"No, Your Honor," he said.

"Then I shall appoint someone to go on with the case," and he looked up over the docket before him and out at the few attorneys sitting within the rail.

It was at this moment that the woman, crying silently, without a sound and without moving in her chair, heard behind her the voice which she had heard the evening before, when, as now, at the bottom of this pit, she stood before the shutter of the shop-window.

"Will it be necessary, Monsieur le Judge?"

It was the same wonderful, moving, heavenly voice. Every sound in the court-room suddenly ceased. All eyes were lifted. And Thompson, sitting beside the district-attorney, saw, standing before the rail in the court-room, the splendid, alluring creature that had called him out of the sordid lobby of

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the Hotel Markheim and entranced him with an evidence of her favor. Unconsciously he put up his hand to feel for the bud in the lapel of his coat. It had remained there—not, as it happened, from her wish, but because he dare not lay the coat aside.

In the interval of intense interest arising at the withdrawal of the attorney from the case the girl had come in unnoticed. She might have appeared out of the floor. Her voice was the first indication of her presence.

The judge turned swiftly. "What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean, monsieur," she answered, "that if a man is innocent of a crime, he cannot require a lawyer to defend him."

The judge was astonished, but he was an old man and had seen many strange events happen along the way of a criminal trial.

"But why do you say this man is innocent?" he said.

"I will show you, monsieur," she said, and she came around the railing into the pit of the court before his bench She carried in her hand the menu upon which, at the table in the café the night before, she had made a drawing of the scene of the homicide.

This extraordinary event had happened so swiftly that the attorney for the prosecution had not been able to interpose an objection. Now the nephew of the dead man spoke hurriedly, in whispers, and the attorney arose.

"I object to this irregular proceeding," he said. "If this person is a witness, let her be sworn in the usual manner and let her take her place in the witness-chair where she may be examined by the attorney whom the court may see fit to appoint for the defense."

It was evident that Mr. Thompson, urging the prosecutor, was alarmed. The folds of his obese neck lying above the collar of his coat took on a deeper color, and his mouth visibly sagged as with some unexpected emotion. He felt that he was becoming entangled in some vast, invisible net spread about him by this girl who had appeared as if by magic before the Hotel Markheim.

The judge looked down at the attorney. "I will have the witness sworn," he said, "but I shall not at present appoint anybody to conduct an examination. When a prisoner before me has no counsel, I sometimes look after his case myself."

He spoke to the girl. "Will you hold up your hand?" he said.

"Why, yes, monsieur," she said, "if you will also ask Mr. Thompson to hold up his hand."

"Do you wish him sworn as a witness?" said the judge.

The girl hesitated. "Yes, monsieur," she said, "if that is the way to have him hold up his hand."

Again Thompson was disturbed. Again he spoke to the prosecutor and again that attorney objected.

"We have not asked to have Mr. Thompson testify in this case," he said. "It is true Mr. Thompson is concerned about the result of this trial. He is the nephew of the decedent and his heir. It is only natural that he should properly concern himself to see that the assassin is brought to justice."

He spoke to the girl. "Do you wish to make Mr. Thompson your witness?" he said.

And again she replied with the hesitating formula: "Why, yes, monsieur, if that is the way to cause him to hold up his hand."

The judge turned to the clerk. "Will you administer the oath to these two persons?" he said.

Thompson rose. His face was disconcerted and slack. He hesitated, but the prosecutor spoke to him. Then he faced the judge and put up his hand. Immediately the girl cried out.

"Look, monsieur," she said. "It is his left hand he is holding up!"

Immediately Thompson raised the other hand. "I beg your pardon, Your Honor," he muttered. "I am left-handed; I sometimes make that mistake."

And again the girl cried out. "You see . . . you notice it . . . it is true, then . . . he is left-handed."

"I see he is left-handed," said the judge, "but what has that to do with the case?"

"Oh, monsieur," she said, "it has everything to do with it. I will show you."

She moved up on the step before the judge's bench and laid the menu before him. The attorney for the prosecution also arose. He wished to prevent this proceeding, to object to it, but he feared to disturb the judge and he remained silent.

"Monsieur," she said, "I have made a little drawing . . . I know how such things are done. . . . My father was *juge d'instruction* of the Canton of Vaud. . . . He always made little drawings of places where crimes were committed. . . . Here you will see," and she put her finger on the card, "the narrow passage leading from the butler's pantry into the dining-room used for a library. You will notice, monsieur, that the writing-table stood with one end against the wall, the left wall of the room, as one enters from the butler's pantry. It is a queer table. One side of it has a row of drawers coming to the floor and the other side is open so one may sit with his knees under it. On the night of the tragedy this table was setting at right angles to the left wall, that is to say, monsieur, with this end open for the writer's knees close up against the left wall of the room. That meant, monsieur, that on this night Mr. Marsh was sitting at the table with his back to the passage from the butler's pantry, close up against the left wall of the room.

"Therefore, monsieur," the girl went on, "the man who assassinated Mr. Marsh entered from the butler's pantry. He slipped into the room along the left wall close up behind his victim. . . . Did it not occur so?"

This was the evidence of the police officials and the experts. It was clear from the position of the desk in the room and from the details of the evidence.

"And, monsieur," she said, "will you tell me, is it true that the stab wound which killed Mr. Marsh was in the shoulder on the side next to the wall?"

"Yes," said the judge, "that is true."

The prosecutor, urged by Thompson, now made a verbal objection. The case was practically completed. The incident going on in the court-room followed no definite legal procedure and could not be permitted to proceed. The judge stopped him.

"Sit down," he said. He did not offer any explanation or comment. He merely silenced the man and returned to the girl standing eagerly on the step before the bench.

"The wound was in the base of the man's neck at the top of the left shoulder on the side next to the wall," he said. "But what has this fact to do with the case?"

"Oh, monsieur," she cried, "it has everything to do with it. If the assassin who slipped along the wall had carried the knife in his right hand, the wound would have been on the right side of the dead man's neck. But if, monsieur, the assassin carried the knife in his left hand, then the wound would be where it is, on the left side. That made me believe, at first, that the assassin had only one arm—had lost his right arm—and must use the other; then, a little later, I understood. . . . Oh, monsieur, don't you understand; don't you see that the assassin who stabbed Mr. Marsh was left-handed?"

In a moment it was all clear to everybody. Only a left-handed man could have committed the crime, for only a left-handed man standing close against the left side of a room above one sitting at a desk against that wall could have struck straight down into the left shoulder of the murdered man. A right-handed assassin would have struck straight down into the right shoulder, he would not have risked a doubtful blow, delivered awkwardly across his body, into the left shoulder of his victim.

The girl indicated Thompson with her hand. "He did it; he's left-handed. I found out by dropping my glove."

Panic enveloped the cornered man. He began to shake as with an ague. Sweat like a thin oil spread over his debauched face and the folds of his obese neck. With his fatal left hand he began to finger the lapel of his coat where the faded rosebud hung pinned into the buttonhole. And the girl's voice broke the profound silence of the court-room.

"He has the money, too," she said. "It is sewed up in the lining of his coat. I felt the bills there when I gave him the flower out of my bouquet last night."

The big, thin-haired lawyer, leaving the court-room after his withdrawal from the case, stopped at a window arrested by the amazing scene: the police ripping the stolen bills out of Thompson's coat; the woman in the girl's arms, and the transfigured prisoner standing up as in the presence of a heavenly angel. This before him . . . and the splendid motor below under the sweep of the window, waiting before the court-house door, brought back the memory of his biting, sarcastic words:

". . . or Cinderella in a pumpkin coach!"

And there occurred to him a doubt of the exclusive dominance of life by the gods he served.

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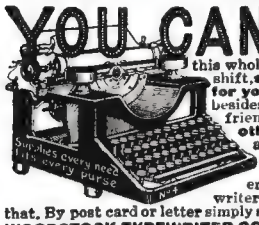

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AN AGENT OF DESTINY

(*Concluded from page 238*)

week McDermott called every day and Sarah seemed more radiant than her uncle had ever observed her to be in all her life before. Jakey, all that week, was confined to his bed with an attack of indigestion from the candy he had eaten. At the end of the week Mishkind decided to end the situation.

"What is that Irish fellow coming here for all the time?" he asked his niece.

"He's in love with me," replied Sarah calmly. Mishkind stared incredulously.

"In love? With you? A Goy?"

"Sure," said Sarah. "Why not?"

"Well, never you mind why not. I don't want him around here. The neighbors are talking about it. Why don't you have that Stransky boy calling any more?"

Sarah came close to her uncle and looked straight into his eyes. Her color rose and she began to breathe somewhat quickly but she did not flinch.

"He didn't say anything yet," she said, "but I think he's going to ask me to marry him. He's the first man I ever cared for. Please don't be angry and—and there's no use talking about it."

"We won't talk about it," he said finally. "But you're not going to marry him with my consent. I absolutely refuse."

Sarah's shoulders were very expressive. They were prettily rounded, plump, and always animated. She now shrugged them.

"I'm sorry, uncle," she said. "I told you I love him!"

"That love business is all foolishness. When you get older you'll learn that love don't make women happy. It don't pay rent, it don't buy clothes and it don't keep the ice-box filled." Sarah bestowed upon her uncle a look that was tender with pity.

Having no more money to flaunt in the face of his schoolmates Jakey's self-importance had diminished—a state of affairs that was intolerable for him. For several days he endured the ignominious feeling of being on a level of equality with the other boys. They no longer ran after him, however, and Jakey experienced all the pangs of a deposed monarch or a defeated politician or a pauper who had once been a millionaire. When, finally, he could endure it no longer, he decided to get lost again.

Jakey sought his old stand on the corner of Tompkins Square and burst into tears. Presently Jakey felt a hand upon his shoulder and looking up beheld an amiable man with a glass eye gazing benevolently upon him.

"I'm losted!" said Jakey promptly.

"Well, what's the use of crying about it?" asked the man. "You don't expect to find yourself by crying, do you?"

"I want to go home," bawled the boy. "I live by a joolery store."

"A jewelry store? You don't say! Do you think if I walked along with you it might help you to find your way?" Jakey nodded, seized the man's hand and turned homeward.

"Does your father own the store?" the man asked.

"My uncle," explained Jakey. "I got a sister, too. Her name's Sadie."

"That's very interesting," remarked the man. "I suppose your uncle is very rich."

"Oh, he's got lots of money," said Jakey. When they reached the store, Jakey explained the situation to his uncle.

"I got losted," he said, "and the man brought me home. If he buys something can I get a dime?"

"You little wretch!" cried Mishkind. He drew Jakey over the counter and was about to administer a spanking when the man with the glass eye interposed.

"What's the use of punishing the boy?" he asked. "For all you know he may be bringing you good luck, It just happens that I'm looking for a diamond ring for a birthday present to my mother, and if I buy one from you I really think the lad ought to get a commission."

Mishkind promptly released his nephew and drew from the showcase a tray of diamond rings. The man with the glass eye winked at Jakey who grinned with joy. He seemed a very exacting customer and Mishkind was compelled to show him every valuable ring in the store before he seemed able to make up his mind. Finally he selected one that cost sixty dollars and tendered Mishkind a hundred-dollar bill in payment.

"I have no change," said the jeweler.

"Tut! tut! my man," said the glass-eyed one, "do you wish me to transfer my patronage to another store? Run out and get change or I'll go somewhere else."

"Oh, if you don't mind waiting!" said Mishkind. He put the trays back into the showcase, seized his hat and was walking toward the door when McDermott entered.

"Hello!" said McDermott cheerily.

"I can't talk with you now," said Mishkind. "I'm very busy."

Without a word McDermott locked the door on the inside. "You're not as busy as you think," he said. "You and I are going to have a nice little chat. This gentleman won't mind waiting. Will you, Bill?"

The man with the glass eye turned pale and sank into a chair. McDermott turned to Mishkind.

"He and I are old friends," he explained. "Maybe he'll even put in a good word for me—won't you, Bill?"

Bill, who had quickly recovered his equanimity, smiled. "Count on me!" he said. "I'll stand by Jimmy McDermott through thick and thin."

McDermott drew a chair close to the man with the glass eye, seated himself and threw his arm around Bill's shoulder.

"Now look here, Mr. Mishkind," he began. "You know that Sadie and I are in love with each other. You know I can't live without her and she's such a good girl that she wouldn't think of getting married without your consent until she's of age. What's the use of your being so stubborn about it? It's just pig-headedness and you know it. You don't care any more about the difference in our religions than I do. You know I can give her a good home and that she will be happy. Why don't you give your consent?"

Mishkind had been looking from one to the other in bewilderment and rage.

"I don't know anything about you!" he cried. "I don't even know what you do for a living. You may be a—a crook, for all I know."

Both his hearers laughed. McDermott drew from his pocket a large revolver, at the sight of which Mishkind began to tremble and the man with the glass eye turned pale.

"Well," said McDermott laughingly, "if you want to know my trade I might as well let you see me at work. Come on, Bill. Get busy."

Without a word the man with the glass eye took from every pocket of his coat and vest and trousers a diamond ring or other piece of sparkling jewelry and laid them all upon the table before the astonished Mishkind. The jeweler attempted to seize them but McDermott held up his hand.

"I'm afraid I'll have to take them with me for a while, Mr. Mishkind," he explained. "You see, I'm a first-grade Headquarters detective and my friend Bill here is one of my protégés. I've sent Bill to Sing Sing half a dozen times, haven't I, Bill?"

"Seven," said Bill, promptly.

"I always liked Bill, too," McDermott went on, "and it's going to make me feel very bad to send him up again. But duty is duty, Mr. Mishkind, and I'll have to ask you to drop around to the station-house with me and Bill."

Mishkind, whose mind was in a whirl of dismay, excitement and fear, produced the bill that the man had given him. McDermott looked at the culprit and shook his head, sadly.

"Bill! Bill! To think you've branched out into counterfeiting! I'm surprised!"

Mishkind seized the bill, scrutinized it and uttered a cry of woe.

"A counterfeit! Himmel! I would have been ruined!"

McDermott carefully adjusted a pair of handcuffs to the man with the glass eye. Then he turned to the jeweler.

"You haven't answered my question," he said. "Can I marry Sadie?"

Mishkind wrung his hands, scratched his head, walked rapidly up and down the store in great perplexity, and then suddenly rushed toward McDermott, threw his arms around his neck and kissed him upon the cheek.

"You're a good man!" he said. "Take her and be happy."

"Uncle, can I get a dime?" asked Jakey. Mishkind turned and gazed upon his nephew. Then, slowly, with a gesture of deep sorrow and without the slightest display of temper, he drew the lad across his knee and spanked him until the store resounded with his howls.

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SUSAN LENOX

(*Continued from page 228*)

never in her life looked so well. In the long glass in the dressing-room, while Garvey was gone to send the maid, she inspected herself again. Yes—never anything like so well. And Brent had noted her appearance only to condemn it. She was always telling herself that she wished him to regard her as a workingwoman, a pupil in stagecraft. But now that she had proof that he did so regard her, she was depressed, resentful. However, this did not last long. Whlle she was changing to linen skirt and shirtwaist, she began to laugh at herself. How absurd she had been thinking to impress this man, who had known so many beautiful women, with a simple little costume of her own crude devising. She reappeared in the studio, laughter in her eyes and upon her lips. Brent apparently did not glance at her, yet he said: "What's amusing you?"

She confessed all, in one of her frequent impulses to candor—those impulses characteristic both of weak natures unable to exercise self-restraint and of strong natures, indifferent to petty criticism and misunderstanding, and absent from vain mediocrity, which always has itself—that is, appearances—on its mind. She described in amusing detail how she had planned and got together the costume—how foolish his reception of it had made her feel. "I've no doubt you guessed what was in my head," concluded she. "You see everything."

"I did notice you were looking unusually well, and that you felt considerably set up over it," said he. "But why not? Vanity's an excellent thing. Like everything else, it's got to be used, not misused. It can help us to learn instead of preventing."

"I had an excuse for dressing up," she reminded him. "You said we were to dine together. I thought you wouldn't want there to be too much contrast between us. Next time I'll be more sensible."

"Dress as you like—for the present," said he. "You can always change here. Later on, dress will be one of the main things, of course. But not now. Have you learned the part?"

And they began. She saw at the far end of the room a platform about the height of a stage. He explained that Garvey, with the book of the play, would take the other parts in *Lola's* scenes, and sent them both to the stage. "Don't be nervous," Garvey said to her in an undertone. "He doesn't expect anything of you. This is simply to get started." But she could not suppress the trembling in her legs and arms, the hysterical contractions of her throat. However, she did contrive to go through the part—Garvey prompting. She knew she was ridiculous; she could not carry out a single one of the ideas of "business" which had come to her as she studied; she was awkward, inarticulate, panic-stricken.

"Rotten!" exclaimed Brent, when she had finished. "Couldn't be worse—therefore, couldn't be better."

She dropped to a chair and sobbed hysterically.

"That's right—cry it out," said Brent. "Leave us alone, Garvey."

Brent walked up and down smoking until she lifted her head and glanced at him with a pathetic smile. "Take a cigaret," he suggested. "We'll talk it over—now we've got something to talk about."

She found relief from her embarrassment in the cigaret. "You can laugh at me now," she said. "I sha'n't mind. In fact, I didn't mind, though I thought I did. If I had, I'd not have let you see me cry."

"Don't think I'm discouraged," said Brent. "The reverse. You showed that you have nerve—a very different matter from impudence. Impudence fails when it's most needed. Nerve makes one hang on, regardless. In such a panic as yours was, the average girl would have funked absolutely. You stuck it out. Now you and I will try *Lola's* first entrance. No, don't throw away your cigaret. *Lola* might well come in smoking a cigaret."

She did better. What Burlingham had once thoroughly drilled into her now stood her in good stead, and Brent's sympathy and enthusiasm gave her the stimulating sense that he and she were working together. They spent the afternoon on the one thing—*Lola* coming on, singing her gay song, her halt at sight of *Santuzza* and *Turiddu*, her look at *Santuzza*, at *Turiddu*, her greeting for each. They tried it twenty different ways. They discussed what would have been in the minds of all three. They built up "business" for *Lola*, and for the two others to increase the significance of *Lola's* actions.

"As I've already told you," said he, "anyone with a voice and a movable body can learn to act. There's no question about your becoming a good actress. But it'll be some time before I can tell whether you can be what I hope—an actress who shows no sign that she's acting."

Susan showed the alarm she felt. "I'm afraid you'll find at the end that you've been wasting your time," said she.

"Put it straight out of your head," replied he. "I never waste time. To live is to learn. Already you've given me a new play—don't forget that. In a month I'll have it ready for us to use. Besides, in teaching you I teach myself. Hungry?"

"No—that is, yes. I hadn't thought of it, but I'm starved."

"This sort of thing gives one an appetite like a field-hand." He accompanied her to the door of the rear dressing-room on the floor below. "Go down to the reception-room when you're ready," said he, as he left her to go on to his own suite to change his clothes. "I'll be there."

As she and Brent stood together on the sidewalk before his house, about to enter his big limousine, his smile told her that he had read her thought—her desire for such an automobile as her very own. "I can't help it," said she. "It's my nature to want these things."

"And to want them intelligently," said he. "Everybody wants, but only the few want intelligently—and they get. The three worst things in the world are sickness, poverty and obscurity. Your splendid health safeguards you against sickness. Your looks and your brains can carry you far away from the other two. Your one danger is of yielding to the temptation to get easy riches. The prospect of several years of heart-breaking hard work isn't wildly attractive at twenty-two."

The auto rushed up to the restaurant entrance, came to a halt abruptly yet gently. The attentiveness of the personnel, the staring and whispering of the people in the palm-room, showed how well known Brent was. There were several women—handsome women of what is called the New York type, though it certainly does not represent the average New York woman, who is poorly dressed in flimsy ready-made clothes and has the mottled skin that indicates bad food and too little sleep. These handsome women were dressed beautifully as well as expensively, in models got in—not from—Paris. One of them smiled sweetly at Brent who responded, so Susan thought, rather formally. She felt dowdy in her home-made dress. All her pride in it vanished; she saw only its defects. And the gracefully careless manners of these women—the manners of those who feel sure of themselves—made her feel "green" and out of place. She was disgusted with the folly that had caused her to thrill with pleasure when his order to the chauffeur at his door told her she was actually to be taken to one of the restaurants in which she had wished to exhibit herself with him. She heartily wished she had insisted on going where she would have been as well dressed and as much at home as any one there.

She lifted her eyes, to distract her mind from these depressing sensations. Brent was looking at her with that amused, mocking, yet sympathetic, expression which was most characteristic of him. She blushed furiously.

He laughed. "No, I'm not ashamed of your home-made gown," said he. "I don't care what is thought of me by people who don't give me any money. And, anyhow, you are easily the most unusual-looking and the most tastefully dressed woman here. The rest of these women are doomed for life to commonplace obscurity. You——

"We'll see your name in letters of fire on the Broadway temples of fame."

"I know you're half-laughing at me," said Susan. "But I feel a little better."

"Then I'm accomplishing my object. Let's not think about ourselves. That makes life narrow. Let's keep the thoughts on our work—on the big, splendid dreams that come to us and invite us to labor and to dare."

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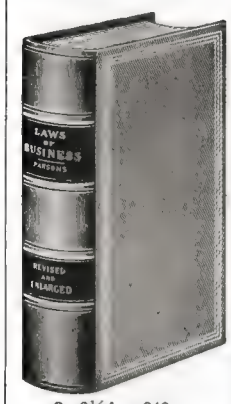

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And as they lingered over the satisfactory dinner he had ordered, they talked of acting—of the different *rôles* of "Cavalleria" as types of fundamental instincts and actions—of how best to express those meanings—how to fill out the skeletons of the dramatist into personalities actual and vivid. Susan forgot where she was, forgot to be reserved with him. In her and Rod's happiest days she had never been free from the constraint of his and her own sense of his great superiority. With Brent, such trifles of the petty personal disappeared. And she talked more naturally than she had since a girl at her uncle's in Sutherland. She was amazed by the fountain that had suddenly gushed forth in her mind at the conjuring of Brent's sympathy. She did not recognize herself in this person so open to ideas, so eager to learn, so clear in the expression of her thoughts.

They were interrupted by the intrusion of a fashionable young man with the expression of assurance which comes from the possession of wealth and the knowledge that money will buy practically everything and everybody. Brent received him so coldly that, after a smooth sentence or two, he took himself off stammering and in confusion. "I suppose," said Brent when he was gone, "that young ass hoped I would introduce him to you and invite him to sit. But you'll be tempted often enough in the next few years by rich men without my helping to put temptation in your way."

"I've never been troubled thus far," laughed Susan.

"But you will now. You have developed to the point where everyone will soon be seeing what it took expert eyes to see heretofore."

"If I am tempted," said Susan, "do you think I'll be able to resist?"

"I don't know," confessed Brent. "You have a strong sense of honesty, and that'll keep you at work with me for a while. Then——

"If you have it in you to be great, you'll go on. If you're merely the ordinary woman, a little more intelligent, you'll probably—stop." He reflected a moment, then added: "And if you ever do decide that you don't care to go on with a career, tell me frankly. I may be able to help you in other directions."

"Thank you," said Susan, her strange eyes fixed upon him.

"Why do you put so much gratitude in your tone and in your eyes?" asked he.

"I didn't put it there," she answered. "It—just came. And I was grateful—because—well, I'm human, you know, and it was good to feel—that—that——"

"Go on," said he, as she hesitated.

"I'm afraid you'll misunderstand."

"What does it matter if I do?"

"Well—you've acted toward me as if I were a mere machine that you were experimenting with."

"And so you are."

"I understand that. But when you offered to help me, if I happened to want to do something different from what you want me to do, it made me feel that you thought of me as a human being, too."

The expression of his unseeing eyes puzzled her. She became much embarrassed when he said: "Are you imagining that I will fall in love with you?"

"I haven't forgotten what you said," she protested.

"But a few words from me wouldn't change you from a woman into a sexless ambition."

An expression of wistful sadness crept into the violet-gray eyes, in contrast to the bravely smiling lips. She was thinking of her birth that had condemned her to farmer Ferguson, when she said:

"I know that a man like you wouldn't care for me."

"If I were you," said he gently, "I'd not say those things about myself. Saying them encourages you to think them. And thinking them gives you a false point of view. You must learn to appreciate that you're not a sheltered woman, with reputation for virtue as your one asset, the thing that'll enable you to get some man to undertake your support. You are dealing with the world as a man deals with it. You must demand and insist that the world deal with you on that basis."

There came a wonderful look of courage and hope into the eyes of Lorella's daughter.

"And the world will," he went on. "At least, the only part of it that's important to you—or really important in any way. The matter of your past is of no more importance than is my past."

"Do you *really* believe that way?" asked Susan earnestly.

"It doesn't in the least matter whether I do or not," laughed he. "Don't bother about what I think—what anyone thinks—of you. The point here, as always, is that you believe it yourself. There's no reason why a woman who is making a career should not be virtuous. She will probably not get far if she isn't more or less so. Dissipation doesn't help man or woman. On the other hand, no woman can ever hope to make a career who persists in narrowing and cheapening herself with the notion that her virtue is her all. She'll not amount to much as a worker in the fields of action."

Susan reflected, sighed. "It's very, very hard to get rid of one's sex."

"It's impossible," declared he. "Don't try. But don't let it worry you, either."

"Everyone can't be as strong as you are—so absorbed in a career that they care for nothing else."

This amused him. With forearms on the edge of the table he turned his cigaret slowly round between his fingers, watching the smoke curl up from it. She observed that there was more than a light sprinkle of gray in his thick, carefully brushed hair. She was filled with curiosity as to the thought just then in that marvelous brain of his; nor did it lessen her curiosity to know that never would those thoughts be revealed to her. What women had he loved? What women had loved him? What follies had he committed? From how many sources he must have gathered his knowledge of human nature—of woman nature?

When he lifted his glance from the cigaret, it was to call the waiter and get the bill. "I've a supper engagement," he said, "and it's nearly eleven o'clock."

"Eleven o'clock!" she exclaimed.

"Time does fly, doesn't it?—when a man and a woman, each an unexplored mystery to the other, are dining alone and talking about themselves."

"It was my fault," said Susan.

His quizzical eyes looked into hers—uncomfortably far. She flushed. "You make me feel guiltier than I am," she protested, under cover of laughing glance and tone of raillery.

"Guilty? Of what?"

"You think I've been trying to—to 'encourage' you," replied she frankly.

"And why shouldn't you, if you feel so inclined?" laughed he. "That doesn't compel me to be—encouraged."

"Honestly I haven't," said she, the content of seriousness still in the gay wrapper of raillery. "At least not any more than——"

"You know, a woman feels bound to 'encourage' a man who piques her by seeming—difficult. Naturally, you'd not have objected to baptizing the new hat and dress with my heart's blood." She could not have helped laughing with him. "Unfortunately for you—or rather for the new toilette—my poor heart was bled dry long, long ago. I'm a busy man, too—busy and a little tired."

"I deserve it all," said she. "I've brought it on myself. And I'm not a bit sorry I started the subject. I've found out you're quite human—and that'll help me to work better."

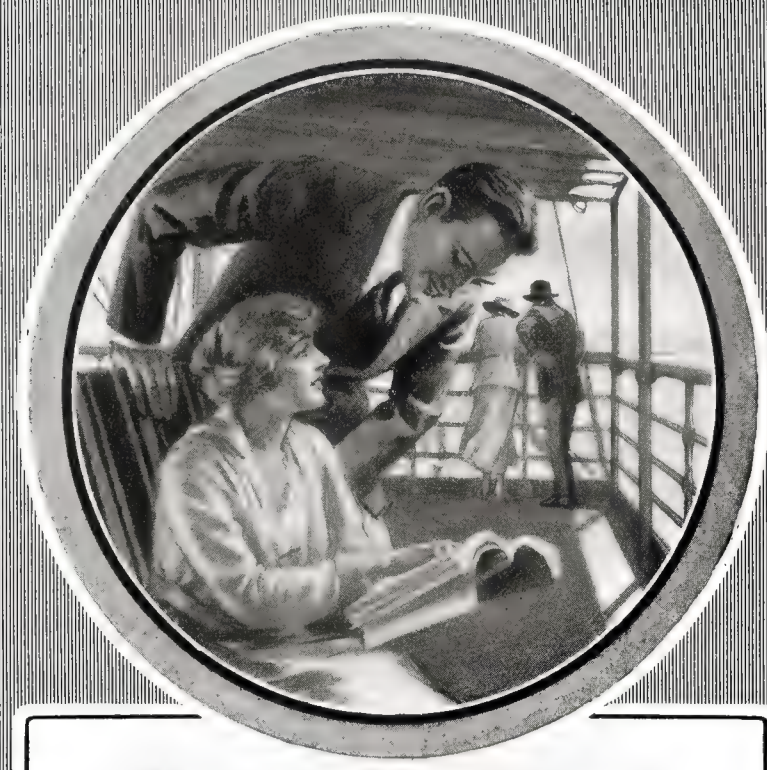
They separated with the smiling faces of those who have added an evening altogether pleasant to memory's store of the past's happy hours—that roomy storehouse which is all too empty even where the life has been what is counted happy. He insisted on sending her home in his auto, himself taking a taxi to the Players' where the supper was given. The moment she was alone for the short ride home, her gaiety evaporated like a delicious but unstable perfume.

Brent's auto set her down at home. Her tremors departed; but the depression remained. She fell easy prey to one of those fits of the blues to which all imaginative young people are at least occasional victims, and by which those cursed and hampered with the optimistic temperament are haunted and harassed and all but or quite undone. She had a sense of failure, of having made a bad impression. She feared he, recalling and re-inspecting what she had said, would get the idea that she was not in earnest, was merely looking for a chance to lead a life of luxurious irresponsibility.

The next morning the maid brought to her a letter. Susan glanced at the address on the note, and recognized the handwriting of Brent's secretary. Her heart straightway sunk as if the foreboding of calamity had been realized. It was a minute or so before she tore open the envelope with an impatient gesture and read:

"Dear Mrs. Spenser:

"Mr. Brent requests me to ask you not to come until further notice. It may



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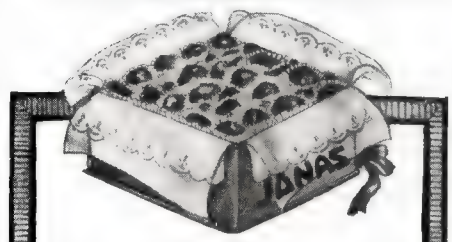

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It was a fair specimen of Garvey's official style, with which she had become acquainted—the style of the secretary who has learned by experience not to use frills or flourishes but to convey his message in the fewest and clearest words. Had it been a skilfully worded insult Susan, in this mood of depression and distorted mental vision, could not have received it differently. She dropped to a chair at the table and stared at the five lines of neat handwriting until her eyes became circled and her face almost haggard. Precisely as Rod had described! After a long, long time she crumpled the paper and let it fall into the waste-basket. Then she walked up and down the room. Every few moments she would pause—would be seized by the fear, the horror, of again being thrust into that hideous underworld. What was between her and it, to save her from being flung back into its degradation? Two men, on neither of whom she could rely. Brent might drop her at any time—perhaps had already dropped her. As for Rod—vain, capricious, faithless, certain to become an unendurable tyrant if he got her in his power—Rod was even less of a reliance than Brent. What a dangerous situation was hers! How slender her chances of escape from another catastrophe! She leaned against wall or table and was shaken by violent fits of shuddering. She felt herself slipping—slipping. It was all she could do to refrain from crying out. In those moments there was no trace of the self-possessed Susan the world always saw. Her fancy went mad and ran wild.

Then, with an exclamation of impatience or anger, she would shake herself together and go resolutely on—only again to relapse. "Because I so suddenly cut off the liquor and the opium," she said. It was the obvious and the complete explanation. But her heart was like lead and her sky like ink. This note, the day after having tried her out as a possibility for the stage! She stared down at the crumpled paper in the waste-basket. That note—it was herself. He had crumpled her up and thrown her into the waste-basket, where she no doubt belonged.

It was nearly noon before she, dressed with unconscious care, stood in the street doorway looking about uncertainly as if she did not know which way to turn. She finally moved in the direction of the theater where Rod's play was rehearsing. She had gone to none of the rehearsals because Rod had requested it. "I want you to see it as a total surprise the first night," explained he. "That'll give you more pleasure, and also it will make your criticism more valuable to us." And she acquiesced, not displeased to have all her time for her own affairs. But now, dazed, stunned almost, convinced that it was all over for her with Brent, she instinctively turned to Rod to get human help—not to ask for it, but in the hope that somehow he would divine and would say or do something that would make the way ahead a little less forbidding—something that would hearten her for the few first steps, anyhow. She turned back several times—now, because she feared Rod wouldn't like her coming; again, because her experience—enlightened good sense—told her that Rod would—could—not help her, that her sole reliance was herself. But in the end, driven by one of those spasms of terror lest the underworld should be about to engulf her again, she stood at the stage-door.

As she was about to negotiate the surly-looking man on guard within, Sperry came rushing down the long dark passageway. He was brushing past her when he saw who it was. "Too late!" he cried. "Rehearsal's over."

"I didn't come to the rehearsal," explained Susan. "I thought perhaps Rod would be going to lunch."

"So he is. Go straight back. You'll find him on the stage. I'll join you if you'll wait a minute or so." And Sperry hurried on into the street.

Susan advanced along the passageway cautiously as it was but one remove from pitch dark. Perhaps fifty feet, and she came to a cross passage. As she hesitated, a door opened and she caught a glimpse of a dressing-room and, in the space made by the partly opened door, a woman—an attractive glimpse. The woman—who seemed young—was not looking down the passage but into the room. She was laughing in the way a woman laughs only when it is for a man, for *the* man—and was saying, "Now, Rod you must go, and give me a chance to finish dressing." A man's arm—Rod's arm—reached across the opening in the doorway. A hand—Susan recognized Rod's well-shaped hand—was laid strongly yet tenderly upon the pretty bare arm of the struggling, laughing young woman—and the door closed—and the passage was soot-dark again. All this in a matter of less than five seconds. Susan, ashamed at having caught him, frightened lest she should be found where she had no business to be, fled back along the main passage and jerked open the street door. She ran squarely into Sperry.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered he. "I was in such a rush—I ought to have been thinking where I was going. Did I hurt you?" This last most anxiously. "I'm so sorry——"

"It's nothing—nothing," laughed Susan. "You are the one that's hurt."

And in fact she had knocked Sperry breathless. "You don't look anything like so strong," gasped he.

"Oh, my appearance is deceptive—in a lot of ways." For instance, he could have got from her face just then no hint of the agony of fear torturing her—fear of the drop into the underworld.

"Find Rod?" asked he.

"He wasn't on the stage. So—I came out again."

"Wait here," said Sperry. "I'll hunt him up."

"Oh, no—please don't. I stopped on impulse. I'll not bother him." She smiled mischievously. "I might be interrupting."

Sperry promptly reddened. She had no difficulty in reading what was in his mind—that her remark had reminded him of Rod's "affair," and he was cursing himself for having been so stupid as to forget it for the moment and put his partner in danger of detection.

"I—I guess he's gone," stammered Sperry. "Gad, but that was a knock you gave me! Better come to lunch with me."

Susan hesitated, a wistful, forlorn look in her eyes. "Do you really want me?" asked she.

"Come right along," said Sperry in a tone that left no doubt of his sincerity. "We'll go to the Gotham and have something good to eat."

"Oh, no—a quieter place," urged Susan.

Sperry laughed. "You mean less expensive. There's one of the great big differences between you and the make-believe ladies one bumps into in this part of town. *You* don't like to be troublesome or expensive. But we'll go to the Gotham. I feel 'way down to-day, and I intended to treat myself. You don't look any too gay-hearted, yourself."

"I'll admit I don't like the way the cards are running," said Susan. "But—they'll run better—sooner or later."

"Sure!" cried Sperry. "You needn't worry about the play. That's all right. How I envy women!"

"Why?"

"Oh—you have Rod between you and the fight. While I—I've got to look out for myself."

"So have I," said Susan. "So has everyone, for that matter."

"Believe me, Mrs. Spenser," cried Sperry, earnestly. "You can count on Rod. No matter what——"

"Please!" protested Susan. "I count on nobody. I learned long ago not to lean."

"Well, leaning isn't exactly a safe position," Sperry admitted. "There never was a perfectly reliable crutch. Tell me your troubles."

Susan smilingly shook her head. "That'd be leaning. . . No, thank you. I've got to think it out for myself. I believed I had arranged for a career for myself. It seems to have gone to pieces. That's all. Something else will turn up—after lunch."

"Not a doubt in the world," replied he confidently. "Meanwhile—there's Rod."

Susan's laugh of raillery made him blush guiltily. "Yes," said she, "there's Rod." She laughed again, merrily. "There's Rod—but where is there?"

"You're the only woman in the world he has any real liking for," said Sperry, earnest and sincere. "Don't you ever doubt that, Mrs. Spenser."

When they were seated in the café and he had ordered, he excused himself and Susan saw him make his way to a table where sat Fitzalan and another man who looked as if he too had to do with the stage. It was apparent that Fitzalan was excited about something; his lips, his arms, his head were in incessant motion. Susan noted that he had picked up many of Brent's mannerisms; she had got the habit of noting this imitativeness in men—and in women, too—

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from having seen in the old days how Rod took on the tricks of speech, manner, expression, thought even, of whatever man he happened at the time to be admiring. May it not have been this trait of Rod's that gave her the clue to his character, when she was thinking him over, after the separation?

Sperry was gone nearly ten minutes. He came, full of apologies. "Fitz held on to me while he roasted Brent. You've heard of Brent, of course?"

"Yes," said Susan.

"Fitz has been seeing him off. And he says it's——"

Susan glanced quickly at him. "Off?" she said.

"To Europe."

Susan had paused in removing her left glove. Rod's description of Brent's way of "side-stepping"—Rod's description to the last detail. Her hands fluttered uncertainly—fluttering fingers like a flock of birds flushed and confused by the bang of the gun.

"And Fitz says——"

"For Europe," said Susan. She was drawing her fingers slowly one by one from the fingers of her glove.

"Yes. He sailed, it seems, on impulse—barely time to climb aboard. Fitz always lays everything to a woman. He says Brent has been infatuated for a year or so with—Oh, it doesn't matter. I oughtn't to repeat those things. I don't believe 'em—on principle. Every man—or woman—who amounts to anything has scandal talked about him or her all the time. Good gad! If Robert Brent bothered with half the affairs that're credited to him, he'd have no time to do plays."

"I guess even the busiest man manages to fit a woman in somehow," observed Susan.

Sperry laughed. "I guess yes," said he. "But as to Brent, most of the scandal about him is due to a fad of his—hunting for an undeveloped female genius who——"

"I've heard of that," interrupted Susan. "The service is dreadfully slow here."

Susan had several times lifted a spoon full of soup to her lips and had every time lowered it untasted.

"Let's drop Mr. Brent," she cried. "Tell me about—about the play."

"Rod must be giving you an overdose of that."

"I've not seen much of him lately. How was the rehearsal?"

"Fair—fair." And Sperry forgot Brent and talked on and on about the play, not checking himself until the coffee was served. He had not observed that Susan was eating nothing. Neither had he observed that she was not listening; but there was excuse for this oversight, as she had set her expression at absorbed attention before withdrawing within herself to think—and to suffer. She came to the surface again when Sperry, complaining of the way the leading lady was doing her part, said: "No wonder Brent drops one after another. Women aren't worth much as workers. Their real mind's always occupied with the search for a man to support 'em."

"Not always," cried Susan, quivering with sudden pain. "Oh, no, Mr. Sperry—not always."

"Yes—there are exceptions," said Sperry, not noting how he had wounded her. "But—well, I never happened to run across one."

"Can you blame them?" mocked Susan. She was ashamed that she had been stung into crying out.

"To be honest—no," said Sperry.

She was struggling with the re-aroused insane terror of a fall back to the depths whence she had once more just come—and she felt that, if she fell again, it would mean the very end of hope. It must have been instinct or accident, for it certainly was not any prompting from her calm expression, that moved him to say:

"Now, tell me *your* troubles. I've told

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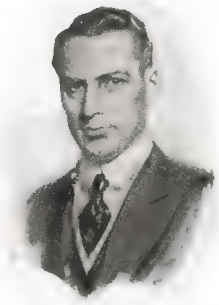

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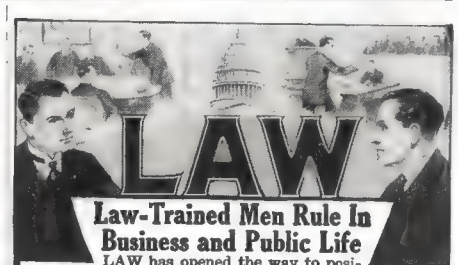

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There are storms which make train service impossible, which delay the mails and which close the public highways to the usual traffic. Even in the cities there are times when the street cars do not run, and neither automobiles or horse-drawn vehicles can be driven through floods or high-piled snowdrifts.

Such conditions increase the dependence on telephone wires, which themselves are not exempt from the same natural hazards. Fortunately, however, the Bell System has faced these dangers and well-nigh overcome them. Masses of wires are buried underground and lonely pole lines, even the most stoutly built, are practically paralleled by other lines to which their business can be transferred.

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you mine. . . . You surely must have some?"

Susan forced a successful smile of raillery. "None to speak of," evaded she.

When she reached home there was a telegram—from Brent: "Compelled to sail suddenly. Shall be back in a few weeks. Don't mind this annoying interruption. R. B."

A very few minutes after she read these words she was at work on the play. But—a very few minutes thereafter she was sitting with the play in her lap, eyes gazing into the black and menacing future. The misgivings of the night before had been fed and fattened into despairing certainties by the events of the day. The sun was shining, never more brightly; but it was not the light of her City of the Sun. She stayed in all afternoon and all evening. During those hours before she put out the light and shut herself away in the dark a score of Susans, every one different from every other, had been seen upon the little theater of that lodging-house parlor. There had been a hopeful Susan, a sad but resolved Susan, a strong Susan, a weak Susan; there had been Susans who could not have shed a tear; there had been Susans who shed many tears—some of them Susans all bitterness, other Susans all humility and self-reproach. Any spectator would have been puzzled by this shifting of personality. Susan herself was completely confused. She sought for her real self among this multitude so contradictory. Each successive one seemed the reality; yet none persisted. When we look in at our own souls, it is like looking into a many-sided room lined with mirrors. We see reflections—re-reflections—views at all angles—but we cannot distinguish the soul itself among all these counterfeits, all real, yet all false because partial.

"What shall I do? What can I do? What will I do?"—that was her last cry as the day ended. And it was her first cry as her weary brain awakened for the new day.

AT the end of the week came the regular cheque with a note from Garvey—less machine-like, more human. He apologized for not having called—said one thing and another had prevented—and now illness of a near relative compelled him to leave town for a few days—but as soon as he came back he would immediately call. It seemed to Susan that there could be but one reason why he should call—the reason that would make a timid, soft-hearted man such as he put off a personal interview as long as he could find excuses. She flushed hot with rage and shame as she reflected on her position. Garvey pitying her! She straightway sat down and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Garvey:

"Do not send me any more cheques until Mr. Brent comes back and I have seen him. I am in doubt whether I shall be able to go on with the work he and I had arranged."

She signed this "Susan Lenox" and despatched it. At once she felt better—in spite of the fact that she had—with characteristic and fatal folly, her good sense warned her—cut herself off from all the income in sight or in prospect. She had debated sending back the cheque but had decided that if she did she might give the impression of pique or anger. No, she would give him every chance to withdraw from a bargain with which he was not content; and he would get the idea that it was she who was ending the arrangement, would therefore feel no sense of responsibility for her. She would save her pride; she would spare his feelings. She was taking counsel of Burlingham these days—was recalling the lesson he had taught her—was getting his aid in deciding her course.

A few days more, and she was so desperate, so harassed, that she altogether lost confidence in her own judgment. While outwardly she seemed to be the same as always with Rod, she had a feeling of utter alienation. Still, there was no one else to whom she could turn. Should she put the facts before him and ask his opinion? Her intelligence said No; her heart said Perhaps. While she was hesitating, he decided for her. One morning he stopped talking about himself long enough to ask carelessly:

"About you and Brent—he's gone away. What are you doing?"

"Nothing," said she.

"Going to take that business up again, when he comes back?"

"I don't know."

"I wouldn't count on it, if I were you. You're so sensitive that I've hesitated to say anything. But I think that chap was looking for trouble, and when he found you were already engaged, why, he made up his mind to drop it."

"Do you think so?" said Susan indifferently, but her heart fainted within her.

SHE now spent a large part of every day in wandering, like a derelict, drifting aimlessly this way or that, up into the Park or along Fifth Avenue. She gazed intently into shop windows, apparently inspecting carefully all the articles on display; but she passed on, unconscious of having seen anything. If she sat at home with a book, she rarely turned a page, though her gaze was fastened upon the print as if she were absorbingly interested.

She had entire confidence in Brent's judgment. Brent must have discovered that she was without talent for the stage—for if he had thought she had the least talent, would he not in his kindness have arranged or offered some sort of place in some theater or other? Since she had no stage talent—then—what should she do? What *could* she do? And so her mind wandered aimlessly as her wandering steps. And never before had the sweet melancholy of her eyes been so moving.

In all her excursions she had—not consciously but by instinct—kept away from her old "beat." Indeed, except in the company of Spenser or Sperry, she had never ventured into the neighborhood of Long Acre. But one day she was deflected by chance at the Forty-second Street corner of Fifth Avenue and drifted westward, pausing at each bookstall to stare at the titles of the bargain offerings in literature. As she stood at one of these stalls near Sixth Avenue, she became conscious that two men were pressing against her, one on either side. She moved back and started on her way. One of the men was standing before her. She lifted her eyes, was looking into the cruel, smiling eyes of a man with a big black mustache and the jaws of a prizefighter. His smile broadened.

"I thought it was you, Queenie," said he. "Delighted to see you."

She recognized him as a "fly cop" who had been one of Charley Palmer's handy men. She fell back a step and the other man—she knew him instantly as also a policeman—lined up beside him of the black mustache. Both men were laughing.

"We've been on the look-out for you a long time, Queenie," said the other. "There's a friend of yours that wants to see you mighty bad."

Susan glanced from one to the other, her face pale but calm, in contrast to her heart where was all the fear and horror of the police which long and savage experience had bred. She turned away without speaking and started toward Sixth Avenue.

"Now, what d'ye think of that?" said Black-mustache to his "side-kick." "I thought she was too much of a lady to cut an old friend. Guess we'd better run her in, Pete."

"That's right," assented Pete. "Then we can keep her safe till C. P. can get the hooks on her."

Black-mustache laughed, laid his hand on her arm. "You'll come along quietly," said he. "You don't want to make a scene. You always was a perfect lady."

She drew her arm away. "I am a married woman—living with my husband."

Black-mustache laughed. "Think of that, Pete! That'll be good news for your loving husband. Come along, Queenie. Your record's against you. Everybody'll know you've dropped back to your old ways."

"I am going to my husband," said she quietly. "You had better not annoy me."

Pete looked uneasy, but Black-mustache's sinister face became more resolute. "If you wanted to live respectable, why did you speak to us two? Come along—or do you want me and Pete to take you by the arms?"

"Very well," said she. "I'll go." She knew the police, knew that Palmer's lieutenant would act as he said—and she also knew what her "record" would do toward carrying through the plot.

She walked in the direction of the station-house, the two plainclothes men dropping a few feet behind and rejoining her only when they reached the steps between the two green lamps. In this way they avoided collecting a crowd at their heels. As she advanced to the desk, the sergeant yawning over the blotter glanced up.

"Bless my soul!" cried he, all interest at once. "If it ain't C. P's Queenie!"

"And up to her old tricks, sergeant," said

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NEW SAMPLES AT WHOLESALE

Black-mustache. "She spoke to me and Pete."

Susan was looking the sergeant straight in the eyes. "I am a married woman," said she. "I live with my husband. I was looking at some books in Forty-second Street when these two came up and arrested me."

The sergeant quailed, glanced at Pete, who was guiltily hanging his head—glanced at Black-mustache. There he got the support he was seeking. "What's your husband's name?" demanded Black-mustache roughly. "What's your address?"

And Rod's play coming on the next night but one! She shrank, collected herself. "I am not going to drag him into this if I can help it," said she. "I give you a chance to keep yourselves out of trouble." She was gazing calmly at the sergeant again. "You know these men are not telling the truth. You know they've brought me here because of Charley Palmer. My husband knows all about my past. He will stand by me. But I wish to spare him."

The sergeant's uncertain manner alarmed Black-mustache. "She's putting up a good bluff," scoffed he.

"You hear what the officer says," said the sergeant, taking the tone of great kindness. "You'll have to give your name and address—and I'll leave it to the judge to decide between you and the officers." He took up his pen. "What's your name?"

Susan, weak and trembling, was clutching the iron rail before the desk—the rail worn smooth by the nervous hands of ten thousand of the social system's sick or crippled victims.

"Come—what's your name?" jeered Black-mustache.

Susan did not answer.

"Put her down Queenie Brown," cried he, triumphantly.

The sergeant wrote. Then he said: "Age?"

No answer from Susan. Black-mustache answered for her: "About twenty-two now."

"She don't look it," said the sergeant, almost at ease once more. "But brunettes stands the racket better'n blondes. Native parents?"

No answer.

"Native. You don't look Irish or Dutch or Dago—though you might have a dash of the Spinnitch or the Frog-eaters. Ever arrested before?"

No answer from the girl, standing rigid at the bar. Black-mustache said:

"At least oncet, to my knowledge. I run her in, myself."

"Oh, she's got a record?" exclaimed the sergeant, now wholly at ease. "Why didn't you say so?"

"I thought you remembered. You took her pedigree."

"I do recollect now," said the sergeant. "Take my advice, Queenie, and drop that bluff about the officers lying. Swallow your medicine—plead guilty—and you'll get off with a fine. If you lie about the police, the judge'll soak it to you. It happens to be a good judge—a friend of Charley's." Then to the policemen: "Take her along to court, boys, and get back here as soon as you can."

"I want her locked up," objected Black-mustache. "I want C. P. to see her. I've got to hunt for him."

"Can't do it," said the sergeant. "If she makes a yell about police oppression, our holding onto her would look bad. No, put her through."

Susan now straightened herself and spoke. "I sha'n't make any complaint," said she. "Anything rather than court. I can't stand that. Keep me here."

"Not on your life!" cried the sergeant. "That's a trick. She'd have a good case against us."

"C. P. 'll raise a row if—" began Black-mustache.

"Then hunt him up right away. To court she's got to go. I don't want to get broke."

The two men fell afoul each other with curse and abuse. They were in no way embarrassed by the presence of Susan. Her "record" made her of no account either as a woman or as a witness. The upshot of the hideous controversy was that Black-mustache said:

"You take her to court, Pete. I'll hunt up C. P. Keep her till the last."

In after days she could recall starting for the street-car with the officer Pete; then memory was a blank until she was sitting in a stuffy room with a prison odor—the anteroom of the court. She and Pete were alone. He was walking nervously up and down, pulling his little fair mustache. It must have been that she had retained throughout the impassive features which, however stormy it was within, gave her an air of strength and calm. Otherwise Pete would not presently have halted before her to say in a low, agitated voice:

"If you can make trouble for us, don't do it. I've got a wife and three babies—one come only last week—and my old mother paralyzed. You know how it is with us fellows—that we've got to do what them higher up says or be broke."

Susan made no reply.

"And C. P.—he's right up next the big fellow up-town nowadays. What he says goes. You can see for yourself how much chance against him there'd be for a common low-down cop."

Again her memory ceased to record until—the door swung open; she shivered, thinking it was the summons to court. Instead, there stood Charley Palmer. The instant she looked into his face she became as calm and strong as her impassive expression had been falsely making her seem. Behind him was Black-mustache, his face ghastly, sullen, cowed. Palmer made a jerky motion of head and arm. Pete went; and the door closed and she was alone with him.

"I've seen the judge and you're free," said Charley. She stood and began to adjust her hat and veil.

"I'll have those filthy curs kicked off the force." She was looking tranquilly at him.

"You don't believe me? You think I ordered it done?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "No matter," she said. "It's undone now. I'm much obliged. It's more than I expected."

"You don't believe me—and I don't blame you. You think I'm making some sort of grand-stand play."

"You've not changed—at least not much."

"I'll admit, when you left, I was wild and did tell 'em to take you in as soon as they found you. But that was a long time ago. And I never meant them to disturb a woman who was living respectably with her husband. There may have been—yes, there was a time when I'd have done that—and worse. But not any more. You say I haven't changed. Well, you're wrong. In some ways I have. I'm climbing up, as I always told you I would—and as a man gets up he sees things differently. At least, he acts differently. I don't do *that* kind of dirty work, any more."

"I'm glad to hear it," murmured Susan for lack of anything else to say.

He was as handsome as ever, she saw—had the same charm of manner—a charm owing not a little of its potency to the impression he made of the man who would dare as far as any man, and then go on to dare a step farther—the step from which all but the rare, utterly unafraid man shrinks. His look at her could not but appeal to her vanity as woman, and to her woman's craving for being loved; at the same time it agitated her with specters of the past.

"*You've* changed—a lot. And all to the good," he said.

His eyes were appealingly tender as he gazed at her sweet, pensive face, with its violet-gray eyes of mystery and sorrow and longing. And the clear pallor of her skin, and the slender lines of her form suggested a pale, beautiful rose, most delicate of flowers, yet about the hardiest.

"So—you've married?"

"No," replied Susan.

"Why, you told——"

"I'm supposed to be a married woman."

"Why didn't you give your name and address at the police station?" said he. "They'd have let you go at once."

"Yes, I know," replied she. "But the newspapers would probably have published it. So—I couldn't. As it is, I've been worrying for fear I'd be recognized, and the man would get a write-up."

"That was square," said he. "Yes, it'd have been a dirty trick to drag him in."

It was the matter-of-course to both of them that she should have protected her "friend." If Charley's worst enemy in that world had murdered him, Charley would have used his last breath in shielding him from the common foe, the law.

"If you're not married, you're free," said Charley with a sudden new interest in her.

"I told you I should always be free."

They remained facing each other a moment. When she moved to go, he said: "I see you've still got your taste in dress—only more so."

She smiled faintly, glanced at his clothing. He was dressed with real fashion. He looked Fifth Avenue at its best, and his expression bore out the appearance of the well-bred man of fortune. "I'll return the compliment," said she. "You too have improved."

(To be continued)

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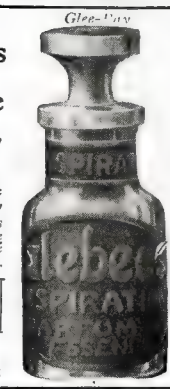

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Some Experiences with Mansfield

(*Continued from page 225*)

The company was in the midst of rehearsals of "The First Violin." The play was actually under way, and the actors were being worked and overworked relentlessly. I entered the auditorium of the theater, remained in the dark back of the last row. Everything about me was inky black. Suddenly up the aisle came the figure of Mr. Mansfield, and putting his arm about me he exclaimed: "Well, darling, do you think that was good?" I am sure my embarrassment and amazement were no greater than his when he discovered I was a total stranger, instead of his wife whom he had left standing there a few moments before. Such was my first meeting with Richard Mansfield. He withdrew as quickly as he appeared, but presently Mr. Palmer arrived to chat with me, and before I left I was engaged for the following season—at the munificent salary of $60.00 a week!

When the early fall arrived I found myself still without any definite part; no one was willing to give me any information as to what Mr. Mansfield intended me for. He was to put on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." I had read "Cyrano" in French when it had first come out, and though I hoped that he wanted me for the part of *Roxane*, a most delicious *precieuse*, combining all the florid romance I had been accustomed to in the pieces I had studied, and all the manner I most desired to try to put into it, it was rumored that Mr. Mansfield was on the lookout for a blonde *Roxane*.

There were more than a hundred people on the stage when I arrived for the first rehearsal, and I slipped into a seat and waited. That was my *rôle;* I waited and waited for two weeks. No one paid any attention to me. Now and then, in his excitement—for Mr. Mansfield was here and there and everywhere during rehearsal—he would grunt a recognition of my presence and pass on. What was I to do? Evidently I was not intended for the part of *Roxane*, and if not for her, then surely there was nothing else but a nun in the last act.

Inasmuch as no part was handed to me, I felt that my patience was in vain. So I rose from my seat one morning and hastened to Mr. Palmer's office. I protested most vigorously, and made every effort to hand in my resignation. Mr. Palmer held me off for a while, but when he saw how determined I was, he finally agreed. "It just happens," he declared, "that my wife is putting on a play, and so I will give you the leading *rôle* in that." Off I went, the rehearsal being called for the next morning. If I remember correctly, the piece was called "That Man," and for two days I enjoyed the prospect of a leading *rôle*. But it was not to be. Mr. Palmer sent a hurry call for me to go immediately around to the Garden Theater. I was not told then, as you may readily guess, but later I understood that Mr. Mansfield, passing my empty chair on the stage, inquired where that ugly little girl was that used to sit there. I can see now that Mr. Palmer was a very wise manager indeed; that he knew exactly how to bring Mr. Mansfield to the mark. By taking me away for another part he aroused that perversity in Mr. Mansfield which would demand my recall.

I didn't return, however, before I had had a word with Mr. Palmer. I told him I wouldn't be subjected to such indifference any longer; that I must be given a definite something to do. "Stay about," suggested the wise Mr. Palmer.

So back I went to the Garden Theater and was greeted with the startling announcement that the *Orange Girl* in the first act was to be played by me—a part barely one line long! "Never mind," prompted the "god," taking pity on me, "here comes your opportunity. You don't see it, but I do. You are actually going to enter into repartee with Mr. Mansfield. Now, here goes!" I saw Mr. Mansfield approaching my chair. With a certain near-sighted manner that gives volume and depth to sight, he stared at me a moment, and blurted forth: "Do you think you could make yourself beautiful enough to play the part of *Roxane?*" "I might," I answered, "if you can make yourself ugly enough to be *Cyrano*." He shot a look at me which was full of recognized enjoyment, and with little or no courtesy he beckoned me onto the stage. I took this manner of his as preoccupation, the irritation of a highly nervous temperament. During my entire engagement with him he was always doing a thousand and one little courtesies, and nearly all my experiences were happy ones.

My inexperience was apparent in many ways. For example, I had never realized that to play "up stage" was a danger the "star" would never allow anyone else to threaten him with. This ignorance led me into a scrape just after Mr. Mansfield had tried to be nice to me. For, on the day that I read the balcony scene with him for the first time, he turned to me and told me that now he had determined to let me play *Roxane*. Of course I had never thought there was any doubt whatsoever about my playing it. Now, however, the danger-line had been crossed! Then it was that I went "up stage" and occupied the center. I didn't know I was there, as a matter of fact, until I saw Mr. Mansfield rush to the footlights and throw his sword on the stage. "Mr. Palmer," he said, in a peculiarly staccato tone which became metallic when he most wanted to be sarcastic, "Mr. Palmer"—he was peering over the footlights into the gaping auditorium—"Miss Anglin undoubtedly has the potentialities of a star. I would suggest that we star her in this play." Everyone laughed nervously, but I stood looking on, in perfect innocence of the fact that the satire was directed at me. "But," Mr. Mansfield thundered, giving just sufficient pause to the "but" for dramatic effect, "I really can't afford to support her."

I suddenly realized everything. The feeling of flattery which had at first come to me changed into amazement, and then into dire confusion, as I beat a hasty retreat. And when I went off the stage someone gave me my first lesson as to holding the center. It took him some time to get over the impatience which grew out of this incident. While he was careful not to disconcert me before my face, I felt that he was sarcastic behind my back. "Mr. Mansfield," I began again, determined to have it out with him once and for all. But he waved me aside good-humoredly. "Go up to your dressing-room," he begged, "and I'll send you some of my sandwiches." And that was Richard Mansfield. When the sandwiches arrived they may have been thin slices of bread, with some chopped raw meat between—a particular relish he enjoyed, but which I could not stand, though they represented a special mark of his favor. That made no difference to him; he thought it would be good for me, and that was enough. There was that in him which tinged his graciousness with a certain touch of magnificent bounty. There was something splendid about this desire of his to impress every one about him with his own personality.

He was a curious contradiction. One never knew what to expect, and at the slightest provocation the harshness one felt for him would be turned into affection. How well I remember his discovery that a member of his company, toward whom he had been particularly severe, was the main support of an impoverished family. He tried to conceal his act of bounty, but it was found that he had sent a wagon-load of groceries to this lad's home. One day he would scold around me and at me, and then, when he went to lunch at the Holland House, would order that beef juice be sent around to the theater for me. A few days before the opening, while I was rehearsing on the balcony, the scaffolding fell, and I with it. When they picked me up I had a sprained ankle. It was brutal weather—a hot period in October—and this mishap did not add anything to my comfort. Besides, all my dresses—a job-lot from Paris—were entirely too large for me. I was very slim, tipping the scales at barely one hundred and fourteen. It was all very discouraging, and instead of complaining to the wardrobe mistress, which I should have done, I hastened around to the Holland House to call on Mr. Mansfield. It was not the thing to have done, but I felt that he must know about it, and I proceeded to explain my difficulty. "Order new things," he advised, with that largesse which was his true nature. So an entirely new wardrobe was started. But they were unable to finish the gowns in time, with the exception of one costume—the only "whole" dress I had when we came to the opening night. I may say that I literally made my entrance as *Roxane* in an aura of pins.

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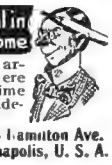

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Mr. Mansfield had the invariable rule that no one of his company should dress on the same floor as he, so when the opening night came, despite my lame ankle, I had to climb the narrow winding stairs to the second tier of rooms. If he had given it a thought it might have been otherwise, for he was curiously sudden and startling in his attentions to me. I remember that when "Cyrano" went to the Harlem Opera House, Mr. Mansfield discovered that a particularly dirty passage-way led to my dressing-room. "Why do you wear such queer storm-boots?" he asked me. "Because the floor is cold and dirty," I answered. He called the house manager. "This will never do," he fumed. "Miss Anglin must not be subjected to such a thing. We'll not play unless you have a stretch of velvet carpet put here." And he meant what he said. The manager rushed to Mr. Hammerstein, and Mr. Hammerstein rushed to the department-store, and soon there was a hammering through the place such as only betokened that Mr. Mansfield's word was law.

I recollect on another occasion, long after "Cyrano" had started on its successful run, it happened to be a blizzardy night, and when I left the Park Avenue Hotel, where I was living with my sister, I took the precaution to order a cab to come for me at the Garden Theater when the play was over. At eleven-forty-five I went toward the stage-door, and was told by the doorman that Mr. Mansfield had offered the cab to Mr. Palmer. His own brougham stood waiting for him. It never disturbed him for a moment that I was without conveyance, but when I ventured forth it took me a good two hours, with innumerable slowings down, to get to the hotel, whither I arrived, in no good humor, at two o'clock. A short time after that, one beautiful moonlight evening, Mr. Mansfield insisted that I make use of his vehicle. Mr. Mansfield was paradoxical, if nothing else!

"Cyrano" opened on the evening of October 3, 1898, and I had my first experience in facing a large audience. Since then I have become accustomed to the vast multitude, although, when I played last summer at the Greek Theater in California there was something awe-inspiring in standing before ten thousand souls. But on this occasion it was different. I was being tested; I was having a New York opening; I was playing opposite Richard Mansfield; and I was assuming the *rôle* in a play which had been the *furor* of Paris, and which was about to take New York by storm. No wonder, therefore, that I should have been a little nervous—a nervousness all the more enhanced by the fact that Mr. Mansfield was not one to whisper any reassuring words before the curtain rose. I shall never forget the hideous stillness which seized the house when I entered—my first entrance in the cook-shop. I had seen the audience from a balcony where I sat without speaking through the first act, but now they were on the lookout for what *Roxane* would do. Now I had to face the ordeal—and them! When I made my exit, one of those unaccountable things happened. The audience began to applaud, although it was one of those scenes that called for no particular recognition. Then there followed a long and continued outburst of enthusiasm.

There was no doubt, after reading the splendid reviews the next morning, that I was participating in a success. We all know how wonderfully braggadocio Mr. Mansfield was in the *rôle* of *Cyrano*. I am sure he was desirous for the best results. But when people asked me if he really helped me, I did not remember any specific advice he gave, although he always had the power to lift a company through the sheer weight of his personality. I know he was pleased at the success of everyone in the cast, although he never said a word to me the next evening, passing it off by being jocosely sarcastic in an effort to be humorous.

It happened that, before the first performance, Mr. Palmer sent for me. "Mr. Mansfield wants you to sign a contract for five years," he told me, and I knew that was the way in which I was informed that I was satisfactory. But I wouldn't agree to so long a period, even though the "god" whispered to me that maybe Shakespeare was in sight. After we had been at the Garden Theater three or four weeks, Mr. Palmer sent for me again. "Let's make it three years," he suggested. And I said, "All right." As for the terms, I was to receive a regularly increasing salary. "That's all very well," I declared, "but I would much rather equalize things by having my salary raised now, and kept the same next year." So it was agreed. I was to get a hundred dollars a week, the increase to begin as soon as we left New York. By what logic I was satisfied I can't say, for I had just been offered two hundred by another manager.

The New York run was wonderfully successful. No one, seeing how smoothly things went, would ever have guessed the multifarious details which had to be pieced together in a whole during rehearsals. Mr. Paul Wilstach, who was Mr. Mansfield's personal representative, recalls, in his entertaining biography of his friend, the picture of Mansfield during those days of preparation, with the nose and wig of *Cyrano*, rushing down into the orchestra, tearing the baton from the musical director, and carrying the musicians the piece he wanted them; then leaping up across the footlights, seizing a cloak to disguise himself, and once more into the part! That was Mansfield's polish, his surety. He was a great artist, a great manager, but all temperament.

We left for Chicago, and I had with me my sister and a maid. When my first week's salary—or what was left of it after my maid's traveling expenses and my drawing-room were paid—was handed to me, it amounted to twenty-eight dollars! Evidently there was a mistake somewhere, for my salary was to have been increased. I declared I wouldn't take the ridiculously small sum. As soon as we arrived in Chicago I hastened to the Auditorium Hotel to Mr. Palmer, who had gone on before us, and I told him of my dilemma. "I don't know exactly what to do," he explained, "for I have not had time to talk business with Mr. Mansfield." So I had to let the matter drop for the day. Then Mr. Palmer was taken ill, and there was further delay for me.

Soon after, Mr. Mansfield asked me to lunch with him in his private car. He traveled in this luxurious fashion, for he always carried his cook with him. He was a martyr to indigestion. "How are they treating you?" he asked. To which I replied, "Fairly well." I found out later that Mr. Mansfield had ordered my drawing-room paid for. The fact of the matter was, Mr. Mansfield was not only doing this, but was also paying for my maid. But I was not receiving any of the benefit, as events proved.

A few days after, I received word that Mr. Mansfield was waiting to hear from me regarding my contract. "The terms must be as agreed upon in New York," I declared, and I intimated that I was preparing to leave. Naturally, he was indignant, for he thought there was no reason that I should be dissatisfied. When we arrived in Brooklyn he would barely notice me; except for the bare exchange of dialogue on the stage he didn't even speak to me. Then I wrote him, and sent my letter to the Holland House. I said that I had never received the promised increase, and had worked for ten weeks without it; that necessity compelled me to seek more remuneration elsewhere, and that it was important for me to hear from him. Not receiving a reply from him, I passed under the direction of the Liebler Company. The truth came out later on: Mr. Mansfield had answered my note and his secretary had delayed attending to its delivery; in it he had made me an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a week, more than twice what I had expected. How often afterward I was tempted to tell him whose fault it was. In addition, another member of the organization had not accounted for the money donated for my drawing-room and my maid.

Thus ended my experiences with Mr. Mansfield, which lasted from October until the following March. How many tempting things were held forth to me during that time! Some evenings, during the performance, Mr. Mansfield would feel in a particularly warm and splendid mood; he would say to me: "If you stay with me, we will put on a great repertoire, and you shall play all the great *rôles*." And the "god" would exult. "Ha, ha, I told you to have patience," he would say. Then, another time, Mr. Mansfield would declare: "When Holy Week comes, you shall have your vacation with Mrs. Mansfield and myself. We will go over the plays and then we will go horseback riding." But my resigning put an end to all that! It happened that his impatience at playing the same *rôle* over and over again was beginning to assert itself, and it was not long after I left that he began arranging his repertoire. But the die was cast for me, through no fault of either Mr. Mansfield or myself.

I shall never forget how restful everything was during the time we rehearsed "Cyrano," when Mr. Mansfield was not there; he was continually on the go, and rehearsing meant to him a period of endless toil. He never

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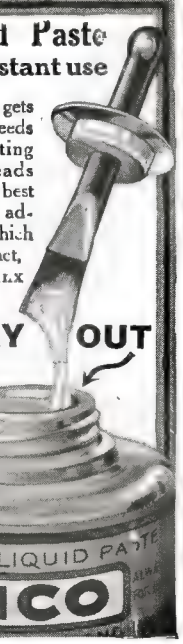

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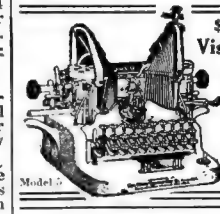

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HEARST'S MAGAZINE
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spared himself, and therefore he never thought to spare anyone else. Sometimes he would be fretful, and the public was as liable as any member of his company to irritate him. To add to his embarrassment, we had no sooner launched fairly in our successful season than the Gross affair happened—the litigation following the declaration from a Chicago lawyer that Rostand had stolen his play from one written by Gross. The case took a long while to prepare, and I remember Mr. Gross's lawyers calling on me at the hotel to ask me to give evidence. But I was ignorant of copyright laws, and certainly could not imagine that Rostand could possibly stoop to such an act as plagiarism. I was as surprised as anyone else when the case was decided in Gross's favor, and am still certain that the two versions had no similarities whatsoever. But the facts stood that, as long as Mr. Mansfield played *Cyrano*, after the court decision, he was forced to pay Gross one hundred dollars a week royalties.

Of course the papers were wildly curious to know what had happened to cause me to leave Mr. Mansfield's company. They began immediately to "fictionize," and one evening while I was at the theater witnessing a performance of "The Christian," I was called into the lobby where I was suddenly and unexpectedly surrounded by reporters. Was this the reason for my leaving, was that? There was only one man—and I record it with pleasure—Mr. Gustav Kobbé—who refused to make me the subject of a "story." The newspapers pursued us both, and Mr. Mansfield, reaching the end of his patience some years after, sent the following letter to the "Chicago Tribune," which is amusing and characteristically Mansfieldean. It runs as follows:

"Virginia Hotel,
"Chicago, Ill.,
"October 8th, 1902.

"Editor 'The Chicago Tribune:'

"My attention has been called to the continual references to Miss Anglin, and the usual innuendoes as to why she severed her connection with my company. The facts are very well known to Mr. A. M. Palmer, Mr. Paul Wilstach, and others. Miss Anglin, who played *Roxane* in 'Cyrano de Bergerac' very charmingly, immediately after her marked success in the *rôle* received an offer of twice the salary I had contracted to pay for her services, and Miss Anglin accepted the offer.

"I am sorry the facts are so simple and uninteresting, really almost sordid, but 'tis true. It would have been more exciting and no doubt more agreeable to have been able to relate how the poor creature was taken by the hair and dragged about the stage, or how she was, after a stormy rehearsal, kidnaped and confined in a dark room, where the monster squirted ink at her through the keyhole punctually every fifteen minutes, or how she was sandwiched between two boards (like the lady in Tolstoi's rustic tragedy) while the beast sat upon her and read his prayer-book, and then how she escaped, but ever after refused to reveal the mystery of her suffering for fear of the vengeance of the bloodthirsty tyrant. Faithfully yours,

"RICHARD MANSFIELD."

While this letter amused me, the statement made was not a true one, and once more I felt regret that Mr. Mansfield never knew the mishaps which had beset me.

I often wonder what would have happened if I had remained with him; that, of course, is one of the player's interesting speculations. I look back with the pleasantest memories to the moments when, away from the theater, Mr. Mansfield was turned into the ideal host. He was a genius in more ways than one. His musical talent was pronounced. He could rattle off many things in many tongues as wonderfully as he read that speech about the Bold Cadets of Gascony in "Cyrano;" he could write poems and stories and letters in a mad frenzy and with a literary touch equal to the best. He didn't mind one calling attention to his ill-tempers, but should one recall a kindness he would brush it aside brusquely. Two years after I left him, after I had joined the Empire Theater Company, I found myself playing in Boston at the same time Mr. Mansfield was filling his annual engagement. I was invited several times to his supper parties, where he would surround himself with the wit of the town. He was at his ease, in the atmosphere he loved, where he shone by the quickness and sharpness and aptness of his anecdotes.

The kindness of Mrs. Mansfield during those days of rehearsal was my one spark of comfort during the strenuous months of trial. And is it not strange how the wheel of fate turns sometimes—that after all these years, now that Richard Mansfield has gone down to history as one of our most distinctive players, I should again feel that drawing toward the family in the persons of Mrs. Mansfield and her son?

("With the Empire Theater Company" forms the theme of Miss Anglin's recollections in the November Hearst's.)

CLAUDIA'S BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 223*)

assistance, finds herself always looked upon with more or less grudging suspicion by men; she seems to them a kind of adventuress, and they call her unsexed because she seldom cares to have anything to do with them. Lord Markham's views on matrimony were distinctly correct and conventional; he wanted a lady to manage his house and his servants—with sufficient good looks to be an attractive personality to other men and make them envious, and in due time, to give him an heir. Of "love" he never thought, except as a sort of idiotic sentiment affected by the "common" people; among his set it was voted a bore, though souls were tolerated in order to give the necessary spice of something not quite proper, to stimulate idle and worthless lives. And he felt that Claudia Strange would not suit him or his surroundings.

"We should never pull together," he mused, twisting the ends of his mustache irritably. "She would want to run the whole show. Yet she has an odd fascination for me. Anyhow, I'll take her to the theater, and see what happens next."

Accordingly to the theater they went together. He called for her at the appointed hour, and had no need to go in the lift up to nearly the top of the skyscraper where she had her flat, for she was ready and waiting for him in the entrance-hall. Exquisitely dressed, she looked prettier and more bewitching than ever as she stepped lightly into his automobile, and smiled at him as she said she was "going to have a good time!"

"I hope so!" responded Markham, with the usual air of cautious depression which every well-bred Englishman thinks it proper to assume when others are expectant of pleasure. "I hear the acting is not very good——"

"Oh, never mind!" laughed Claudia lightly. "Poor things, I'm sure they do their best! We mustn't be too critical—it spoils the fun!"

Markham had no reply ready. "Mustn't be too critical" was to him an unknown view of life. From his schooldays at Eton and onward he had accustomed himself to find flaws in every conceivable thing—from the shape of his mother's bonnet to the latest speech in the House—everyone was wrong save himself, and every form of argument erroneous save his own. So he sat by his fair companion in an almost unbroken silence during the drive to the theater—a silence which she privately commented upon as "dull, but English."

At the play she enjoyed herself with all the zest of a child taken to its first party. The piece was not very good, and the actors struggled gallantly with unrewarding parts, while the orchestra played dismally out of tune, but Claudia found no fault at all, and seated in the luxurious box which her lordly admirer had secured for privacy as well as comfort, talked to him between the acts with a charm, intelligence and vivacity which renewed his admiration for her, though he was reluctant to own it to himself. At last, when convenient opportunity occurred, he drew his chair a little nearer to hers and taking up her jeweled fan played with it absently for a moment—then spoke.

"It was such a surprise for me," he said softly, "to hear what a busy and important personage you are! Almost a controller of the money-market!"

Her clear bright eyes flashed full upon him. "Didn't you know?" she asked—"Well, after all, Fame *is* a bubble! I thought I was as celebrated as Rockefeller or Morgan! What did you take me for?"

He smiled. "I took you for—just a woman!"

She nodded her head. "That's so! That's what I am!"

He still toyed with the fan he held, and looked away from her.

"Not exactly!" he said. "You are—a man of business!"

"A *woman* of business, you mean," she retorted, quickly. "It isn't necessary to be a man in order to have a little plain judgment and common sense."

"Ah!" He shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. "But a woman, a charming woman like yourself, is made for something sweeter and more beautiful than mere business and common sense."

"Oh, you think so?" and Claudia laughed. "Like a box of chocolates, each sweet to be taken out and eaten according to fancy! Yes, I know! That's the old-time man's way of looking at the thing! You don't like women in business?"

"Well——" he hesitated. "Hardly!"

"No, I thought not. May I have my fan? Thanks! It was made by a man and it isn't very strong.

"You may come to my office to-morrow if you like! And if you've got five hundred English pounds lying round loose doing nothing, I'll turn them into a thousand for you in seven days. How would that suit you?"

"It would suit me perfectly," he answered, with some amusement. "But I don't quite see——"

"That's just it!" she smiled. "No man *quite* sees! That's where I come in! *I* quite see!—quite!—all round and everywhere. I don't talk, smoke, or whisky-soda *my* business! A man does those sorts of things—a woman doesn't."

He gave a little deprecatory laugh. "Men do the work of the world," he observed.

"Some of it—not all," said Claudia, quickly, "and what they do is often done very badly. They muddle through, but not without wars and endless horrible criminalities. If a really fine man turns up among them, they crucify him, like Christ, or doubt his genius, like Shakespeare, or want to depreciate his services, like Kitchener. And as for the 'work of the world,' how much of it do *you* undertake, for example?"

He bit his lip, and felt his blood tingle with annoyance at her direct question. She saw his vexation, and her eyes sparkled.

"Don't bother to answer!" she said. "You're not the only do-nothing man who thinks he's helping on civilization by preserving game and inviting his friends once a year to shoot it. Oh yes, I know! I've been in your country often and love it! I've seen your place, too—Markham Hall. You ought to live there always!"

His eyebrows went up with an expression of profound indifference.

"You think so?" he queried, indolently. "Why?"

"Why?" and she looked at him full and candidly. "Because your place and duty are there! You have your tenantry to help with their farms and their crops—you ought to make them feel you are their friend, so that they are happy in their work and eager to bring prosperity to you as well as to themselves. Every land-owner has a gold mine in his estate if he only makes up his mind to work it."

He was silent. The last act of the play was in progress, and in a few minutes more it was finished. He assisted her to put on her cloak, and she thanked him prettily for "a charming evening." He took her home, in his automobile, and when they parted she said:

"You'll come to-morrow?"

"If you wish."

"Oh, I don't particularly wish!" she answered gaily, "but I should like to put you on a good thing! I'll keep half-an-hour for you between eleven and twelve. Good-night!"

He raised his hat, and stood bareheaded till she had disappeared within the portico of the tall Tower of Babel built up in residential flats. A brief sigh escaped him.

"After all," he murmured—but left the sentence unfinished as he stepped into his car and was driven back to his hotel.

Next day, yielding to the irresistible attraction which drew him on like an iron filing to a magnet, he found himself at Claudia's "office" in Wall Street. It was a big place, full of interminable passages, rooms and telephone call-boxes,—and there seemed to be no end to the number of clerks and typists, male and female, all as busy as they could be. A sharp-faced boy in a kind of semi-official livery asked him whether he had an appointment, and on his replying in the affirmative, ushered him through a long series of bureaus to the inmost sanctuary of affairs, a small, plainly furnished apartment where, at a big desk, sat the small and *mignonne* Claudia, arrayed in a neat, dark navy-serge costume and holding a telephone receiver to her pretty little ear.

"So here you are!" she said, stretching out her disengaged hand to him. "Well, just sit down for a minute and wait till I get this customer rung off. Jakes!" and she

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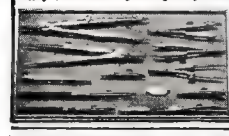

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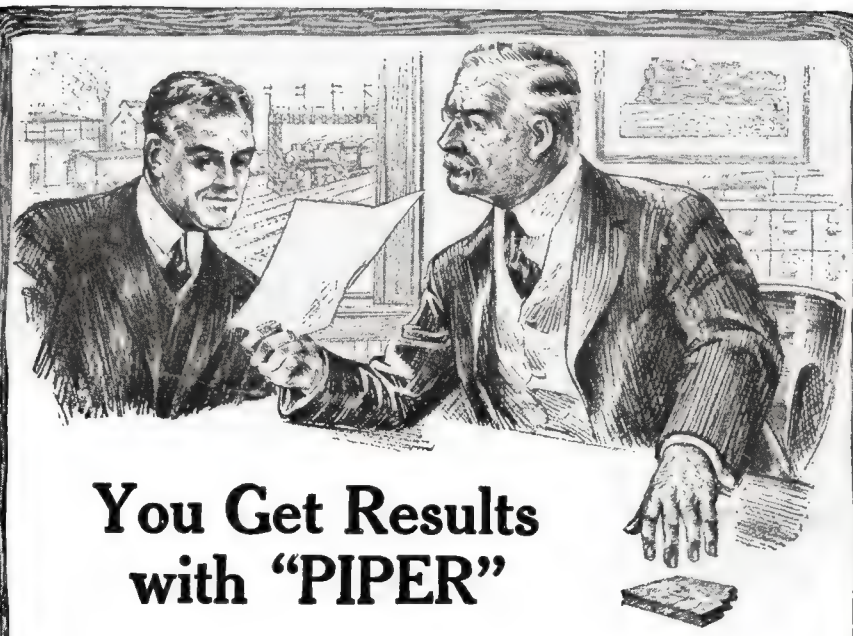

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addressed the office-boy. "Mind, I can't see anyone now for half-an-hour."

Jakes nodded, and took his rapid departure without further ceremony.

Markham, seating himself in a rather stiff upright chair, gazed curiously about him. There was nothing to indicate the presence or influence of a woman anywhere, yet, with the strange preconceived ideas and fixed obstinacy of his temperament, he looked here and there in expectation of seeing at least a mirror, a vanity bag, a ball of worsted and knitting-needles, or even a pet dog! But no, there was no sign of anything more than the strictest office necessities and documentary paraphernalia of the money-making male. There was just one hint of a higher grace than gold,—a freshly gathered rose, lightly laid on a pile of account books as if it had been accidentally dropped there by a passing fairy. The sight of it gave him a sense of pleasure, almost of relief. Just then Claudia laid down the receiver and turned to him, smiling.

"Well! How about that five hundred?" she queried.

He took out his pocket-book, opened it, and handed her a cheque.

"I wrote it this morning before coming," he said. "I thought I would prove my confidence in you at once."

She glanced at the slip of paper and sat for a moment thinking.

"Let me see!" she murmured, talking more to herself than to him. "This is Wednesday—yes!—that will do! See now! I'll buy for you to-day, and next Wednesday I'll sell, and you'll make a thousand for your five hundred. It will be your spec. of course—but I'll work it for you."

"You are—you are very—what shall I say?—energetic!" said Lord Markham, hesitatingly—"I suppose it's all fair and aboveboard?"

Her clear eyes flashed sudden fire upon him.

"Fair and aboveboard? I should think so indeed! No hanky-panky tricks here! If I buy stocks to-day that I know are going to be double their present price next week, and sell again for that double, isn't that fair and aboveboard? Isn't that the way money's made?"

"I suppose it is!" he answered, amusedly. "But you—you seem so quick and so sure!"

"It doesn't do to be slow in our country," said Claudia. "We haven't half enough time to live as it is. That is to say, we haven't half enough time to enjoy life. We want to make money while we're young,—it's no use to us when we're too old to have any fun. You're just trying the game with a little five hundred pounds, but suppose you had placed ten thousand with me—you'd have twenty thousand next Wednesday. See! Now let's talk!"

She left her desk, and taking an easier chair sat down opposite to him.

"Why don't you go home to England?" she asked pointedly.

Her eyes were so clear and candid in their straight regard that without an instant's thought he answered at once.

"Because you are too attractive!"

A sudden laughter and whimsical astonishment lightened her charming face.

"I guessed that was so!" she said frankly. "Well now, if I tell you it's no use!—and that I'm not taking any, what will you say?"

"Not taking any?" he queried smiling. "That's slang! And just now it means——"

"It means that I'm not taking any Englishman's home!" she laughed. "Now do listen! When we first met in Paris I saw you had a sort of 'wanting' on you for me, like a boy who sees a new sort of popgun and thinks it better than any other he's ever tried! You thought I was a little bit of feminine frippery—the kind of woman you noble lords often choose for your wives. Mind, I'm not saying I don't love fripperies! I *do!* I can pin an hour's pure joy on a hat, and I revel in a pretty frock and lovely jewels. But there are other things. For ten years I've been making a home—a real home, you know! Where a man and woman who love each other can settle down and be happy—a home full of beautiful things drawn from the deepest wells of life!"—and as she spoke her eyes darkened and deepened, and the smile on her lips shadowed away to a more serious sweetness. "Books by great thinkers—pictures by great artists—furniture designed by real craftsmen who love their work—gardens where flowers can bloom freely and trees can grow strong so that when we walk among them we can believe they thank us for making them so happy!"

"'We'?" interrupted Markham. "'We' means yourself and another?"

"Why yes! Another who is all me, as well as himself! Without him there wouldn't be any use in making the home—without him, I should be asking God why He made the world! You understand?"

"I think I do," he responded, quietly. "You are engaged to be married."

"That's the correct way of putting it!" she said. "It's years and years ago since we fixed it up between us with a hickory nutshell. He was twelve and I was ten. 'Here's half my nutshell,' he said. 'You keep it—and I'll keep the other half. And we'll be married, and on our wedding-day we'll join the two halves together and make it a one again. And we'll have it fitted in a gold case all set with sparkling diamonds!' So we settled it. He's a rancher, and one of the finest men you ever saw! He's got thousands of head of cattle, and he's making his pile while I'm making mine. and we're both putting into the home—we've been putting in ever since we were old enough to earn—but I guess we're near joining the old hickory nutshell this summer!"

She laughed joyously, and held up a gold chain which hung round her neck at the end of which was fastened a small brown object, highly polished from much wear.

"You see!" she added. "It's not much of an improvement on a ring broken in halves, like the love-token of the poor unfortunate Bride of Lammermoor, though *she* always seemed to me a very weak creature. No 'go' and no pluck! I should have run away to my Master of Ravenswood long before any sort of Bucklaw had a chance to look in!"

Lord Markham roused himself from a brief reverie.

"I'm sure you would!" he said. "You are very much in love!"

A pretty blush colored her cheeks. "I certainly am!" she admitted. "I thought *you* were, too!"

He started. "I?"

"Yes! With me!"

He looked so utterly confounded that she smiled and pointed a little white finger at him admonishingly.

"There! Now you begin to know yourself! I don't really mean that I thought you were in love with me. I mean that *I* thought that *you* thought you were in love with me! That makes *such* a difference, you know! I knew all the time that you were *not*,—you don't know what love means. You've just been looking out for a suitable wife,—a woman likely to be an agreeable companion and household manager, educated enough to do the honors of your fine old place in England. But love! You haven't given it a chance in your heart or soul! Forgive me! I know I'm speaking pretty plainly—but you're rather a pleasant sort of Englishman—though you're a bit too satisfied with yourself—and I'd like to see you making the best of life."

He looked at her animated face rather wistfully.

"I'm sorry I'm too late!" he said. "For perhaps I might have learned from you—how to love!"

She smiled. "No one can teach you that!" she answered. "It just comes!" She paused a moment—then added, playfully: "But you've got so many old-fashioned notions that I rather wonder love isn't among them!"

"Old-fashioned notions!" he echoed. "I really think you are mistaken in me——"

"Oh no, I'm not!" she interposed, laughingly. "You are of course 'up-to-date' in the way society amuses itself,—but your ideas of the relations of man and woman in the economy of progress and government are as fixed as a very rusty nail embedded in concrete! For instance, you don't like the idea of a woman dealing in stocks and bonds. Now do you?"

"Well, no!—not much!" he confessed. "It seems so unusual——"

"Yet you don't mind a woman going out washing?" pursued Claudia. "It doesn't hurt you any to see her poor hands blistered with soda suds, and her face red and swollen and spoilt with ugly effort, such as stooping over other folks' dirty floors and doorsteps? You think that's quite a suitable and womanly occupation?"

He fidgeted uneasily in his chair. "You put it very bluntly," he said.

"Yes—I *am* blunt!" she admitted. "I like straight ways and straight argument. See!" and she suddenly took up the rose which Markham had noticed lying on a heap of account-books. "There's a sweet, dainty flower—that's like an innocent woman when she first begins life in the land of dreams! Some of you men like to gather such a flower, wear it, and crush it in the wearing, and then

—when it fades—throw it away! Ah, I know! That's the master-and-slave notion, but it doesn't suit *me!* I'd—I'd rather be the half of an old hickory nutshell!" and she laughed happily. "It's a hard, plain thing—but it lasts!"

She put the rose aside, got up from her chair and held out her hand.

"Time flies! Good-by!" said she.

HE got up also, a little slowly and reluctantly. "Is it good-by?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so!" she smiled. "Of course I'll settle the account of your little gamble with me! and then—then——"

"Then—what?"

"Why then I hope you'll go straight home to beautiful England and forget all about me! You'll have had an experience of a 'new' woman, and you'll be all the better for it! Look at a dear, sweet, fresh English country girl's pretty face and try to fall in love! Don't think of yourself at all—think only of *her!* And when you really *do* fall in love, stay deep in it!—you'll never find a warmer corner to be safe and cosy and sheltered from all the worries of the world! Try, won't you? It'll do you so much good!"

He took her hand and pressed it gently. "Very well! I'll try! But I shall never forget you!"

"Won't you? Well! Perhaps not!" and she looked frankly up into his eyes. "Some folks say I'm not an easy person to forget! Besides, you've had quite a time of it, hunting me round and trying to find out my 'business.' And now you know! You know it's just what every real woman would like to do—to earn enough money of her own to help make beautiful the home she is going to live in with the man she loves. That's all! And as long as she does it honorably and intelligently it doesn't matter how she does it. The pre-Victorian idea was that the man should do it all, while the woman sat uselessly simpering, clothed in white muslin and affecting a general helplessness, and then when he had slaved enough and got a home together, that she should fling herself on his shoulders like a 'burgeon' as the inimitable Mrs. Gamp says. I don't want to be a 'burgeon'—I'm trying to carry part of the luggage! I want to be the imagined lever of Archimedes and lift the world for my man! I want to be wings, light, power, brightness, joy, everything to him! See?"

He held her hand a little longer—a little more tenderly.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "I see! Good-by!"

Her smile flashed up in his face like sunshine. "Don't take it badly!" she said. "Good-by!"

He glanced at the rose she had set aside. "May I have it?" he asked, softly.

"Why, certainly!"

She gave it to him, coquettishly touching it with her lips as she did so. He was conscious of a quickened heart-beat.

"Too bad!" he said smiling.

"Yes! So it is! But it's just a fancy! To bring you luck—and love. Good-by!"

Another two or three minutes, and the sharp-featured office-boy had shown him out into the surging roar and rush of Wall Street. He stood for a moment, half deafened by the noise and bewildered by the movement, holding the rose in his hand with the abstracted air of a child who has plucked a flower without knowing what it is. Then he saw his automobile approaching, and entering it was driven back to his hotel.

He saw Claudia no more. Within the week he received, as she had promised, his five hundred pounds doubled into a thousand,—but no word came from her, personally, to accompany the formal note of settlement. And, having nothing further to expect or to hope for, he made his preparations for returning to England. Just before leaving New York, however, he chanced to visit an art-gallery where there were some very fine examples of sculpture by a young Roman artist who, discarding the criminal perversions of modern taste, had evidently founded his methods of work on the unrivaled Greek models. One statue in particular struck his fancy called "The Rancher,"—the life-size figure of a man in the act of throwing a lasso. The alert, proud, eager form in the rough "out West" attire was superb,—the face exceptionally fine in feature and bold in expression. The more he looked at it the more he fancied it, and finally he decided to purchase it for the gallery at Markham Hall. But when he came to ask the price he was told it was not for sale.

"It's a very fine piece of work," said the art dealer. "One of the finest this new man has yet done. But it's a commission, and we're only allowed to exhibit it as a favor. It belongs to Claudia Strange."

Lord Markham winced ever so slightly. "The lady stockbroker?" he queried, with a forced smile.

"That's it! I *think*—I'm not quite sure!—that it's the statue of an intimate friend of hers—done from the life."

Markham nodded. "I see. Her future husband, perhaps?"

"I couldn't say. Maybe. But I don't know. All *my* business is to see that it goes down safely to her place in the country when we've done showing. Nothing else you'd like?"

"No, thanks," and Markham looked long and with a curious sense of resentment at the fine, lithe white marble figure towering above him on its pedestal, the very embodiment of splendid manhood. Claudia's words rang thrillingly in his ears: "I want to be the imagined lever of Archimedes and lift the world for my man! I want to be wings, light, power, brightness, joy, everything to him! See?"

Yes, he saw! And for the first time a glimmering guess of the true nature of a great love dawned upon him,—for the first time his own ways of life seemed unutterably poor and mean, and the vague chronic boredom of his "set" in England depressed him like the shadow of an approaching cloud. There *was* joy to be found in life—more joy than he had ever known, if one could only attune one's self to meet it!

Starched, stiff and always severely accurate in outward conduct and speech, with only occasional lapses from the path of moral rectitude, of which his world knew nothing, he passed his days languidly and uselessly enough, in sublime indifference to most happenings, and never married, because firstly, it was too much trouble, and secondly, because he was convinced no woman would exactly suit him.

Only once again did he hear of Claudia, and that was when she sent him her wedding-cards. Then she passed out of his life, though not entirely out of his memory, and when a friend, just over from the States, talked to him one day of a successful speculation he had lately made and mentioned the famous stock-broking firm of Strange & Co. he was not surprised.

"A woman manages the concern," said his informant, "and manages it well, too! She married the other day, and they say her husband is a millionaire twice over! No wonder, if his wife works his business for him!"

"No wonder!" murmured Markham, lazily. "Some women are very clever."

"They are!" assented his friend. "No doubt about it! And, by Jove, Markham, they've got their chance of an innings now!"

Lord Markham looked at him quizzically across the top of the newspaper he was reading.

"Think so?" he queried. "Well! What then?"

"Why, we shall have a changed world—that's all! And the Book of Genesis will have to be revised!" Markham laughed. "It's time!" he said—"It's had rather too long a run of public favor!"

"You believe we should accept women as our equals? Mentally and intellectually?"

"For our own comfort and convenience I don't believe we should," answered Markham. "But whether we like it or not I'm afraid we must. 'The race is to the swift and the battle to the strong'—and just now women are proving themselves both swift and strong. Their goal is in sight."

"I thought you entirely condemned the idea of female equality with man," said the other.

"So I do!" declared Markham, emphatically. "If I had my own natural way I would have a woman obey me to the letter or I'd know the reason why! I have all the love of tyranny in me common to our sex. But—it won't do! Father Abraham has had his day, and we can't turn our Hagars into the wilderness with impunity. So I resign myself to the inevitable."

"That's why you don't marry?"

"Exactly. That's why I don't marry."

His friend laughed. "Lucky escape for some woman, if those are your sentiments!"

Lord Markham's eyes lifted themselves slightly under his heavy eyelids.

"Quite right! A lucky escape for some woman."

The conversation ended. And Markham partook of his usual grilled cutlet in his usual corner of the club at his usual table, in lonely state, and tried not to think of the wings, light, power, brightness, and joy "some woman" was to—another man!

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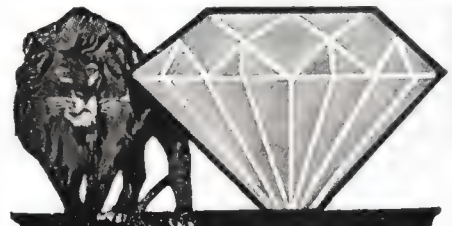

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SENTENCE OF THE COURT

(*Continued from page 230*)

Then there was silence. The connection had been broken. Lavendale rang up furiously. At last he got the Exchange. The young woman who answered his inquiry could tell him nothing. He rang through to "Information" with little better result. They would make inquiries and let him know from whence the call came. They believed that it was from a call office. He could gain no further information. He set down the instrument at last in despair and walked up and down the room. She was in trouble, danger. "Hook—?" "Hook—?" What was there familiar to him in the commencement of that word? He repeated it feverishly. Then he remembered—Hookam Court—Anthony Silburn, whom he had met that afternoon at the Embassy. It was hard to discover any connection, however. He drove back to the Milan Court and found Anne.

"Is there any news, monsieur?" she asked anxiously.

"None at present," Lavendale replied. "I cannot see Major Elwell for another half-hour. Tell me, have you ever heard your mistress mention any place of which the first syllable is 'Hook'?"

"'Ook," Anne repeated dubiously. "No, monsieur!"

"Hookam Court," Lavendale went on, "Anthony Silburn—Norfolk—none of that is familiar?"

"But no, monsieur!"

He kept the secret of the telephone message to himself and made his way round once more to Whitehall. Major Elwell was seated in his office and received him at once. There was nothing unusual about the place except a large array of telephones. Lavendale told his story quickly. The Major listened without comment.

"Well?" Lavendale asked eagerly when he had finished.

Major Elwell was occupied in drawing small diagrams with his pencil on the edge of the blotting-paper.

"We must see what can be done," he remarked at last. "'Hook'—that is absolutely all you heard?"

"Absolutely," Lavendale assured him.

"And you have a friend who lives at Hookam Park in Norfolk—Mr. Anthony Silburn?" he said meditatively. "A very remarkable man, Silburn—likely to be President some day, they tell me."

"Who cares about that!" Lavendale exclaimed, a little curtly. "What can we do, Major Elwell? I dare say you know as much as I do, and more. Miss de Freyne has been very successful during the last few months, and there is no doubt they'd give anything they could to get hold of her on the other side. But in England—surely there can't be any organization over here strong enough for actual mischief!"

"Scarcely," Major Elwell agreed. "Scarcely. 'H-double O-K,'" he went on meditatively. "You see, there are about fifty places in the United Kingdom beginning like that."

"Isn't there anything we can be doing instead of sitting here talking?" Lavendale asked impatiently.

"Always a mistake," Major Elwell declared, "to do things in a hurry. Have a cigaret," he went on, offering his case. "I think I'll stroll out and talk with a friend over this little matter."

"Isn't there a thing I can do?" Lavendale persisted.

"Well," Major Elwell said thoughtfully, "you spoke of an invitation to visit your friend Mr. Anthony Silburn at Hookam Court. Why not motor down there to-morrow? It's one of the places in the country that your call might have come from, at any rate."

"All right," Lavendale agreed. "I'll motor down there to-morrow."

Lavendale was conscious of a queer sensation of unreality as, late on the following afternoon, he followed the butler across the white-flagged entrance hall of Hookam Court. He felt as though he were an unwilling actor in a play of which the setting was all too perfect. The little party of guests, still in shooting clothes and lounging before the great wood fire, brought into their surroundings a vivid note of flamboyant artificiality. The high walls, with their ecclesiastically-curved frescoes, the row of family portraits, the armor standing in the recesses, even the little local touch afforded by the gamekeeper in brown whipcord and gaiters, standing waiting in a distant corner, seemed to him like part of some cinema production in which the men and women were supers and the setting tinsel.

His host's greeting was all that it should have been. He advanced across the hall with outstretched hand, quietly but sincerely cordial.

"Good man, Lavendale!" he exclaimed. "I was delighted to get your telegram."

"Very nice of you," Lavendale murmured. "I hadn't any idea of being at a loose end so soon when you were kind enough to ask me."

"It couldn't have happened more fortunately," Mr. Anthony Silburn assured him. "I've another man coming down to-night, but I've room for two more guns. Now let me introduce you to those of your fellow-guests whom you don't know. Mr. Lavendale—Lady Marsham, Mr. Kindersley, Mr. Barracombe, Sir Julius Marsham, Mr. Henry D. Steinletter."

Lavendale bowed, individually to the women and collectively to the men. Lady Marsham, a stout, dark-haired lady with a heavy jaw, made room for him by her side.

"It is quite a treat, Mr. Lavendale," she declared, "to see a young man. One feels that he must be either an American or a hopeless invalid. You are an American, aren't you?"

Lavendale admitted the fact and rose to greet his hostess, who was coming down the stairs. She suddenly recognized Lavendale and stopped short. For the first time he was conscious of something which freed him from that sense of being part of a carefully concerted picture. There was something absolutely human, entirely spontaneous, in his cousin's expression as she recognized him. Her fingers gripped the oak banisters, her lips were parted, her eyes were filled with something which was scarcely a welcoming light. It all passed in a moment and she came into the picture naturally and easily.

"My dear Ambrose, how delightful to see you again! Does Tony know?"

Lavendale advanced to meet her and took her hands.

"He asked me down for a few days only yesterday, when I met him in town, and I wired to say that I was coming to-day. I am afraid I didn't give him a chance to turn me down, but I meant to say, although he hasn't given me an opportunity yet, that if it's at all inconvenient I could go on to Norwich and look up some friends near there."

"Don't be foolish, Ambrose. Of course we are delighted. I see you people have had tea," she went on. "I really couldn't resist a bath and tea-gown."

"And I was much too lazy," Lady Marsham yawned, lighting a cigaret. "I shall go up and change early for dinner."

Mr. Silburn's voice was heard from the outer end of the hall. He was dismissing the gamekeeper with a few parting instructions.

"I'll have another covering stand at the long wood, Reynolds," he was saying. "You can put it on the extreme left, near the old oak. I'll take that myself, and Mr. Lavendale will shoot from Number Three. You've got your guns, Lavendale?" he added, strolling up to them.

"They are in the car," Lavendale replied, "but I warn you that I haven't shot for two years."

"I don't think my pheasants will bother you any," Mr. Silburn promised him. "Barracombe here finds them on the slow side. We had a very good day to-day—over a thousand head altogether. Sure you won't have some tea or a whisky and soda?"

"Nothing, thanks."

"Then I'll show you your rooms," his host continued, "if you'll come this way. And, Lavendale, just one word," he concluded, as he glanced around the spacious rooms into which he had ushered his guest, "we have a sort of unwritten rule to which every one subscribes here. It saves so much unpleasant argument on a subject where our opinions are a little divided. We don't mention the war until half-past ten."

"Very sound," Lavendale remarked, "but why half-past ten?"

"After dinner," Mr. Silburn promised, "I will explain that to you. We have a little conversazione sometimes—but just wait."

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AGAIN, an hour or so later, when Lavendale stood once more in the hall talking to one or two of the men, while a footman was passing round cocktails upon a tray, he felt oppressed by that curious sense of unreality. He had turned his head quite naturally toward the broad, western corridor on hearing the soft rustling of a woman's skirts—and he talked no more of wild pheasants! It was Suzanne, in a black evening gown and carrying a handful of pink roses in her hand, who was coming slowly across the hall.

"Suzanne! Miss de Freyne!" he exclaimed, taking a quick step forward.

He was conscious of many things in those few seconds, conscious of his host's strenuous regard, of Suzanne's unnatural pallor, of the warning in her eyes. His rush of joy at seeing her, however, was all-conquering. He took her hands in his and held them tightly.

"And to think that no one told me you were here!" he exclaimed.

There was a moment's strained silence. Then a cold wave of doubt, a premonition of evil, suddenly chilled him. In the background he had caught a glimpse of a peculiar smile upon his host's lips, and again there was the warning in Suzanne's eyes.

"I have been down in the neighborhood for several days," she told him. "It is rather a coincidence, is it not?"

Anthony Silburn, who had remained all the time within earshot, strolled over toward them.

"So you young people have discovered one another," he remarked. "The gong at last!" he added, with a little burst of enthusiasm. "Lavendale, as it is your first evening, will you take Lydia in? Miss de Freyne, I am going to give myself the happiness to-night."

He held out his arm and led Suzanne away. Lavendale loitered behind with his cousin.

"Lydia," he whispered, as they passed into the great dining-room, "how long has Miss de Freyne been here?"

"In this house since the day before yesterday," she answered. "She was staying before at the Hookam Arms, down in the village."

"Say, is there anything wrong about this place?" he asked. "I don't know what it is, but I feel as though I'd come into some sort of a theatrical performance. I suppose you are all alive, aren't you? That really is Barracombe, the traveler, and old Steinletter?"

His tone had been one of half banter, but her reply made him suddenly serious.

"I don't know, Ambrose," she confessed nervously. "Sometimes I feel like that myself. Don't talk too loudly."

Dinner was no sooner over, however, than he made a bold attempt to dissipate some of his presentiments.

"Can I use the telephone, Silburn?" he asked.

"With pleasure, my dear boy," was the unhesitating reply. "You'll find an instrument this way."

They were all crossing the hall. The men and the women were to smoke and take their coffee together. Silburn led his young guest into a small waiting-room, comfortably furnished. On a table in the middle of the apartment was a telephone instrument and a book of subscribers. Lavendale took up the receiver.

"Can you get through to London?" he asked.

"Sorry, sir, the line is engaged," the operator regretted.

"Will it be free presently?"

"I'll ring up as soon as we can get through. What number?"

Lavendale gave the number of his own rooms and rejoined the little group in the hall. He found Barracombe on one side of Suzanne and his host on the other, but he drew a chair as near to her as he could.

"Get through all right?" Silburn inquired.

"I didn't get through anywhere," Lavendale replied. "The line was engaged."

"We've a lot of soldiers down here," Mr. Silburn explained. "They are always commandeering the line for military purposes."

"You seem to get plenty of messages," Lavendale remarked, as a servant for the third or fourth time brought a slip of folded paper to his master.

Silburn smiled.

"I have a private line," he announced. "Sorry I can't ask you to use it, but I have promised the military here that no one else save myself shall communicate by means of it. Are you a bridger, Lavendale?"

Lavendale excused himself, but gained nothing, for Suzanne was almost forced into the game by her host. He wandered about the hall, glancing up at the pictures. Then he went back to the telephone room.

"Line's still engaged, sir," was the laconic reply to his inquiry.

Lavendale strolled back. He wandered uneasily about the hall for a time and then approached the great front door.

"Think I'll have a look at the night," he remarked, with his hand upon the bolt.

The servant who was standing by intervened.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "we are not allowed to open the front door after dusk. The military have complained so much about the 'ights."

"Show me another way out from the back, then," Lavendale persisted.

"No one is allowed to leave the house at all until morning," the man told him.

Lavendale turned slowly round toward the bridge-table.

"Silburn," he asked, "are we prisoners?"

"My dear fellow," his host replied, dealing out a hand, "it is not I who am to blame, but the English military authorities. Look how closely curtained we are everywhere. You will find double blinds in every room in the house. Yet even that has not been enough to satisfy them. I have had to promise that no members of my household shall even open a door after dark. 'Defense of the Realm Act' they call it, I think."

Lavendale, with small hopes of any success, called once more at the telephone room before he rejoined the little party. The reply was almost brusque.

"Line blocked. No chance of getting through to London to-night."

"Can I ring up Norwich?" Lavendale asked, with a sudden inspiration.

"Line to Norwich engaged," was the reply.

"Is there anywhere I can speak to?" Lavendale persisted. "Is there any number upon the Exchange I can be connected with?"

There was no reply. He rang again and tapped the wire. There was still silence.

He made his way back into the hall. The rubber was just over and he leaned boldly over the chair in which Suzanne was seated.

"Come and talk to me for a few minutes," he begged.

She hesitated. Mr. Silburn, who was playing idly with the cards, glanced at the clock and back again.

"At half-past ten," he announced, "in ten minutes, that is to say, we all meet in the cloister room. It is a queer custom, perhaps, but my guests have been kind in conforming to it."

"Prayers?" Lavendale inquired.

"Not a bad name for our few minutes' serious diversion," Silburn remarked drily.

Lavendale led Suzanne toward a couch at the further end of the hall. He laid his hand upon hers and found it as cold as ice.

"Suzanne," he said quietly, "are we in a trap?"

"I believe we are," she answered. "It is entirely my fault. I have never been so foolish before in my life. I have always had people behind me who have known my whereabouts and who could come to the rescue, if necessary. This time I told no one. I was selfish. I wanted the whole credit. But tell me of yourself—how you came here?"

"It was just the merest chance," he replied. "Silburn had asked me to shoot here, and then you half told me where you were, over the telephone. I think that the rest must have been instinct. You haven't told me yet, though, how you found your way here?"

"I was down at the village," she said. "I followed Mr. Steinletter here. I had a special permit, a military pass. I was supposed to be related to one of the officers quartered at the inn. I made a few inquiries about this place, which increased my suspicions. Then I met Mrs. Silburn outside the lodge gates. She was with the Colonel in command here and they stopped to speak to the officer I was with. She was delightful and asked me to call. I was only too glad to have a chance of obtaining the entrée to the house. They made me send for my clothes, to spend the night. That was two days ago. Since then I have tried in vain to get away."

"Well, there isn't much they can do with us, dear," Lavendale assured her coolly. "Tell me now, have you made any actual discovery?"

"There is a private telegraph and telephone exchange here in the place," she said, "and Mr. Silburn gets messages every few hours. There are people always coming and going, all people of the same class. There is not the slightest doubt that this is the place for which we have searched. Ambrose, if only we could stretch out the net now, at this moment, we could make a great haul."

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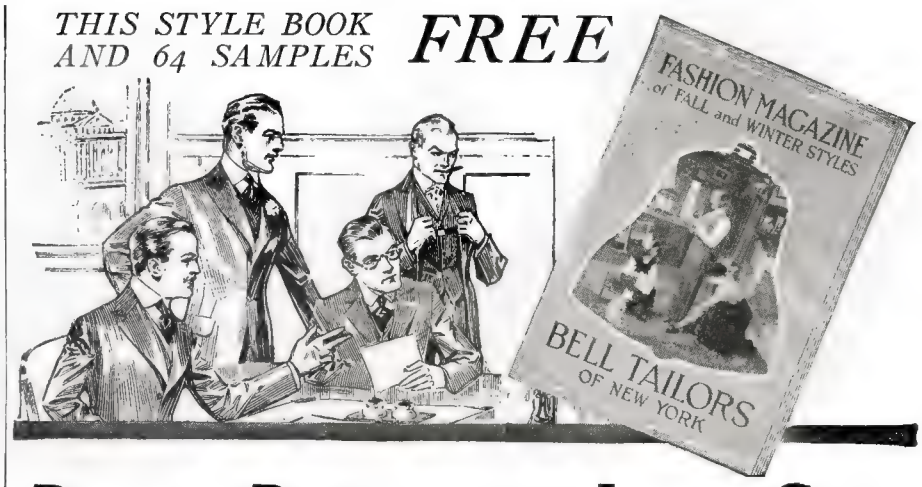

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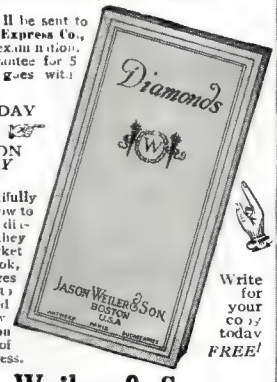

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"Instead of which," he remarked grimly, "we seem to be in the meshes ourselves!"

"Tell me," she begged, "does any one know that you were coming here?"

"I told Elwell—Major Elwell," Lavendale replied, with a suddenly inspired flash of memory. "I told him why I was coming here, too."

She clutched at his arm. Then suddenly she looked down.

"They are watching us," she whispered. "Ambrose, that may save us yet, if only he comes in time!"

"In time for what?" Lavendale answered cheerfully. "I can't look upon this as very serious, dear. Why, Lydia Silburn is my own cousin."

"She is our only hope," Suzanne declared. "As for the rest, I have grown to suspect every one of them."

"What does this half-past-ten business mean?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"At half-past ten they all go into what they call the cloister room," she said. "As yet I have not been invited there, but I have an idea that to-night we are both to be present. Yes, here comes Mr. Silburn."

"Now, you young people," their host observed pleasantly, "we are going to let you into a few secrets. This way."

He motioned them both to precede him. They found themselves in what seemed to be, from the bareness of the walls and the shape of the windows, a small chapel, built on different levels. The larger part of the room, which was below, was wrapped in complete gloom. The smaller part was unfurnished save for a long table, around which was ranged a number of chairs. One by one, the guests seated themselves. Lavendale and Suzanne followed their example as indifferently as possible. Mr. Silburn sat at the head of the table, with Lady Marsham on his right and Mr. Steinletter opposite. There was a certain significance to Lavendale in the fact that his cousin was not present. A somewhat gloomy light was thrown upon the faces of the little company from a heavily-shaded oil lamp suspended by a brass chain from the roof, and, looking around at their mingled expressions, Lavendale for the first time felt a sense of real danger, a thrill of something like fear, not for his own sake but for Suzanne's. He groped for her hand beneath the table and held the icy-cold fingers tightly.

"Courage, dear," he murmured under his breath.

She smiled at him plaintively, and with the fear still lurking in her dark eyes. Then Mr. Silburn leaned forward in his place and tapped upon the table with his forefinger. His voice in the hollow spaces sounded strangely.

"My friends," he began, "few words are best. We live, as you all know, from day to day, in danger. No such association as ours could continue to exist without hourly peril. So far we have triumphed over the Secret Service of every country. So far we have carried on our great work without hindrance or suspicion. Those days, I am forced to tell you, are passing. The hour of our supreme peril is close at hand. There are two people here present who have guessed our secret. One of them, this young lady upon my left, Miss de Freyne, is here for no other purpose than to spy upon us."

Suzanne seemed to have regained her courage. In the moment of trial she was stronger than in the indeterminate hours of suspense. She turned her head toward Silburn.

"What are you all but spies," she demanded, "spies of the lowest and most dastardly class? You are here under the shelter of a friendly country to do her all the harm you can, to stab in the dark, to take advantage of your nationality—your American nationality—to pose as an Anglo-Saxon. You abuse the country which shelters you. You call me a spy! Compared with you, all of you, I am the most innocent person who ever breathed."

A strange impassivity seemed to be reflected from all the faces of the little gathering. Only in Mr. Kindersley's face there trembled for a moment some shadow of sympathy.

"You have heard the young lady," Mr. Silburn continued calmly. "We come now to her companion. Mr. Lavendale, although an American by birth, has embraced the cause of this country; doubtless," he added, with a little satirical bow, "for reasons upon which I will not enlarge. He has become the ally of mademoiselle. We secured his presence here, I admit, by a ruse. My friends, these two people's knowledge of our secret is fatal to our safety." There was a moment's silence. Then Lady Marsham leaned back in her chair.

"I propose," she said firmly, "that the same steps be taken with these two people as heretofore."

There was a little murmur of approval. Only Mr. Kindersley sighed.

"One must remember," he observed reflectively, "that it is not only for our own safety—it is for a great cause."

Lavendale took a cigaret from a box in the center of the table, and lit it.

"I don't know what this penalty is that you propose to inflict upon us," he remarked, "but I should just like to remind you that you are living in a very highly civilized country, where people do not disappear."

"At Hookam," Mr. Silburn said calmly, "people have disappeared for the last nine hundred years. Below there, the secret cloisters reach almost to the sea. The cleverest and most astute criminologists who ever breathed might track you to these doors, Lavendale, and search until their hair was gray before they discovered a single trace of you. My servants are mine, body and soul. For my wife's sake——"

"Look here," Lavendale interrupted, "I am not sure whether you are in earnest or not, but whatever you might be thinking about for me, you couldn't be such brutes——"

He stopped short. There was a sudden light in his face. From outside the door they could clearly hear the sound of an angry voice. A little ripple of terrified excitement flashed around the table. Mr. Silburn's teeth came together with a little click. There was a curious tremor of emotion in his tone.

"Lock the door," he ordered Barracombe.

It was too late. In a long traveling ulster, with his cap still in his hand, Major Elwell stood already upon the threshold. Behind him, still protesting, was Lydia Silburn.

"Elwell!" Lavendale shouted. "Thank God!"

Major Elwell gazed around at them all through his eyeglass and looked back at the woman by his side. He seemed bewildered.

"What in the name of all that's holy is this?" he demanded.

There was a moment's silence. Lavendale drew a long breath. His arm was stretched out accusingly toward his host. Suddenly the words failed upon his lips. He looked around him, speechless, amazed. It was as though the whole world had gone mad. Mr. Barracombe, from the opposite side of the table, had removed his spectacles from his nose and was wiping the tears from his eyes. Lady Marsham was leaning on one side, doubled up. There was only one common sound everywhere—laughter, irresistible, compelling, unmistakable. Mr. Silburn, taking off his *pince nez* and struggling for composure, rose to his feet.

"The sentence of the court upon you two," he declared unsteadily, "would have been delivered with more solemnity but for the premature arrival of our friend Jack Elwell. I hereby pronounce it, however, finally and irrevocably. It is this, Ambrose Lavendale—that you offer your arm to Miss de Freyne, that you lead the way in to supper and that you produce your marriage certificate within three weeks."

Almost as he spoke, lights flashed out from the great room below. A long table was laid for supper. There were servants who seemed to appear like magic, with bottles and dishes. Lavendale turned toward Elwell, looked back at his host and finally down at Suzanne.

"Suzanne," he exclaimed, "I believe we're spoofed!"

She shook her head. There were tears of relief in her eyes, but a delicious curve of laughter upon her lips.

"I do not know the word," she admitted, "but I believe it is true."

"Lead the way, young fellow," Mr. Silburn insisted. "Forgive us, you two, but when we heard of Miss de Freyne down at the village, making inquiries about us—well, you remember I had to leave Harvard for a practical joke!"

"All the same," Lydia Silburn declared from the background, "the sentence of the court is final."

They took their places and the supper party very soon became a much gayer meal than the dinner which had preceded it. Toward its close, Lavendale whispered to Suzanne.

"Dear," he said, "I'm afraid we'll have to own up that we haven't been quite as astute as usual. Perhaps we are getting a little stale. Supposing we take—a holiday?"

She flashed a wonderful smile up at him.

"It was the sentence of the court," she murmured.

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RAINBOW'S END—Rex Beach

(Continued from page 240)

dejection. His left arm lay in a sling across his breast. He looked up at her approach but she scarcely recognized him, so greatly changed was he.

Leslie had filled out. There was a healthy color beneath his deep tan, his flesh was firm, his eyes clear and bright.

"Hello, Norine," he cried. "Well, they got me!"

Norine paused in astonishment. "*Why, Leslie!* I was so frightened! But—you can't be badly hurt."

"Bad enough so that Lopes sent me in. A fellow gets fly-blown if he stays in the field, so I beat it."

"Has your arm been dressed?"

"No. I wouldn't let these rough-and-tumble doctors touch it. They'd amputate at the shoulder for a hangnail. I don't trust 'em."

"Then I'll look at it."

But Leslie shrugged. "Oh, it's feeling fine right now! I'd rather leave it alone. I just wanted to see you——"

"You mustn't neglect it; there's danger of——"

"Gee! You're looking great," he interrupted. "It's better than a banquet just to look at you."

"And *you!*" Norine scanned the invalid appraisingly. "Why, you're another man."

"Sure! Listen to this." He thumped his chest. "Best pair of bellows in Cuba. The open air did it."

"What a pity you were hurt just at such a time. But you would take insane risks. Now, then, let's have a look at your wound." She pushed him, protesting, into her cabin.

"It doesn't hurt, really," he declared. "It's only a scratch."

"Of course you'd say so. Sit down."

"Please don't bother. If you don't mind I'd——"

"But I do mind. If you won't trust me I'll run for a doctor."

"I tell you I can't stand 'em. They'll probe around and give a fellow gangrene."

"Then behave yourself." Norine forced the patient into a chair and withdrew his arm from the sling. Then, despite his weak resistance, she deftly removed the bandage. From his expression she felt sure that she must be hurting him, but when the injury was exposed she looked up in wonderment.

"Leslie!" she exclaimed. "What in the world——"

"Well! You insisted on seeing it," he grumbled. "I told you it wasn't much." He tried to meet her eyes but failed.

There was a moment's pause, then Norine inquired curiously. "What is the trouble? You'd better 'fess up."

Branch struggled with himself, he swallowed hard, then said: "I'm going to. You can see now why I didn't go to a doctor. *I* did it—shot myself. You won't give me away?"

"Why—I don't understand."

"Oh, I'm in trouble. I simply had to get away, and this was all I could think of. I wanted to blow a real hole through myself and I tried three times. But I missed myself."

"Missed yourself? How? Why?"

Branch wiped the sweat from his face. "I flinched—shut my eyes and pulled the trigger."

Norine seated herself weakly, she stared in bewilderment at the unhappy speaker. "Afraid? You, *El Demonio!* Why, you aren't afraid of anything."

"Oh, yes, I am. Wait! Before I knew it, I had a reputation. Then I had to live up to it." The speaker groaned. "It wasn't so bad, as long as I felt sure I was going to die anyhow, but when I discovered I was getting well——" Branch raised a pair of tragic eyes; his tone changed. "I'll tell you what cured me. I *scared* myself well! Those bugs in my lungs died from suffocation, for I never breathed as long as there was a Spaniard in the same county with me. One day I found that I couldn't cough if I tried. I got strong. I slept well. And *eat?* Huh! I gobbled my share of food and whined for more. I stole what belonged to others. I began to enjoy myself—to have fun. Life opened up nice and rosy. I fell in love with my new self and the joy of living. Then I didn't want to die—never had, you understand, except to cheat the bugs; it gave me the horrors to think of the chances I'd taken. To be strong, to be healthy and free from worry was all new and strange and wonderful. I was drunk with it. To think of being cut down, crippled, reduced to the useless, miserable thing I had been, was intolerable. I was twice as scared then as I'd ever been, for I had more to lose. You understand? I forced myself to do the insane things expected of me when people were looking—natural pride, I suppose—but when they weren't looking—oh, how I dodged it! I crawled on my belly and hid in holes like a snake."

"How—funny!" Norine exclaimed.

"You've got a blamed queer idea of humor," Branch flashed, with a show of his former irritability.

"And so you shot yourself?"

"Yes! I tried to select a good spot where it wouldn't hurt or prove too inconvenient, but there isn't a place to spare on a fellow's whole body. He needs every inch of himself every minute. I was going to shoot myself in the foot, but my feet are full of bones and I saw myself on crutches the rest of my life."

"Why didn't you resign from the service? You didn't regularly enlist, and you've surely earned your discharge."

Branch nodded. "I thought of that, but I've gained a reputation that I don't deserve and, strangely enough, I'm madly jealous of it. I thought if I were really shot, by a regular bullet, I'd be mourned as a hero and have a chance to walk out with colors flying. I want to tell my children, if I ever have any, what a glorious man I was and how I helped to free Cuba. Oh, I'd lie like a thief to my own children. Now you see why I don't want a doctor. There's only one thing I want—and that's—*home.*" Leslie heaved a deep sigh. "Gee! I'm homesick."

"So am I," Norine feelingly declared. "I think I understand how you feel, and I can't blame you for wanting to live, now that you've learned what a splendid thing life is."

"If O'Reilly had been with me I think I could have managed, somehow, for he would have understood, too. I—I'll never go back to the front alone—they can shoot me, if they want to. Have you heard anything from him?"

"Not a word. Cuba swallowed him up. Oh, Leslie, it is a cruel country! It is taking the best and the youngest. I—want to go away."

He smiled mirthlessly. "I'm fed up on it, too. I want to be where I can shave when I need to and wear something besides canvas pajamas. I'm cured of war; I want a policeman to stop the traffic and help me across the street. I want to put my feet under a breakfast-table, rustle a morning paper and slap an egg in the face. That's all the excitement I hunger for."

Norine filled a basin with clean water and taking a fresh bandage wrapped up the self-inflicted hurt, Branch watching her anxiously. Now and again he flinched like a child when she touched his wound. At last he inquired apprehensively: "Is it infected?"

"No."

"I'm glad! Wouldn't it be just my luck to get blood-poisoning?"

Norine surprised her patient by inquiring irrelevantly: "Leslie, is there anybody here who can marry people?"

"Eh? Why, of course." Then suddenly his somber face lightened and he cried: "*Norine! Do you mean it?*"

"Not you. I wouldn't marry you."

"Why not? I'm perfectly well——"

"Please answer me."

Leslie settled back in his chair. "I daresay some of the Cuban cabinet officers could put up a good bluff at a marriage ceremony."

"A bluff wouldn't do."

"Who's going to be married?"

"I am."

Branch started to his feet once more, his mouth fell open. "You? Nonsense!" When she nodded, his face darkened. "Who is he? Some Cuban, I'll bet—one of these greasers."

"It is poor Estéban."

"'Poor Estéban!' Darn it, they're all poor. That's the very reason he asked you. He's after your money."

"He didn't ask me. I asked him. He's—dying, Leslie." There was a pause. "I'm going to marry him and take him home, where he can get well."

"What will O'Reilly say?"

"I'm afraid we'll never see O'Reilly again.

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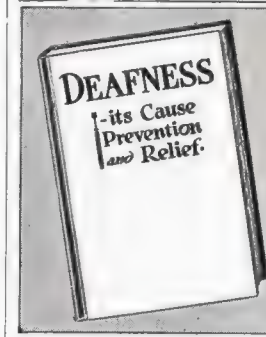

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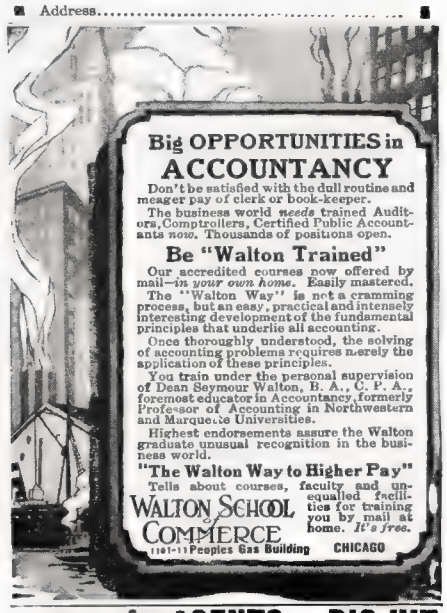

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Cuba frightens me. It has taken him, it will take Estéban, and—that would break my heart."

"Do you love him as much as that?"

Norine raised her eyes and in their depths Branch read her answer. "Well, that ends the rest of us," he sighed. "There's a Minister of Justice here, I believe; he sounds as if he could perform most any kind of ceremony. We'll find out for sure."

It so happened that the President and wellnigh the entire Provisional Cabinet were in Cubitas. Leslie and Norine went directly to the former. The supreme official was eager to oblige in every way the guest of his Government and her dare-devil countryman, *El Demonio*. He promptly sent for the Minister of Justice, who in turn gallantly put himself at Norine's disposal. He declared that although he had never performed the marriage ceremony he would gladly try his hand at it. In no time the news had spread and there was subdued excitement throughout the camp. When Norine left headquarters, she was the target of smiles and friendly greetings. Women nodded and chattered at her, ragged soldiers swept her salutes with their *jipi-japa* hats, children clung to her and capered by her side. It was vastly embarrassing, this shameless publicity, but it was touching, too, for there was genuine affection and good-will behind every smile. Norine was between tears and laughter when she ran panting into Estéban's cabin, leaving Branch to wait outside.

At sight of her Estéban uttered a low cry of happiness. "Dearest! I've been lying in a stupor of delight. The world has become bright! I hear people laughing. What a change! And how is *El Demonio?*"

"He's all right; he's waiting to see you, but first—I've arranged everything! The President and his Cabinet are coming to witness the ceremony."

Estéban poised, petrified, upon his elbow, his face was a study. "What have you arranged?" he managed to inquire.

"Sh-h!" Norine laid a finger upon his lips. "The guest of the Republic is to be married to-day. Dignitaries, magistrates, nabobs, are turning out in her honor. They are shaving and borrowing clean shirts for the occasion. The Minister of Justice has a brand-new pair of tan shoes and he has promised to wear them, come rain or shine."

"*Norine!* Oh, my dear!" quavered the sick man. "I can't let you do this mad thing. Think! I'm ready for the grave and——"

"This will make you well. We're going away when the very next expedition arrives."

But still Varona protested. "No, no! Who am I? I have nothing to offer, nothing to give. I'm poorer than a peon."

"Thank goodness, I can do all the giving! I've never told you, Estéban, but I'm quite rich." Holding the man away she smiled into his eyes. "Yes, richer than I have any right to be. I had no need to come to Cuba; it was just the whim of an irresponsible, spoiled young woman. I gave a huge amount of money to the New York *Junta* and that's why I was allowed to come."

"You're not a—a trained nurse?"

"Oh, dear, no! Except when it amuses me to pretend."

"How strange!" The invalid was dazed, but after a moment he shook his head. "It is hard to say this, but I don't know whether you really love me or whether your great heart has been touched. You have learned my feelings, and perhaps think in this way to make me well. Is that it?"

"No, no! I'm thoroughly selfish and must have what I want. I want you. So don't let's argue about it." Norine tenderly enfolded the weak figure in her arms. "You must, you *shall* get well or—I shall die, too."

"I haven't the strength to refuse," Estéban murmured. "And yet, how can I leave Cuba? What right have I to accept happiness and leave Rosa——"

This was a subject which Norine dreaded, a question to which she knew no answer. She was not in a mood to discuss it, and made no attempt to do so. Instead, she laid the invalid upon his pillow, saying:

"Leslie is waiting to wish you joy and a quick recovery. May I ask him in?"

She stepped to the door only to behold her late companion making off down the village street in great haste and evident excitement. Surprised, offended, she checked her impulse to call him back. A moment, then she stepped out into the full sunlight and stared after him, for she saw that which explained his desertion. Approaching between the drunken rows of grass huts was a little knot of people. Even as Norine watched it grew into a considerable crowd, for men and women and children came hurrying from their tasks. There were three figures in the lead, a man and two boys, and they walked slowly, ploddingly, as if weary from a long march.

Norine decided that they were not villagers, but ragged *pacificos*, upon the verge of exhaustion. She saw Branch break into a swifter run and heard him shout something, then through eyes suddenly dimmed she watched him fall upon the tallest of the three strangers and embrace him. The crowd grew thicker. It surrounded them.

"Estéban!" Norine cried in a voice she scarcely recognized. She retreated into the doorway with one hand upon her leaping heart. "Estéban! Look! Some one has just arrived. Leslie has gone——" She cleared her vision with a shake of her head and her tongue grew thick with excitement. "They're coming—*here!* Yes! It's—it's O'Reilly!"

Young Varona struggled from his hammock. "*Rosa!*" he called loudly, "*Rosa!*"

Norine ran and caught him or he would have fallen prone. He pawed and fumbled in a weak attempt to free himself from her restraining arms. A wildness was upon him; he shook as if with palsy. "Did he bring her with him? Is she here? Why don't you answer me? Rosa!" He began to mutter unintelligibly, his vitality flared up and it was with difficulty that Norine could hold him down. His gaze, fixed upon the square of sunlight framed by the low doorway, was blazing with excitement. To Norine it seemed as if his spirit, in the uncertainty of this moment, was straining to leap forth in an effort to learn his sister's fate.

The crowd was near at hand now. There came the scuffling of feet and the murmur of many voices. Estéban fell silent; he closed his hot, bony hands upon Norine's wrists in a painful grip. He bent forward, his soul centered in his tortured eyes.

There came a shadow, then in the doorway the figure of a man, a tattered scarecrow of a man, whose feet were bare and whose brown calves were exposed through flapping rags. His breast was naked where thorns had tried to stay him; his beard, even his hair, was matted and unkempt, and the mud of many trails lay caked upon his garments.

It was O'Reilly!

He peered, blinking, into the obscurity, then he turned and drew forward a frail, hunchbacked boy whose face was almost a mulatto hue. Hand in hand they stepped into the hut and once again Estéban Varona's soul found outlet in his sister's name. He held out his shaking, hungry arms and the misshapen lad ran into them.

Dumb with amazement, blind with tears, Norine found herself staring upward into O'Reilly's face, and heard him saying:

"I told you I would bring her home."

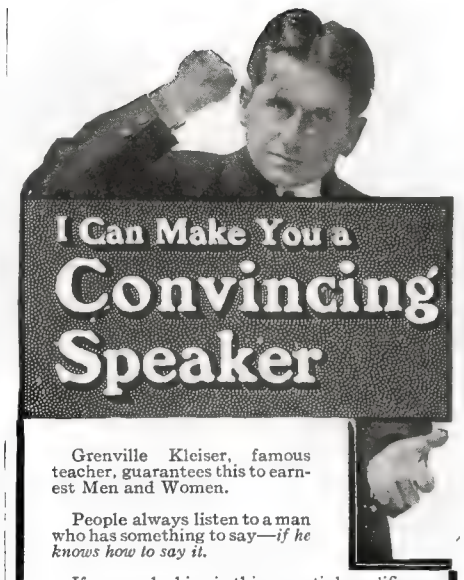
The next instant she lay upon his breast and sobs of joy were tearing at her!

THE story of Rosa's rescue came slowly and in fragments, for the news of O'Reilly's return caused a sensation. His recital was interrupted many times. So numerous and so noisy did these diversions become that Norine, fearing for the welfare of her patient, banished O'Reilly's visitors and bore him and Branch off to her own cabin, leaving the brother and sister alone. In the privacy of Norine's quarters O'Reilly finished telling her the more important details of his adventures. He was well-nigh worn out, but his two friends would not respect his weariness; they were half-hysterical with joy at his safety, treating him like one returned from the dead; so he rambled disjointedly through his tale. He told them of his hazardous trip westward, of his and Jacket's entrance into Matanzas and of the distressing scenes they witnessed there. When he had finished the account of his dramatic meeting with Rosa, his hearers' eyes were wet. The recital of the escape held them breathless.

"As a matter of fact, our getaway was ridiculously easy," he said, "for we had luck at every turn, regular Irish luck. I'm sure Captain Morin suspected that Rosa wasn't a boy, but he was perfectly foolish about Jacket and tolerated us on his account. We owe everything to that kid; he's wonderful. I made Morin independent for life, but it wasn't the money, it was Jacket who induced him to bring us clear to Turiguano. He landed us one night, this side of the Moron trocha. Since then we've waded swamps to our armpits, we've fought the jungle and chewed bark—but we're here." Johnnie heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Where did you get the money to hire schooners and corrupt captains?" Branch inquired. "You were broke when I knew you."

O'Reilly hesitated; he lowered his voice



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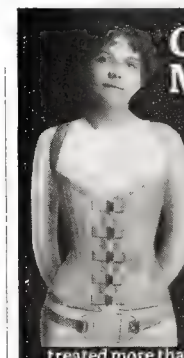

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to a whisper. "We found the Varona treasure!"

Norine uttered a cry. "Not Don Estéban's treasure?"

"Exactly. It was in the well where young Estéban told us it was."

"Oh, Johnnie! You mean thing!" exclaimed the girl. "You promised——"

"You'll have a chance to dig," he laughed. "We couldn't begin to bring all of it; we merely took the jewels and the deeds and what money our clothes would hold. The rest——"

"Wait! *Wait!*" Branch wailed, clapping his hand to his head. "'Merely the jewels and the deeds and what money our clothes would hold!' Bullets! Why, one suit of clothes will hold all the money in the world. Am I dreaming? Money! I haven't seen a bona-fide dollar since I put on long pants. What does money look like? Is it round or——?"

Johnnie produced from his pockets a handful of coins.

Branch's eyes bulged, he touched a gold piece respectfully, weighed it carefully, then pressed it to his lips. He rubbed it against his cheek and in his hair; he placed it between his teeth and bit it.

"It's *real!* he cried. "Now let me look at the jewels."

"Rosa has them. She's wearing them on her back. Hunched backs are lucky, you know; hers is worth a fortune."

"Why, this beats the Arabian Nights," Norine gasped.

"It beats——" Branch paused, then wagged his head warningly at the girl. "I don't believe a word of it and you mustn't. Johnnie read this story on his yachting trip. It couldn't happen. In the first place, there isn't any more money in the world; mints have quit coining it. Why, if I wrote such a yarn——"

"It *is* almost unbelievable," Johnnie acknowledged. "I found Aladdin's Cave, but——" His face paled and he stirred uneasily. "It was nearly the death of all of us. I'll have to tell you the whole story now; I've only told you the half."

While his hearers listened, petrified with amazement and doubting their ears, he recited the incidents of that unforgettable night on La Cumbre; how Cobo came, and of the trap he sprung; how Jacket stole upon the assassin while he knelt, and of the blow he struck.

When Johnnie had finished, there was a long moment of silence. Then Norine quavered tremulously: "That boy! That blessed boy!"

Branch murmured feebly: "Dash water in my face, or you'll lose me. I— You— I——" He found no words to express his feelings and finally voiced his favorite expletive.

"It's all too weirdly improbable," O'Reilly smiled, "but ask Rosa, or Jacket—the boy is bursting to tell some one. He nearly died because he couldn't brag about it to Captain Morin, and there won't be any holding him now. I'm afraid he'll tip off the news about that treasure in spite of all my warnings. These jewels are a temptation. I won't rest until they're safely locked up in some good vault. Now then, I've told you everything, but I'm dying for news. Tell me about yourselves, about Estéban. I expected to find him well. What ails him?"

"Oh, Johnnie!" Norine began. "He's very ill. He isn't getting well." Something in her tone caused O'Reilly to glance at her sharply. Branch nodded and winked significantly, and the girl confessed with a blush, "Yes! You told me I'd surrender to some poor, broken fellow. I'm very happy and —I'm very sad."

"Hunh! He's far from poor and broken," Leslie corrected, "with a half interest in a humpful of diamonds and a gold-plated well, according to Baron Munchausen, here. This is the Cuban leap-year, Johnnie; Norine proposed to him and he was too far gone to refuse. You came just in time to interrupt a drumhead marriage."

"Is it true?" When Norine acquiesced, O'Reilly pressed her two hands in his. "I'm glad—so glad."

Tears started to the girl's eyes, her voice broke wretchedly. "Help me, Johnnie! Help me to get him home——" He patted her reassuringly and she took comfort from his hearty promise.

"Of course I will. We'll take him and Rosa away where they can forget Cuba and all the misery it has caused them. We'll make him well, don't worry. Meanwhile, at this moment, Rosa needs food and clothing, and so do I."

As the three friends walked up the street they discovered Jacket holding the center of an interested crowd of his countrymen. It was the boy's moment and he was making the most of it. Swollen with self-importance, he was puffing with relish at a gigantic gift cigar.

"I exaggerate nothing," he was saying loudly. "O'Reilly will tell you that I killed Cobo, alone and unassisted. The man is gone, he has disappeared, and all Matanzas is mystified. This is the hand that did it, yonder is the weapon, with that butcher's blood still on it. That knife will be preserved in the museum at Havana, along with my statue." Jacket spied his chief witness and called to him. "Tell these good people who killed Cobo. Was it Narcisco Villar?"

"It was," O'Reilly smiled. "The fellow is dead."

There was renewed murmuring. The crowd pressed Jacket closer; they passed the knife from hand to hand. Doubters fell silent; the boy swelled visibly. Bantam-like he strutted before their admiring glances, and when his benefactor had passed safely out of hearing, he went on:

"*Caramba!* What a fight we had! It was like those combats of the gladiators you hear about. The man was brave enough; there's no denying his courage, which was like that of ten men—like that of a fierce bull, but I—! I was superb, magnificent! The man bellowed, he roared, he grunted; he charged me, flinging the earth high with his heels, but I was *banderillero, picador* and *matador* in one. I was here, I was there, I was everywhere: so swiftly did I move that no eye could follow me." Jacket illustrated his imaginary movements with agile leaps and bounds. "The terror of his name frightened me, I'll admit, but it lent me a desperate courage, too. I thought of the brave men, the good women, the innocent children, he had slain and I fell upon him from this side, from that side, from the front, from the rear. I pricked him, shouting: 'That, for the people of Las Villas! This, for the women of the San Juan! And once again for the babies you have killed!'" Jacket carried out his pantomime by prodding with a rigid finger first one then another of his listeners. "Oh, he went mad, like a bull, indeed, but I was another Rafael Guerra. He shed rivers of blood, the ground grew slippery and the grass became red. He stood rocking in his tracks, finally; his breath was like a hurricane. He was exhausted, he was covered with foam, his limbs were made of lead. It was my moment. 'For all your sins!' I cried, and with that I drove yonder blade through his heart and out between his shoulders—thus! My brothers, his flesh was rotten, and the steel clove it as if it were butter."

Jacket was more than gratified at the effect of his recital, for children screamed, women shuddered and men turned shocked eyes upon each other. He realized that with a little further practice and a more diligent attention to detail he could horrify the stoutest-hearted listener—nay, cause hysterical women to swoon. He concluded his account in a studiously careless tone: "O'Reilly came, too late, but he helped me to bury the offal. We flung it head first into an old well and dumped rocks upon it. There it will lie until Cuba is free. That, my friends, was the end of Cobo, exactly as it happened."

O'Reilly saw little of his sweetheart that day, for Norine promptly bore the girl off to her own quarters and there attended to her needs, the most pressing of which was clothing. Norine's wardrobe offered little to choose from, but between them they reduced a nurse's uniform to fit the smaller figure. Meanwhile, with a rapidity and a thoroughness delightful to both of them, the two girls came to know each other.

While O'Reilly was similarly engaged in making himself presentable, he and Branch talked earnestly, with the result that they repaired later to General Gomez.

The general welcomed them; he listened with interest to O'Reilly's story of the rescue, and to the account of conditions in Matanzas. O'Reilly concluded by saying:

"I've done what I came to do, sir, but Miss Varona is badly shaken by all she has been through. She's very nervous and far from well. Estéban, too, isn't recovering."

General Gomez nodded. "Miss Evans declares he must have a change, and we have arranged to send him out of the country. His sister, poor child, should go too."

"When can they leave?"

"Who knows? Not for some time, certainly. Expeditions are irregular."

"They should go at once," O'Reilly said positively. "That's why we came to see

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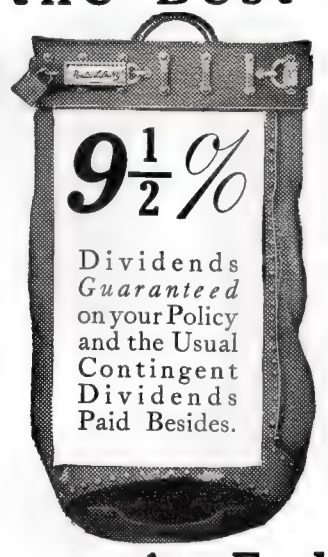

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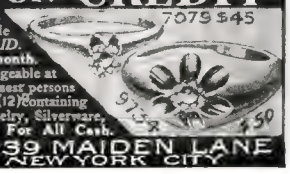

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"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

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you. Let us—Branch and me—take all three of them to the United States."

"You, too, *El Demonio?*" inquired the general.

"Yes, sir; if you please."

"But how? How can you take two women and a sick man——?"

"We'll manage somehow," O'Reilly declared. "It isn't far across to the Bahama Banks."

"True. That's the route of our underground—our undersea—railroad. As you probably know, there is a venturesome countryman of yours who carries our dispatches by that way. He devised the scheme to keep us in touch with our friends in New York, and he has done us great service. He comes and goes in a small boat, but how or when nobody knows. The Spanish patrols are on the lookout for him and there's a price on his head, so you won't find it easy or safe to cross. Beware that you are not mistaken for him."

"Do you mean that we may go?" Branch eagerly inquired.

The general hesitated, whereupon O'Reilly spoke up: "For my part, I'll agree to come back if you so desire."

Gomez shook his white head. "No! You came to find and to save your fiancée, and you volunteered to serve with us while you were doing so. We have no desire to keep any man against his will. Some one must escort Miss Evans, who is our guest. Why not you two? She has every confidence in you and if she chooses to risk this enterprise rather than wait until we can guarantee her an easier trip, we shall not restrain her. I shall see that you reach the coast safe and sound; beyond that you must trust in God."

Branch was immensely relieved; he joined volubly in O'Reilly's thanks and became careless of his arm, which no longer appeared to pain him. Peace with honor, it seemed, was all that he desired.

"I was looking forward to an interesting ceremony this afternoon," Gomez went on. "Has your arrival changed the plans?"

"Oh, no, sir!" O'Reilly said quickly. "I'd like to make it doubly interesting, if Miss Varona will consent to such short notice."

"Bravo! You have a way of doing the unexpected. Twin brides, a double wedding! Why not? The sight of a little happiness will be good for all of us; we're apt to forget that life and the big world are going on as usual. I don't think Miss Varona will have it in her heart to refuse you anything."

The old soldier was right. Rosa did not gainsay her lover, and toward sundown the city among the leaves witnessed an unaccustomed scene.

Many people, all Cubitas, in fact, had assembled to witness the romantic double wedding, but few actually succeeded, for Estéban's hut was too small to accommodate more than the highest officials of the Provisional Government, so the others were forced to wait outside in the gathering dusk. And those Ministers, those Secretaries of Departments, those Generals and Colonels, what a motley crowd they formed! There was scarcely a whole garment among them. They were sunburned, wind-browned, earnest men, the old ones grayed and grizzled from worry, the younger ones wasted from hardships in the field. But out of their rags and poverty shone a stately courtesy and consideration. They were gentlemen, men of culture and refinement, the best and oldest blood of Cuba. Both Norine and Johnnie had earned their gratitude, and the story of the Varona twins was typical of the island, nowadays, so they unbent and there were warm congratulations, well-turned Latin pleasantries, elaborate compliments upon the beauty of the brides.

Then, afterward, there was a surprise—a genuine surprise,—in the form of a banquet at the big mess shelter, with an orchestra concealed behind a screen of fresh-cut palm-leaves stuck into the soft earth. This was the men's part of the celebration, the official compliment to Cuba's guest. It was a poorly furnished banquet, with a service of tin and granite ware and chipped china, and there was little to eat, but the true spirit of festivity was present. The Lone Star, emblem of the new Republic, was draped with the Stars and Stripes, and there were many speeches.

Norine's protests at leaving Estéban went unheeded and Leslie Branch escorted her in place of the bridegroom, who lay blissfully dreaming in his hammock. Her amazement passed all bounds when, from the hidden recess behind the palm-leaves, came, not the music of mandolins and guitars, but the strains of a balanced orchestra under the leadership of Cuba's most eminent band-master. Whence the players had come, where they had found their instruments, was a mystery, but they played well, divinely, so it seemed to the music-hungry diners.

Rosa, very dainty in her borrowed nurse's uniform, was round-eyed, timid; she evoked much admiration, but when she was addressed as Señora O'Reilly she blushed to the roots of her hair and shrank close to her husband's side. To feel herself secure, to see on all sides friendly faces, to know that these fine men and women—there were numerous good Cuban matrons present—were her own people and meant her well, was almost unbelievable. She had so long been hidden, she had so long feared every stranger's glance, it was not strange that she felt ill at ease, and that the banquet was a grave ordeal for her.

Branch proved to be a happy choice as Estéban's proxy, for he relieved Norine's anxiety and smothered her apprehensions. When called upon to speak he made a hit by honestly expressing his relief at escaping the further hazards of this war. Prompted by some freakish perversity, and perhaps unduly stimulated by the wine he had drunk, he made open confession of his amazing cowardice.

O'Reilly interpreted for him and well-nigh every sentence evoked laughter. *El Demonio's* heroic reputation had preceded him; therefore his unsmiling effort to ridicule himself struck the audience as a new and excruciatingly funny phase of his eccentricity. Encountering this blank wall of disbelief, Branch waxed more earnest, more convincing; in melancholy detail he described his arrant timidity, his cringing fear of pain, his abhorrence of blood and steel. His elongated face was genuinely solemn, his voice trembled, his brow grew damp with unpleasant memories; he seemed bent upon clearing his conscience, once for all. But he succeeded only in convulsing his hearers. Women giggled, men wiped tears from their eyes and declared he was a consummate actor, and the rarest, the most fantastic, humorist they had ever listened to. They swore that Cuba had lost in him a peerless champion. When he had finished they cheered him loudly and the orchestra broke into a rousing military march.

Leslie turned to voice his irritation and surprise to Norine, but she had slipped away, so he glared at O'Reilly, wondering how the latter had so artfully managed to mistranslate his remarks.

When Rosa and O'Reilly returned to Estéban's cabin they found Norine ahead of them. She was kneeling beside the sick man's hammock, and through the doorway came the low, intimate murmur of their voices. Rosa drew her husband away, whispering happily:

"He will get well. God and that wonderful girl won't let him die!"

THE journey to the coast was made by easy stages and Estéban stood it fairly well. The excitement wore upon him, to be sure, and the jolting of his litter was trying, but Norine was always at his side, where he could see her, and Rosa joined in the tender care of him. Guides, horses, and a tent for the sick man had been supplied, and over these O'Reilly exercised a jealous watchfulness, ably seconded by Branch. For once, at least, the latter lent himself to useful ends and shirked no duties. His wounded arm recovered miraculously and he exercised it freely; he skirmished industriously for food and he enlivened the journey by a rare display of good spirits.

Jacket, of course, went along. Upon the announcement of O'Reilly's intended departure for the States, he had promptly abandoned Cuba to her fate. He forswore her utterly and declared himself a loyal American citizen. He made it plain once more, and for the last time, that where O'Reilly went, there went he, for they were one and indivisible. It dismayed him not at all to turn his feet to new pathways, his face toward new adventures.

Relying upon the best information obtainable at Cubitas, O'Reilly had counted upon securing a sailboat from a certain fisherman whose sympathies were known to be loyal, but in this he was disappointed. The party arrived at its destination, a tiny clearing on an unfrequented part of the north shore, only to find it deserted and already grown to weeds. The house was empty, the boats were gone—all but one old hulk, too rotten to warrant moving, which lay high up on the sand, its planks wormeaten, its seams wide spread by the sun.

Having established Estéban in the hut, O'Reilly took counsel with his Cubans, but gained little satisfaction from them. They

knew of no other fisherman in this vicinity; the nearest towns were in Spanish hands; they advised a return to Cubitas at once. This O'Reilly would not listen to. Sending them in one direction, he took Leslie and Jacket and rode away in the other. The trio followed the beach for several miles until they came to a vast mangrove swamp which turned them inland. This they skirted until the jungle became impassable and they were in danger of losing themselves; they returned at dusk, having encountered no human being and having discovered neither roads nor houses.

The other expedition reported slightly better success; it had located a small plantation some distance to the east, the owner of which had warned them against exploring further inasmuch as a strong Spanish patrol, on the lookout for that American dispatch bearer from Nassau, was operating in his neighborhood. It was these very troops, he announced, who had driven the fisherman from his home; he was sure there were no boats anywhere within reach.

O'Reilly was in a quandary. He gravely doubted Estéban's ability to stand the rough return journey, and when he spoke to Norine of turning back she was panic-stricken at the suggestion.

"No, no!" she cried anxiously, "We *must* get him away. Oh, Johnnie, every day we lose by waiting lessens his chances! His heart is set on going through and it would kill him to go back."

"Then I guess we'll have to go through," he smiled.

For the first time in their acquaintance Norine lost control of herself. "We simply *must* find a boat. All he needs is proper care, proper food and medical attention. Here we can get nothing. Why, the disappointment alone——" Her voice failed her, tears started to her eyes and she began to tremble wretchedly. "If he—if I—lose him, I'll die too," she sobbed.

O'Reilly tried to comfort her and she bowed her head upon his shoulder. "Promise that you won't go back," she implored him.

"Very well, if you'll consent to risk this miserable tub we found on the beach——"

"I'll risk anything—a raft, even."

"It is large enough to carry us if we can manage to make it hold water, but it won't be safe. The weather is good at this season and it shouldn't take us long to run across to Andros if we have luck. If we don't have luck——"

Norine dried her eyes. "What would you do if you were alone? Would you dare try it?"

He hesitated, then confessed: "I think I would, but——"

"Is there an even chance of our getting across?"

"Perhaps. It all depends upon the weather."

"Can't we build a boat?"

He shook his head. "Even if we had lumber and tools it would take too long. Ten miles to the east there are Spaniards. We must do one thing or the other quickly, before they learn we're here."

"Then let's go on. I'm sure Rosa will agree."

Rosa did agree. When her husband put the question fairly to her, she showed by the pallor of her cheeks, by the reckindling light of terror in her eyes, how desperately she feared remaining longer in this land of hate and persecution. "Don't turn back," she cried. "I'm not the girl I was. I've endured so much here that I'm always in fear. Anything would be better than going back."

When morning came O'Reilly made a closer examination of the abandoned boat. The result was not encouraging, and when he told Leslie of his intention to make use of it the latter stared at him in open amazement.

"Why, we'll all be drowned," Branch declared.

"You can return to Cubitas, if you wish."

"Yes, and fight some more! No, thank you! I've got a hunch that I'll be killed by the very next gun I see."

"Then you'd better risk the sharks."

Jacket, who was conducting an independent examination of the craft, made an encouraging report. "Ho! I'd go 'round the world in this boat," said he. "She's rotten and you can stick your finger through her, but fish have no fingers. When the water comes in we'll dip it out."

"Do you want to go with us?" Johnnie eyed the newspaper man curiously.

"I——Y-yes!" Branch gasped. "I'll go, but it's a shame to lose all of Rosa's diamonds."

O'Reilly and one of the guides rode away to the farmhouse discovered on the previous afternoon, and returned in a few hours with all the tools they could find, together with a bucket of tar and a coil of galvanized wire. Then work began.

The wire, cut into short pieces, served as nails and staples with which to draw together the gaping seams. Old rags from the house, and parts of the men's clothing supplied caulking, upon which the tar was smeared. While one man shaped mast and oars, another cut Estéban's shelter-tent into a sail and fitted it. A stiff sun-dried cowhide was wet, then stretched and nailed to the gunwales at the bow, forming a sort of forward deck to shelter the sick man from the sun and rain. Jacket climbed the nearby cocoa palms and threw down a plentiful supply of nuts for food and water on the voyage.

With so many hands the work went fast, and late that evening the crazy craft was launched. It was necessary to handle her gingerly, and when she took the water she leaked abominably. But during the night she swelled and in the morning it was possible to bail her out.

O'Reilly had to acknowledge himself but poorly pleased with the boat. Branch called her a coffin and declared it was suicide to venture to sea in her, an opinion shared by the Cubans, but the girls were enchanted. To them this fragile bark looked stout and seaworthy; they were in a fever to be gone.

On the second afternoon the tradewind died to a gentle zephyr. So the coconuts and other food were quickly put aboard, a bed of boughs was rigged beneath the rawhide forecastle and Estéban was laid upon it. Then adieux were said and a start was made.

From the point of leaving it was perhaps five miles across the sound to the fringe of keys which in this neighborhood bordered the Old Bahama Channel with its unplumbed depths of blue water. Here it was calm, so the run was soon made. The boat handled well enough, all things considered; nevertheless to O'Reilly, her navigator, it was an anxious hour. Not only was he forced to keep a sharp lookout for blockading gunboats, but he feared he was doing wrong in committing his precious freight to the uncertainties of the Atlantic. Even had he been alone, with a crew of able sailors under him, this voyage would have daunted him, for it was without doubt the wildest adventure in which he had ever participated. When he hinted at these fears and put the matter before his companions for a final test, Branch refused to speak, but Estéban and the girls were earnestly in favor of pushing on. Jacket, of course, loudly seconded them.

At sunset they entered a pass and ran between low mangrove banks. The tide was ebbing and it hurried them through and out into the open sea, where they felt the lift of the mighty ocean swell. Over these slow undulations the sailboat plowed, heading toward the empty northern horizon, with the kindling Polar Star as a beacon. The sky was clear, the sea was gently roughened by the night breeze, the constellations grew bright and appeared to hang low.

When the coast-line of Cuba had become a blur astern, Rosa crept back and seated herself beside her husband.

"I breathe freely for the first time since that day when Don Mario came to offer me marriage," she told him. "The past is beginning to seem like a bad, bad dream and I feel a great hope, a great gladness. I am reborn, O'Rail-ye."

"A few hours more and we can all breathe easy," he smiled down at her. She laid her small palm over his fingers, which grasped the steering oar, whereupon he cried with pretended sternness, "Avast, there! Don't distract the attention of the skipper, or he'll sail his boat in circles. Look out, or he'll send you below!"

Rosa persisted mutinously, so he punished her with a kiss planted fairly upon her pouting lips, whereupon she nestled closer to him. "How much I love you," she whispered. "But I never can tell you, for we are never alone. Was there ever such a courtship, such a marriage, and such a wedding journey as ours?"

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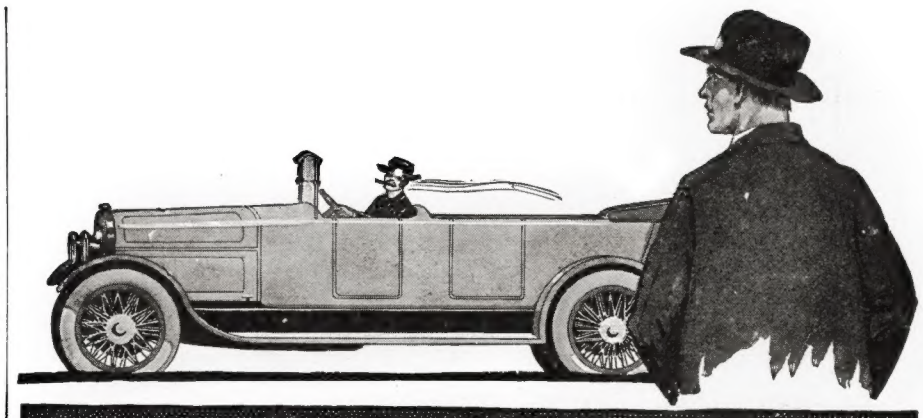
"Not I," Rosa shivered. "To be safe,



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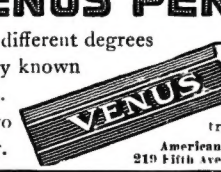

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GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED

Read the letter printed to the right. This time from Madison, Wisconsin—where winters are long and zero-cold. Yet the usual story of ample heat and coal bills cut in half—GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED!

Read this again—your coal bills cut ½ to ⅔, GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED—no matter where you live—or whether you want to heat with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor!

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers CUT COAL BILLS ½ to ⅔

Coal cost is going up everywhere! But the UNDERFEED means a big saving because it burns the cheaper grades of coal cleanly and effectively—no clinkers—no partly burned coal—no ashes to sift!

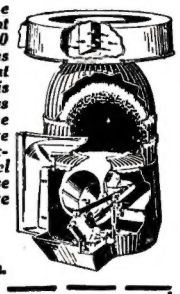
And the UNDERFEED utilizes every vestige of heat because it feeds the coal to the fire *from below!* The hot clean coals are always on top—where they will do the most good—right against the heat radiating surfaces. Fire never "slacked" by new coal being dumped on—never chilled by the opening of top-feed doors—never exhausted by having to fight its way up against new coal.

Smoke, gas and soot are all consumed, because these valuable heat elements must pass *up through* the fire.

Thus we say "½ to ⅔ saving in coal bills—GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED—and backed by a million dollar concern."

"I take great pleasure in informing you that the Williamson UNDERFEED plant installed in my residence, 1820 West Lawn Ave., Madison, has fulfilled all the requirements that could be desired. The plant is very easily handled, there has been no difficulty in keeping the rooms at an even temperature and the saving in fuel is approximately one-half of the fuel expenditure in any other house of approximately the same size that I have ever lived in.

(Signed) JNO. G. SALSMAN
Adjutant General
State of Wisconsin.



Free Money-Saving Book

It is called "From overfed to UNDERFEED." Profusely illustrated. Tells all about the UNDERFEED. Write for it today. Having it handy will save you many a dollar later. Read that letter again. Simply send the coupon—NOW.

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
929 Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

The Williamson Heater Co.
929 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson Underfeed.

Warm Air.....Steam or Hot Water.....
(Mark X after System interested in)

Name.....

Address.....

My Heating Contractor's Name is.....

Heating Contractors: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.

to have you all to myself where I can spoil you, that will be excitement enough."

"We'll rent that little apartment I looked at, or one just like it."

"But, O'Rail-ye, we're rich."

"I—I'd forgotten that. Then let's pretend to be poor. Think how our neighbors would talk about that pretty Mrs. O'Reilly on the fourth floor, and her magnificent jewels. They'd swear I was a smuggler."

As evening lengthened and the boat forged steadily ahead the two sat murmuring happily. Forward, another bride and groom were similarly engaged. Branch and Jacket took turns bailing.

By ten o'clock next day the sea was tumbling and the hulk was laboring. It became necessary to shorten sail. Soon the bottom of the boat was awash and Estéban lay in a pool of brine. Even when the girls helped to dip it out they could not lower its level. The wind freshened steadily; all hands worked desperately, wet to the skin.

In time there came a spiteful drizzle which completely hid the sun and left no indication of the course except the direction whence drove the rain.

No one spoke now. Even Estéban lay silent, shivering miserably upon his sodden bed. In obedience to O'Reilly's command Jacket flung overboard all but a half dozen of the remaining coconuts. Rosa finally straightened her aching back and smiled at her husband.

"Are we going down?" she asked.

"Oh, no! This is merely a squall," he told her with an assumption of confidence he was far from feeling. Johnnie tried to reason himself into a more hopeful frame of mind. He assured himself that he and his companions had survived too many perils to become the prey of an idle breeze like this; he argued that no Fate could be so cruel as to cheat them when they were so close to safety. But this manful effort brought him little comfort in the face of the chilling rain and with the whitecaps curling higher.

Deliverance came suddenly, and from the least-expected quarter. Out of the mist to starboard there materialized a shape, a schooner driving ahead of the wind. The refugees descried her simultaneously and stood ankle deep in the wash, waving their hats and their calabashes, and shouting crazily until she saw them and fetched up.

Intense thanksgiving, a melting relief, robbed O'Reilly of half his strength; his hands were shaking, his muscles weak; he could barely bring his craft alongside. He saw black faces staring down, he heard cries of amazement and surprised inquiries; then a heaving-line came aboard and the leaky tub was drawn close.

There was a babble of voices, shouted questions, hysterical answers. Rosa was weeping softly, Norine had lifted Estéban and now clutched him tight while her tears fell upon his face.

The schooner was a sponger bound for Nassau, its blackbird crew spoke English, and they willingly helped the strangers overside, laughing and shouting in a childlike display of excitement. How firm, how grateful, was the feel of that stout deck! How safe the schooner's measured roll. O'Reilly's knees gave way, he clutched with strained and aching fingers at the rigging to support himself, leaving Branch and Jacket to tell the surprising story of their presence there. Soon there was hot food and coffee, dry beds and blankets for those who needed them.

Johnnie tucked his bride snugly into one of the hard berths, then stooped and kissed her. Rosa's teeth were chattering but she smiled happily.

"God's hand directed us," she said. "One only needs to pray long enough and strong enough and He will hear."

IT was a month later. Quaint old Nassau lay dozing under an afternoon sun. Its wide shell streets, its low houses, the beach against which it crowded, were dazzling white, as if the town had been washed clean then spread out to bleach. Upon the horizon lay tumbled, foamy cloud masses, like froth blown thither from the scene of the cleansing. A breeze caused the surface of the harbor to dance and dimple merrily, the sound of laughter came from the waterfront where barefoot spongers and fishermen were busy with their boats and gear. Robust negresses with deep bosoms and rolling hips balanced baskets and trays upon their heads and stood gossiping with each other or exchanging shouts with their men across the water. There was noise here, but the town as a whole was somnolent, peaceful. It sprawled beside the sea like a lazy man lost in daydreams and lulled by the lapping surf and the hum of insects.

Up from the beach came O'Reilly and his youthful *alter ego*, Jacket. They were clad in clean white clothes; a month of rest had done them good. Jacket was no longer weazened; he was plump and sleek and as full of mischief as a colt, while O'Reilly's leanness had disappeared and he filled his garments as a man should. They had spent the day fishing on the reefs and now bore home the choicest part of their catch.

They turned in through a picket gate and up a walk flanked by flower-beds and outlined between rows of inverted glass bottles set side by side, the Bahama idea of neatness and beauty. At the end of the walk stood a cottage with wide porches hidden beneath jasmine and honeysuckle and morning-glory vines.

O'Reilly's eyes were shining with anticipation, he yodeled loudly. But there was no need for him to advertise his return, for at the first click of the gate-latch a figure had started from the fragrant bower and now came flying to meet him.

"Look, Rosa!" Jacket lifted the heavy string of fish. "We had stupendous luck." But Rosa was in her husband's arms and neither she nor O'Reilly had eyes for any thing but each other.

"You were gone for ages," pouted the bride.

"You missed me, eh?"

"See! I caught the biggest ones, as usual," Jacket boasted. "I'm a skilful fisherman and I talk to my hook, but O'Reilly sits dreaming about somebody while the little crabs eat all his bait." When this evoked no notice the boy shrugged in disgust and went on round the house muttering: "*Caramba!* You'd think they'd get sick of so much billing and cooing. But no! I have to steal him away and take him swimming or fishing if I want a word alone with him. And the others are just as bad—another pair of pigeons. It's like living in a dovecote."

Rosa, too, had vastly changed. She was clad in a charming little muslin dress, there were dimples in her cheeks, she wore a heavy Marechal Niel bud at her breast. O'Reilly held her off and devoured her with his eyes.

"Sweetheart, you grow fresher and more beautiful every hour," said he.

Rosa danced upon her toes, and tugged at him. "But come, quickly, and see the surprise we have. I've been wild for your return, so hurry." She led him swiftly up the steps and there, standing beside a chair was Estéban Varona. "He dressed himself and walked out here alone. *He's well!*"

"Estéban!"

The brother nodded decisively. "It's true. I rebelled at last. To-morrow I'll walk to the gate and the next day we'll go fishing."

"Jove! How splendid!"

"Why. I'm as firm on my feet as a rock."

Norine emerged through one of the French windows and explained. "He took advantage of me while I was gone for the mail, and now he's quite out of control. Here's a letter from Leslie, by the way. He's home and has a position and hopes we'll follow soon. There's one bit of news: he says the talk of intervention increases and he may have to return to Cuba as a war correspondent. Fancy! He's deathly frightened at the prospect."

"Intervention! That would be fine!" Estéban cried.

O'Reilly nodded. "Oh, it's bound to come, and when Uncle Sam takes hold Cuba will be free."

Norine agreed: "I'm sure of it. And then—we'll all go back to our rainbow's end and dig for that pot of gold."

Estéban turned adoring eyes upon the speaker; he took her hand in his. "I've found my rainbow's end," said he.

"And I've found mine," O'Reilly asserted. "I've gained your father's treasure, and more—I've found the prize of all the Indies." With his arm about Rosa he drew her into the house.

Estéban lowered himself into his chair and Norine rested herself upon its arm. He lay back with eyes closed. From the regions at the rear came the voice of Jacket. The boy was in a declamatory mood. He had gathered an audience, as was his daily custom, and was addressing them in English:

"I skilled more'n a dozen Spaniards at Pino Bravo. It was my day. By rights I should have been made a General but——"

THE END

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Do you understand these pictures?

MANY times you have seen pictures of artists *listening* to their talking machine records, but you never saw pictures of great artists *singing*, in public, in comparison with their talking machine records. Did you? The artists whose pictures you see on this page are actually singing or playing (at Mr. Edison's invitation) in direct comparison with his Re-Creation of their work by his new invention

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THIS is a test which Edison invited and the music critics of more than two hundred of America's principal newspapers, after hearing these tests (exactly as illustrated on this page) freely admitted *in the columns of their own papers* that their trained ears were unable to distinguish an artist's voice or instrumental performance from Edison's Re-Creation of it.

The New Edison is not a talking machine. It is a new invention which literally re-creates all forms of music. What will you have in your home? Will you have a talking machine? Or will you have the New Edison?

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